Hgvllr marg dyra kr ameßal occar. eldi v̊ eonar vtan goeur
er er ſ ıþı ꝑ dauþa tıgð. ey ertr dropō ıtþm ꝓadar.
guuþo ꝑ dauþa tıgoar. ⁊ vıtr e h̄ ſva tıl ſem þr dreþr
h vri. ey ſvm legia ſva ar þr̄ dþi h ıngi vreckio ſiþi ſoſ.
anda. Ey hrþ̊lecr m̄ legia ſva ar þr dreþi h ım ıſcogi
⁊ ſ̊ leg̃ ıgvdrum̄ q̊þo ıngi ꝓamo ar ſıg. ⁊ gıuca ſſ. hey:di til
þingſ vıþıtt þa e h var dreþtt ey þ legia all eıtzıg ar þr̄
tuica h rettgð ꝛ vogo ar hō hœmda. ⁊ obunō. Hvð̊ ſar
vꝛ ſıg. dauþð. hō grer eg ſe̊ adrar kunne e ho v̊ buin til
ar ſþrꝛa aꝛ. harmi. Til gego bokı kunne ꝛ karlar ar huga
hā. ey þ var oȝ aðuelc. Þ er ſaugn m̄a ar gvð̊u. hey:di
enb aꝛ ꝓaꝛnıl hıarta. ꝛ hō tcalþꝛ ꝓvgıl radd. Þra e ey g̃
13 r var þe gvðrun goedu gud̊runar g̃tr. þr v̄ gvðrunu.
ar deyra. e hō ſar ſaeg full yꝛ ugþı. gþtr hō hıuꝛ̄
15 ne hondō ſlá ne queina v̊ feem kunne adrar. H engo
karlar allnoꝛ ȝ:m̄ þr̄ er hardr hugar ka larco. þeygı
hyðr. gra maccı s̄ v̊ hō mokug ında hō ſþnga. Sacu rꝛ̄
ıarla bruþ̄ gullı bunar ſ. gvðrunu. hv ſagdı þa ſuı oꝛ: þr
ega þaꝛ er bıtraſta v̄ beþtt hæfdı. Þa ȝþ graꝛlaug gıuca
20 ſyſt̄ mic vetr ec arnoldo munar lavſaba. hefı ec. v. vera
ꝓcelpell beþtt n. doꝛ̄ in. ſyſt̄ vm. bruþ̄ þo ec eın hꝛı.
ggı g. gra maccı. ſ̄ v̊ hō mekug ar mag dauþā ⁊ harþhr
guþ v̄ hrer ꝓyſcl. Þa q. þ hkaug huna ke dōnig. hefı ec
harþara hæfm ar ſegia mīn vm. ſyn̄ ſonam ka vēr in
25 vm. ual ꝓello. ꝓaþ ⁊ mok̄ m. brok̄ þa a vagı vınde ȝ:
leo. barþı bara vıþ boak þılı ſkalf ſeylda ec gaꝛıga ſıalf
ſeylda ec gaðeva ſkalf ſeylda ec hæmdla h̄ ꝓoe þra. þ
ec akt v̊ beıþ ein mīſe. ſ̄ ar m̄ ψ engı munaꝛ leıtaþı.
a ðþec hapta ⁊ h̄ munia ſaunſ uılleꝛ̄ ſıþ̄ vþa ſeylda
30 ec ſcreyta ⁊ ſva bında hſis guan hvıum maegn. hō egdı
w ꝛ: aꝛıbrıþı ⁊ hœfð mic haꝛð̄ beyrþı. ꝓaꝛ ec hvſ
gunna hbga m bōt ey hvſ:reyno hugı vera. þeþı ȝ
g m. ſ. v. h. m. ar. m. dauþā. ⁊ harþhugð̊. v̄. h. ſ.. Þa q.
34 þ goll raeð gru. d. ſá kaneu ꝓoðra þot þı ȝþ ſeſ

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MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT

(1828–1897)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT was born in Midlothian, in 1828, and published her first novel, 'Some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside,' at the early age of twenty. Since then, this prolific writer has given to the world some seventy romances; a large number of historical and critical essays; 'English Literature at the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century' (3 vols.); the 'Victorian Age of English Literature'; the 'Makers of Florence, Venice, and Rome'—designed as historical guide-books for the visitor to those cities; a good many short lives of artists and men of letters for different English series; and some half-dozen extensive and carefully studied biographies of famous men and women, which take rank with the best contemporary work in that important line.

MARGARET OLIPHANT

As a mere monument of industry, this library of a hundred odd volumes would command respect; still more when we consider the high average level of literary excellence maintained throughout these many books. All are written with ease and natural eloquence, and some with charming spirit; while the truly extraordinary imaginative power displayed in a sketch like that of 'The Beleaguered City,' the nice critical discernment of many of the essays, and especially the keen yet sympathetic divination of human character and motive which gives their highest value to both the novels and the biographies, constitute an assemblage of qualities rarely associated in the same writer, and go to make up a noteworthy and almost unique life work.

Many of Mrs. Oliphant's earlier stories and essays appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, to which she was for years a principal contributor. It was the picturesque tale of 'Zaidee,' published in 1856, which first revealed her peculiar vein of arch and quietly ironical

humor. Mr. Ruskin was then at the summit of his grave ascendency over the romantic mind; but no one is more likely than himself to have relished the detailed description of Mr. Burtonshaw's new house, which was provided, in deference to a recent recommendation of his own, with a species of richly sculptured spout through which articles of food were "shunted" to the beggars, for whom comfortable seats had also been provided under the back porch;—a process which went on to the satisfaction of all parties, until it was discovered that the family plate was rapidly disappearing by the same convenient channel.

Seven years later, in the 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' we find Mrs. Oliphant at the height of her descriptive and dramatic power. Here, like Mr. Trollope in the 'Chronicles of Barset,' and George Eliot in 'Middlemarch,' she annexed and made her own a small province of English life, which she developed, thoroughly and delightfully, in all its grades of rank and shades of opinion. Good and bad, *élite* and vulgar, clergy and laity, the denizens of the ideal country town of a generation ago live and move amid their mellow old-fashioned surroundings, with all their curious and inevitable, yet often unconscious action and reaction upon one another. Mrs. Oliphant's humor is at its richest in depicting the career of that great altruist and gallant social reformer, Lucilla Marjoribanks; and she has seldom struck a deeper note of tragedy than in the histories of the proud and persecuted young minister of Salem Chapel, and the Roman Catholic convert Gerald Wentworth. Some of her later tales, however,—as, for example, 'The Story of Valentine and his Brother,' 'Sir Tom,' 'In Trust,' 'A House Divided against Itself,' and 'The Cuckoo in the Nest,'—are better constructed than the Chronicles, which are essentially novels of character rather than of plot. Her greatest fault as a story-teller has always been a tendency to over-minute analysis of motive and mood; and to an undue repetition of her own reflections upon her people, who are after all so thoroughly alive that they may usually be trusted to act and speak for themselves.

The admirable 'Life of Edward Irving' appeared almost simultaneously with the earliest Chronicle of Carlingford. Mrs. Oliphant was now at the "half-way house," and her power of characterization was fully ripe. She had, moreover, in this particular case, a very strong sympathy with her subject, and unusual qualifications for dealing with its difficulties. Herself a loyal Scot in race, and a born Presbyterian, she knew by instinct the sources of that strange spirit, and all the conditions of the bleak Lowland life into which it was born. The early struggles of Edward Irving, his piety and his ambition; the terrible test of his sudden and unparalleled London popularity, and that other test, no less terrible, of its abrupt decline; the

grotesque fanaticism which invaded his originally healthful mind, and disgraced him irremediably with the world polite; the tragedy of his expulsion from the fold of his fathers, and of his early death in uttermost humiliation and sadness;—into all these experiences his biographer could and did enter without an effort. She perceived his desperate sincerity, and became his impassioned apologist; and in a narrative more thrilling than most of her fictions, she compelled the attention of a scoffing world. She must be held completely to have vindicated the blameless private conduct, and the perfectly disinterested purpose, of the eccentric founder of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church. The life of Edward Irving was a triumphant piece of special pleading. That of Count Charles de Montalembert, published in 1872,—exactly a decade later,—shows abilities of a yet higher order; for it contains an exposition both lucid and dispassionate of an even more obscure bit of modern religious history. Mrs. Oliphant had become familiar with the man Montalembert while making her excellent translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West; and she brought to the estimation of his fine character and conspicuous course, a thorough knowledge of the questions and controversies with which his name is identified, and an exquisite poise of judgment. It had always been a great puzzle to the Protestant mind, how the three famous men who led that untimely movement toward liberalism inside the Catholic Church, and gave the proud name of "The Future" to the short-lived journal which they edited,—how Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert could have been all that they were, and no more; all so revolutionary and two so reactionary. Mrs. Oliphant has virtually solved the enigma; and her account of the way in which Henri Lacordaire received the rebuff of the Holy See, when the three associates in the publication of L'Avenir had gone with so *naïf* a confidence to seek the papal sanction for their generous undertaking, strikingly illustrates her power of putting herself in the place of one whose conclusions are erroneous to her, and whose action she more than half deplores.

Mrs. Oliphant has written three more biographies of unusual interest and merit: the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, of Jeanne d'Arc, and of her own distinguished kinsman, Laurence Oliphant. They may best be considered together, for her view of each of these curiously diverse careers is modified by a marked feature of her own mind,—her tendency, namely, toward religious mysticism. She is herself, apparently, deeply persuaded not merely of the reality of a future life, but of the existence, all about us, of a super-sensual scheme of things, having a perfectly definite though as yet unfathomed connection with the things which we see and hear. Into this mysterious region—so near and yet so far—our own loved ones vanish when

they depart from us. What do they there become to one another, and what may they still be to ourselves? It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has not answered this importunate question; but she has the air of having received light upon it, which she imparts in what may be described, collectively, as her Studies of the Unseen. The first, and altogether the most symmetrical and remarkable, of this series — which includes 'Old Lady Mary,' 'The Little Pilgrim,' and some others — appeared in 1880. It was called 'A Beleaguered City,' and purports to be the attested narrative of the maire and sundry citizens of the town of Semur in Haute Bretagne, of a singular series of events which at one time took place in that municipality. These amounted to no less than an invasion of the town by the innumerable souls of all its deceased citizens, and the expulsion in a body of the living, who remained encamped without the walls while the supernatural visitation continued. Nothing can surpass the verisimilitude with which this strange and powerful conception is wrought out. The energy of its first inspiration never flags. There is not an inconsistent occurrence, and hardly a superfluous word, in all the thrilling narrative. The French instinct in matters religious, so tender and genuine though so alien to our own, and the French turn of thought as well as expression, are faultlessly preserved. Here, for once, Mrs. Oliphant's very style, so apt to be redundant and discursive, is perfect in its direct simplicity. It is her highest literary achievement; a sacred poem in prose, which shakes the soul at the first perusal almost with the force of an actual revelation.

It is easy to see that to a mind capable of such a conception, both the visions of St. Francis and the «voices» of Jeanne d'Arc would possess a peculiar interest; and that Mrs. Oliphant would not be disposed to regard either from a strictly rationalistic point of view. She does not pretend to do so; but while clearly avowing her own belief in the direct Divine guidance of both the saint and the martyr, she searches the best sources of information concerning the material and mundane side of their careers, in the most patient and critical spirit of modern inquiry. This is especially the case in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, where the but recently published 'Procès' is followed step by step, and the defense of the supposed sorceress is allowed to rest almost entirely on her own artless and solemn asseverations. Nor has Mrs. Oliphant ever shown herself more truly judicial than in her manner of apportioning the responsibility for the hideous and cowardly crime of Jeanne's murder, between the vindictive English authorities of the day and the Maid's own faithless countrymen.

In describing the strange career of that most modern-minded of mystics, her own far-away cousin Laurence Oliphant, our author had

to deal with the problem of a soul's destiny under strikingly novel conditions. But though she cannot repress her honorable scorn for the element of vulgar charlatanry in the self-styled Prophet, at whose bidding Laurence Oliphant, his mother and his wife, sacrificed so much, her testimony is no less clear and unhesitating than in the case of the mediæval devotees, to the reality of that higher life for which they gladly lost all that is supposed to render this life desirable to highly civilized creatures. This testimony is, in fact, Mrs. Oliphant's true message to the world; and in bearing it she but ranges herself with the chief seers of her own generation,—with Tennyson and with Browning, both of whom departed from an unbelieving world with the word of faith upon their lips.

For the rest, the 'Life of Laurence Oliphant' is upon the whole the ablest of the three biographies which have here been grouped together. The author touchingly acknowledges, in her preface, the assistance in preparing it of her gifted son, Francis Oliphant, whose early death has been one of the heaviest sorrows of her later years. But to dwell on the number of those years, or anticipate the hand of time, would be both ungrateful and impertinent in the readers of one whose power of sustained production has proved so very exceptional, and whose natural force is apparently quite unabated.

[This was written before Mrs. Oliphant's death. She died June 25th, 1897, after this article was in type.]

Harriet Waters Preston

A COMFORT TO HER DEAR PAPA

From 'Miss Marjoribanks'

Miss Marjoribanks lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event; but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which in reality have but little if any existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content

to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa,—except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there,—no one except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization, the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he re-entered the house from which she had gone away forever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment.

His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy; for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of 'Friends in Council,' and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin,—so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind on her journey to a great many virtuous resolutions; for in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it became apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household—changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and charming everybody by her good-humor and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always heroical, ready to go down-stairs and assist

at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.

Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering again that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not however exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to their friends,—for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant,—the most common description they gave of her was that she was "a large girl"; and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl, which conveys an altogether different idea, but she was large in all particulars,—full and well developed, with somewhat large features; not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become "grandiose," for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain: but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hair-breadth broader, than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped, and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean rudimentary schoolgirl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair, which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not however float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously unmanageably thick,—to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks.

These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be

done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms,—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter,—and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come downstairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless,—as such cases had been known,—Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined,—but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home, her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light.

"Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!" With this end, Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded doctor during those few dim

days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned — serious enough, heaven knows — to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often; but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed; but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough,— perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter.

It was May, and the weather was warm for the season: but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and for the same reason she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the doctor went into his favorite seclusion, tired and heated and sad,— for even on the day of his wife's funeral the favorite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of,— the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea service.

"Let me know when dinner is ready," he said in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room."

Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed up-stairs; where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'ealth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark.

About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though indeed she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the Lancet, and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man

who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at all addicted to demonstrations of feeling: consequently he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that by so doing he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said: "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It's a more innocent stimulant, but it's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire: it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the doctor: "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school; occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions — "

"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks; and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess, for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervor, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be — all — that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions — nor — nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. O papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa,

where the doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room: "It is only for this once — I can — cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother too had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the mean time, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something: but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now; — wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another; and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me — "

"But oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady doctor: "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons interrupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort — I will — go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father: "I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something — or I'll see to that when I go down-stairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room; and swallowed her negus with a sense not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification, which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary schoolgirl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; — she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter, — for

that is a knowledge slowly acquired,—but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honors of war. She had already rearranged all the details, and settled upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants: but dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in 'Friends in Council,' and to direct the future tenor of her education; while at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

THE DELIVERANCE

From 'The Ladies Lindores'

[The Lindores are a simple family, of good birth and breeding, who for years have wandered happily over the Continent, living in cheap places on a meagre income, and making friends with everybody. Unexpectedly inheriting the title, and finding the estates insufficient, Lord Lindores determines that his pretty daughters must marry fortunes. The elder, Lady Caroline, is sacrificed to the richest man in the county, a coarse, purse-proud, vain, and brutal ignoramus, whom she abhors, and who grows daily more and more detestable. Suddenly he is killed by an accident, induced by his own evil temper and bravado.]

CARRY, upon the other side of the great house, had retired to her room in the weariness that followed her effort to look cheerful and do the honors of her table. She had made that effort very bravely; and though it did not even conceal from Millefleurs the position of affairs, still less deceive her own family, yet at least it kept up the appearance of decorum necessary,

and made it easier for the guests to go through their part. . . . She lay on a sofa very quiet in the stillness of exhaustion, not doing anything, not saying anything, looking wistfully at the blue sky that was visible through the window with the soft foliage of some birch-trees waving lightly over it—and trying not to think. Indeed, she was so weary that it was scarcely necessary to try. And what was there to think about? Nothing could be done to deliver her—nothing that she was aware of even to mend her position. She was grateful to God that she was to be spared the still greater misery of seeing Beaufort, but that was all. Even heaven itself seemed to have no help for Carry. If she could have been made by some force of unknown agency to love her husband, she would still have been an unhappy wife; but it is to be feared, poor soul, that things had come to this pass with her, that she did not even wish to love her husband, and felt it less degrading to live with him under compulsion, than to be brought down to the level of his coarser nature, and take pleasure in the chains she wore. Her heart revolted at him more and more. In such a terrible case, what help was there for her in earth or heaven? Even had he been reformed,—had he been made a better man,—Carry would not have loved him: she shrank from the very suggestion that she might some time do so. There was no help for her; her position could not be bettered anyhow. She knew this so well, that all struggle except the involuntary struggle in her mind, which never could intermit, against many of the odious details of the life she had to lead, had died out of her. She had given in to the utter hopelessness of her situation. Despair is sometimes an opiate, as it is sometimes a frantic and maddening poison. There was nothing to be done for her,—no use in wearying Heaven with prayers, as some of us do. Nothing could make her better. She had given in utterly, body and soul, and this was all that was to be said. She lay there in this stillness of despair, feeling more crushed and helpless than usual after the emotions of the morning, but not otherwise disturbed; lying like a man who has been shattered by an accident, but lulled by some anodyne draught,—still, and almost motionless, letting every sensation be hushed so long as nature would permit, her hands folded, her very soul hushed and still. She took no note of time in the exhaustion of her being. She knew that when her husband returned she would be sent for, and would have to re-enter the other world of eternal strife and pain; but

here she was retired, as in her chapel, in herself — the sole effectual refuge which she had left.

The house was very well organized, very silent and orderly in general; so that it surprised Lady Caroline a little, in the depth of her quiet, to hear a distant noise as of many voices, distinct though not loud — a confusion and far-away babel of outcries and exclamations. Nothing could be more unusual; but she felt no immediate alarm, thinking that the absence of her husband and her own withdrawal had probably permitted a little outbreak of gayety or gossip down-stairs, with which she did not wish to interfere. She lay still accordingly, listening vaguely, without taking much interest in the matter. Certainly something out of the way must have happened. The sounds had sprung up all at once,— a hum of many excited voices, with sharp cries as of dismay and wailing breaking in.

At last her attention was attracted. "There has been some accident," she said to herself, sitting upright upon her sofa. As she did this she heard steps approaching her door. They came with a rush, hurrying along, the feet of at least two women, with a heavier step behind them; then paused suddenly, and there ensued a whispering and consultation close to her door. Carry was a mother, and her first thought was of her children. "They are afraid to tell me," was the thought that passed through her mind. She rose and rushed to the door, throwing it open. "What is it? Something has happened," she said,— "something you are afraid to tell me. Oh, speak, speak! — the children — "

"My leddy, it's none of the children. The children are as well as could be wished, poor dears," said her own maid, who had been suddenly revealed, standing very close to the door. The woman, her cheeks blazing with some sudden shock, eager to speak, yet terrified, stopped there with a gasp. The housekeeper, who was behind her, pushed her a little forward, supporting her with a hand on her waist, whispering confused but audible exhortations. "Oh, take heart — oh, take heart. She must be told. The Lord will give you strength," this woman said. The butler stood solemnly behind, with a very anxious, serious countenance.

To Carry, all this scene became confused by wild anxiety and terror. "What is it?" she said; "my mother? some one at home?" She stretched out her hands vaguely towards the

messengers of evil, feeling like a victim at the block, upon whose neck the executioner's knife is about to fall.

"O my leddy! far worse! far worse!" the woman cried.

Carry, in the dreadful whirl of her feelings, still paused bewildered, to ask herself what could be worse? And then there came upon her a moment of blindness, when she saw nothing, and the walls and the roof seemed to burst asunder, and whirl and whirl. She dropped upon her knees in this awful blank and blackness unawares; and then the haze dispelled, and she saw, coming out of the mist, a circle of horror-stricken pale faces, forming a sort of ring round her. She could do nothing but gasp out her husband's name — "Mr. Torrance?" with quivering lips.

"O my lady, my lady! To see her on her knees, and us bringin' her such awfu' news! But the Lord will comfort ye," cried the housekeeper, forgetting the veneration due to her mistress, and raising her in her arms. The two women supported her into her room, and she sat down again upon the sofa where she had been sitting — sitting, was it a year ago? — in the quiet, thinking that no change would ever come to her; that nothing, nothing could alter her condition; that all was over and finished for her life.

And it is to be supposed that they told poor Carry exactly the truth. She never knew. When she begged them to leave her alone till her mother came, whom they had sent for, she had no distinct knowledge of how it was, or what had happened; but she knew *that* had happened. She fell upon her knees before her bed, and buried her head in her hands, shutting out the light. Then she seized hold of herself with both her hands to keep herself (as she felt) from floating away upon that flood of new life which came swelling up all in a moment, swelling into every vein — filling high the fountain of existence which had been so feeble and so low. Oh, shut out — shut out the light, that nobody might see! close the doors and the shutters in the house of death, and every cranny, that no human eye might descry it! After a while she dropped lower, from the bed which supported her, to the floor, prostrating herself with more than Oriental humbleness. Her heart beat wildly, and in her brain there seemed to wake a hundred questions clanging like bells in her ears, filling the silence with sound. Her whole being, that had been crushed, sprang up like a flower from under a passing

foot. Was it possible?—was it possible? She pulled herself down; tried by throwing herself upon her face on the carpet, prostrating herself body and soul, to struggle against that secret, voiceless, mad exultation that came upon her against her will. Was he dead?—was he dead? struck down in the middle of his days, that man of iron? Oh, the pity of it!—oh, the horror of it! She tried to force herself to feel this—to keep down, down, that climbing joy in her. God in heaven, was it possible? she who thought nothing could happen to her more. . . .

A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants,—who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event,—and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark,—a funereal object in the midst; while the tall polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried, if she could have talked and lamented, if she could have gone to bed, or failing this, if she had read her Bible,—the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred—the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness—for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. "O my lady, do something to make her cry," the women said. "If she doesn't get it out it'll break her heart." They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. "Your man's your man when a's done, even if he's but an ill ane," was the sentiment of the awe-

stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling.

Lady Lindores felt that she understood it,—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been filled by sudden compunction,—the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone, without a word, against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full, with tears in her eyes, the profoundest tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence.

"Carry, my darling!" her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. "Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too—"

"Kind!" cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. "Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child? But you are stunned with this blow—"

"I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come—at first; but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother. You are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire—"

"Carry, Carry dear, never mind us: it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking."

"Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders—"

"Carry," cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, "Edith and I will see to all that. Don't pay any attention to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something,—they say you have taken nothing,—and you must go to bed."

"I don't think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget," she said, with something like a faint laugh, "how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman's health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost—" Here she paused a little; and then said gravely, "Even grief does not affect the health."

"Very often it does not, dear; but Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved—even I—" Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. "Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without warning."

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said: "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to him, dead or living. What can it matter to him that we should make preparations to appear before him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself: it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after."

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said. . . .

"The children — poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears — the only tears that had been shed for Torrance — from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room, and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this — but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "O my innocent mother!" she cried. "O mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad — with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry — no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more — that he can never come in here again — that I am free — that I can be alone. O mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone; never to have a corner in the world where — some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no: some time else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me — but in the mean time I am too happy — too —"

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. "No, no, Carry — no, no: I cannot bear it — you must not say it," she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob — the tears pouring from her eyes like rain. "I will not say anything," she cried; "no, no — nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours

to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet — all quiet about me."

Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion — the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores's anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. . . . And the truth was that her own heart, though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood too, with a guilty throb, the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry's mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores's tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

"We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry: by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel — as I feel. But in the mean time you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed."

"Not here," she said with a shudder, looking round the room; "not here — I could not rest here."

"That is natural," Lady Lindores said with a sigh. "You must come with me, Carry."

"Home, mother — home! Oh, if I could! — not even to Lindores: to one of the old, poor places where we were so happy —"

"When we had no home," the mother said, shaking her head. But she too got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection.

Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances they made,—what halcyon days those were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them—rank and apparent elevation—for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room—the state chamber—in the other wing; where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe, in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness,—exhausted, peaceful,—feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes; her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life; the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy; the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun: but to-night—this one blessed night of deliverance—was her own.

TEACHER AND PUPIL

From the 'Life of Edward Irving'

"When Irving first came to Haddington," writes one of his pupils, "he was a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome youth, cheerful and kindly disposed; he soon won the confidence of his advanced pupils, and was admitted into the best society in the town and neighborhood." Into one house at least he went with a more genial introduction, and under circumstances equally interesting and amusing. This was the house of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district; whose family consisted of one little daughter, for whose training he entertained more ambitious views than little girls are generally the subjects of. This little girl, however, was as unique in mind as in circumstances. She heard, with eager childish wonder, a perennial discussion carried on between her father and mother about her education: both were naturally anxious to secure the special sympathy and companionship of their only child. The doctor, recovering from his disappointment that she *was* a girl, was bent upon educating her like a boy, to make up as far as possible for the unfortunate drawback of sex; while her mother, on the contrary, hoped for nothing higher in her daughter than the sweet domestic companion most congenial to herself.

The child, who was not supposed to understand, listened eagerly, as children invariably do listen to all that is intended to be spoken over their heads. Her ambition was roused; to be educated like a boy became the object of her entire thoughts, and set her little mind working with independent projects of its own. She resolved to take the first step in this awful but fascinating course on her own responsibility. Having already divined that Latin was the first grand point of distinction, she made up her mind to settle the matter by learning Latin. A copy of the 'Rudiments' was quickly found in the lumber-room of the house, and a tutor not much farther off in a humble student of the neighborhood. The little scholar had a dramatic instinct: she did not pour forth her first lesson as soon as it was acquired, or rashly betray her secret. She waited the fitting place and moment. It was evening, when dinner had softened out the asperities of the day; the doctor sat in luxurious leisure in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his coffee, and all the cheerful accessories of the fireside picture were complete. The little

heroine had arranged herself under the table, under the crimson folds of the cover, which concealed her small person. All was still; the moment had arrived;—"Penna, pennæ, pennam!" burst forth the little voice in breathless steadiness. The result may be imagined: the doctor smothered his child with kisses, and even the mother herself had not a word to say; the victory was complete.

After this pretty scene, the proud doctor asked Sir John Leslie to send him a tutor for the little pupil who had made so promising a beginning. Sir John recommended the youthful teacher who was already in Haddington, and Edward Irving became the teacher of the little girl. Their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning,—which inclines one to imagine that in spite of his fondness, the excellent doctor must have held his household under Spartan discipline,—and again in the evening after school hours. When the young tutor arrived in the dark of the winter mornings, and found his little pupil, scarcely dressed, peeping out of her room, he used to snatch her up in his arms and carry her to the door, to name to her the stars shining in the cold firmament hours before dawn; and when the lessons were over, he set the child up on the table at which they had been pursuing their studies, and taught her logic, to the great tribulation of the household in which the little philosopher pushed her inquiries into the puzzling metaphysics of life. The greatest affection sprang up, as was natural, between the child and her young teacher, whose heart at all times of his life was always open to children. After the lapse of all these years, their companionship looks both pathetic and amusing. A life-long friendship sprang out of that early connection. The pupil, with all the enthusiasm of childhood, believed everything possible to the mind which gave its first impulse to her own; and the teacher never lost the affectionate, indulgent love with which the little woman, thus confided to his boyish care, inspired him. Their intercourse did not have the romantic conclusion it might have been supposed likely to end in; but as a friendship, existed unbroken through all kinds of vicissitudes, and even through entire separation, disapproval, and outward estrangement, to the end of Irving's life.

When the lessons were over, it was a rule that the young teacher should leave a daily report of his pupil's progress; when, alas! that report was *pessima*, the little girl was punished. One day he paused long before putting his sentence upon paper.

The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict, wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: "Jane, my heart is broken!" cried the sympathetic tutor; "but I *must* tell the truth:" and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance, *pessima!* The small offender doubtless forgot the penalty that followed, but she has not yet forgotten the compassionate dilemma in which truth was the unwilling conqueror.

The youth who entered his house under such circumstances soon became a favorite guest at the fireside of the doctor; who, himself a man of education and intelligence, and of that disposition which makes men beloved, was not slow to find out the great qualities of his young visitor. There are some men who seem born to the inalienable good fortune of lighting upon the best people,—"the most worthy," according to Irving's own expression long afterward,—wherever they go. Irving's happiness in this way began at Haddington. The doctor's wife seems to have been one of those fair, sweet women whose remembrance lasts longer than greatness. There is no charm of beauty more delightful than that fragrance of it which lingers for generations in the place where it has been an unconsciously refining and tender influence. The Annandale youth came into a little world of humanizing graces when he entered that atmosphere, and it was only natural that he should retain the warmest recollection of it throughout his life. It must have been of countless benefit to him in this early stage of his career. The main quality in himself which struck observers was — in strong and strange contradiction to the extreme devotion of *belief* manifested in his latter years — the critical and almost skeptical tendency of his mind, impatient of superficial "received truths," and eager for proof and demonstration of everything. Perhaps mathematics, which then reigned paramount in his mind, was to blame: he was as anxious to discuss, to prove and disprove, as a Scotch student fresh from college is naturally disposed to be. It was a peculiarity natural to his age and condition; and as his language was always inclined to the superlative, and his feelings invariably took part in every matter which commended itself to his mind, it is probable that this inclination showed with a certain exaggeration to surrounding eyes. "This youth will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe," said the doctor; a strange prophecy, looking at it by the light of events.

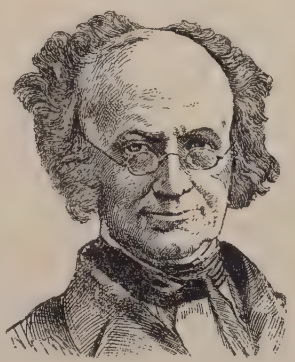
FRANCIS SYLVESTER O'MAHONY

"FATHER PROUT"

(1804–1866)

BY JOHN MALONE

FOR nothing is the Scythian race of Europe's westernmost island more remarkable than for the delightful and sympathetic character of that individual of the human species so peculiar to the country's history, the Irish Parish Priest. In childhood and in youth avid of learning, gathering its fruits as a "poor scholar" amid the hedge-rows of his famine-oppressed fields and pastures, he becomes in manhood the soldier of fortune and knight-errant of human thought. When in maturer years he receives the message of his ministry, he carries out the duty of his state with a dignity and fervor largely interspersed with a thousand quirks of native wit and irrepressible humor. Quick with sympathy, tender with consolation, and strong as any bog-trotter, with an arm ready to wield a pike and a back ready to bear a burden, second to none in generosity as a host or geniality as a comrade, — the power of the *saggart* over his people is as absolute as that of any czar, and as sweet as that of the All-Father whose human type he is.



FRANCIS O'MAHONY

In that brilliant company assembled about a table made immortal as that of Arthur by the genius of Maclise, there smiles, by a happy chance, beside the grave face of our own Washington Irving, the gracious and restless genius of him who brought that wonderful and fascinating element into hostile English literature through the personality of our beloved friend of Watergrasshill, "Father Prout."

Francis Sylvester O'Mahony (I beg the reader to put the accent upon the first syllable of the patronymic) was born in a humble family of the city of Cork in the year 1804, and was, as the first-born, disposed to the priesthood, in accordance with the rule of Irish

families. He passed through the ordinary ways of education in his own country, until he was thought sufficiently qualified to enter upon his studies for the sacred office. With this end in view he was placed in the College of the Jesuits at Amiens in France. After serving under the strict rule of that order in various colleges of the Continent for the period necessary to fulfill his novitiate, he became attached, in the capacity of disciplinary prefect, to the college of Clongowes Wood in his native country. The military rigor of the Jesuit order sent him forth under marching orders, after a brief period of service amongst his own people, and he seems to have passed from house to house in Italy and Germany, according to the usual plan adopted by the order for the detachment from individuals of ties of place and comradeship. These ties seem to have been too strongly secured to the young Irishman, for he was allowed to withdraw from the schools of the disciples of Loyola, and to complete his priestly equipment and ordination amongst those not bound by the rules of monastic life. It is certain that he was made a priest in Italy, whence he returned to his native city, where for a time he occupied the position of curate to a gentle pastor, whose useful and consoling ministry had never extended beyond the charm of the sound of "Shandon Bells."

Very little has been told of Father Prout's life while he followed the course of studies prescribed by the Jesuit schools; but imagination affords a special delight to those who contemplate that mind seething with the irrepressible chemistry of wit, vainly striving to accommodate itself to the tasks imposed upon the young recruits of that most rigorous and perfect of human institutions for the subjection of self.

The schoolmaster from Marlborough Street, "Billy" Maginn, was directly responsible for the introduction of "Father Prout" to the great world. When we reflect that the "Wizard of the North" had so grandly set an example of anonymity to the younger generation, it is not to be wondered at that so many gems of brilliant thought first gleamed to the sun of Fame through the rough coating of fictitious authorship, or that O'Mahony sheltered his bantlings under such a cover.

When the supposed "Frank Cresswell" communicated to wits and worldlings the beloved contents of Father Prout's strong chest, it was not long before the youngsters about Grub Street realized that there was a new pen in town; and, fully equipped as they were for the enjoyable game of literary hide-and-seek, then so much in vogue amongst them, they soon brought to their coterie the dearest and best of that knightly circle of the pen, Father Frank Mahony, priest poet, inimitable jester, loving friend, faithful steadfast Irishman, and

Christian gentleman. How glorious were the days and nights of those "Frasérians" no one can be ignorant who looks around that circle, which, beginning with Maginn and the decanters, is carried on by Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Fraser, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, D'Orsay, and Carlyle, to Mahony and Irving. At this time Father Prout always wrote his name, according to the English method, without the "O'"; but in his last years he returned again to the use of the dignified prefix of his ancestral family.

In Fraser he poured out the treasure of a heart full of wisdom and odd conceits, and overflowing with brilliant translations from the classics of old and new tongues, and rogueries of his own invention attributed to old and famous or unknown names, for the mystification of the jolly and mischievous crew which swarmed from royal and noble drawing-rooms, through the lobbies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to the supper-rooms and convivial resorts which filled the neighborhood of Printing-House Square.

It was Charles Dickens's idea which made Father Mahony one of the first, and certainly one of the best, foreign correspondents. The two met one day as "Prout" was about to depart for Italy; and "Boz" suggested that the priest should furnish the Daily News with letters on the state of social affairs in Rome, during those eventful days which closed the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. and opened that of Pius IX. Could anything have made "Prout's" name more famous, it must have been the recognition of his peculiar fitness for this work, which speedily followed the publication of his letters over the pseudonym of "Sylvester Savonarola," first given in the News, and republished in book form under the title of 'Final Reliques of Father Prout,' by Blanchard Jerrold.

It was during the year 1834 that, in Cork, "Father Prout" began his literary career. It was in 1866 that, in Paris, under the direction of Father Lefèvre of the Society of Jesus, he received the last sacraments of his church, and went from the dear neighborhood of the "New Street of the Little Fields," where he had once cozily settled his good friends the newly married Thackerays, to the company of the comrades of Christ who are mustered out of active service militant.

FATHER PROUT

From the 'Reliques'

I AM a younger son. I belong to an ancient but poor and dilapidated house, of which the patrimonial estate was barely enough for my elder; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius—the bar! To the bar, with a heavy heart and aching head, I devoted year after year; and was about to become a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This dispatch was from an old Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who to her other good qualities added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell; and as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly I recognized with some difficulty the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout; and while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten! "Frank," said the Lady Cresswell, "my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary: only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep the fast of Lent while you

live; and as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic: I ask no more." How could I have refused so simple an injunction? and what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker — for it is the very Arcadia of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the French Revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords, "the glorious Dan" has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the Continent, who having witnessed the doings of the *sans-culottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P. P. of Watergrasshill: but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock; he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek. Like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling "potheen." He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénelon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigor of his abstinence and the frugality of his diet he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. Pepper, with two female companions, traveling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of

Watergrasshill (which is on the high-road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected his fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error: and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe cheaply the fish diet imperative on fast days. For this, he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would he be found, armed with his rod and wrapt in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream.

His modest parlor would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtained his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing-tackle hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still, he would sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines: and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large flat stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of Cornelii a Lapide *Opera quæ extant omnia;* by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his Essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favorable impression. The general character of a Churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and

literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might be conjectured from the scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favorite sport: for there hung over the mantelpiece a print of Raphael's cartoon, the 'Miraculous Draught'; here 'Tobit Rescued by an Angel from the Fish,' and there 'St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes.'

THE SHANDON BELLS

From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore,' in the 'Reliques'

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly:
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL

In the Chapel of Our Lady of Montserrat

From 'Literature and the Jesuits,' in the 'Reliques'

When at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmèd brow,—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow,—

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track *thy* footsteps, Savior God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:
Hear and record my vow.

"Yes, thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped:
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er main
A bloodless victory!

MALBROUCK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's:
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he'd better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For "Trinity Feast" is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover:
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page, quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
(And here he shed a tear.)

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his 'berring,'
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

«One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

«The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw it with terror,
And covered a hero's brains.

«Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The fourth is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains.»

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK

From 'The Songs of France,' in the 'Reliques'

COME, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree;
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger gray!—thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loath to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillared porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slack'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquered Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguered on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray!—thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the Scourge Anointed.
From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce;
And proudly neigh, my charger gray!—Oh, thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

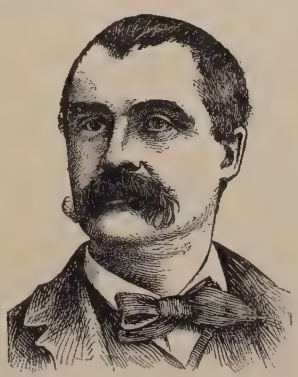
What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science?
Hath she not wept, her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions?
And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battalions?
Can *we* not wield our father's shield? the same war-hatchet handle?
Do our blades want length, or the reaper's strength, for the harvest of the Vandal?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant gray, for thy chest is strong and ample;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

(1844–1890)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Few men had a more romantic or picturesque life than John Boyle O'Reilly; and few men have lived more consistent lives, though consistency is not generally looked upon as an attribute of romance. From the beginning to the end of his career he showed high qualities, illumined by that glow which not even the poet Wordsworth could describe, when he called it the "light that never was on sea or land." And at no time did the actor in so many thrilling incidents fall below the elevation that one expects in a hero of romance. His thoughts, his moods, his quality, his temperament,—all are thoroughly expressed in the pages of his poetry. If the essence of literature is personality and the exact expression of it, Boyle O'Reilly's work will live when the old wrongs that wrung his heart are gone, and the liberty he loved blesses the spots which to his eyes were made desolate by tyranny. The effects of that work can never be estimated; they were felt by youth and age, by men of every religious opinion and none; they made for righteousness, for peace with honor, for toleration, sympathy, and the highest patriotism.



BOYLE O'REILLY

He was born June 28th, 1844, at Dowth Castle, near the town of Drogheda, in Ireland. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the closest friend of the poet, who understood him by experience and intuition, gives in his 'Life, Poems, and Speeches of John Boyle O'Reilly' (New York: Cassell Publishing Co.), a description of the traditions and surroundings of this beautiful spot. They helped to develop the passionate, chivalrous love of his native country and of liberty in the boy. He was brought up in an atmosphere of legend and story; and his father, a schoolmaster of the higher type, joined with a clever mother in laying the foundation of his literary success. He began his life work as a compositor in a printing-office in Ireland; and continued it in the

same vocation at Preston, in Lancashire, where he made many warm friends. His experience in the British army, his connection with the Fenian movement, his imprisonment, his Australian exile, the thrilling details of his escape, supplied material for his romance of 'Moondyne,' and helped to add riches to an imagination which turned all that it touched into new and rare forms. If there were space here for a detailed biography, one could not do better than to quote from Mr. Roche's 'Life'; but this paper must concern itself with the reflection of that life as expressed in literary form. In the United States, after adventures by sea and land, and tortures and suffering borne with a heroism that was both Greek and Christian, he found the spirit of freedom in concrete form. Our country satisfied his aspirations for liberty; he loved Ireland not less, but America more; he was exiled from the land of his birth, yet he found ample consolation in the country he had chosen. An Irishman and a Catholic, he made an epoch in the history of his people in the United States; and he was, as editor of the Boston Pilot, enabled to do this through the support and encouragement of one of the most eminent prelates of his church, Archbishop Williams.

In the hundreds of paragraphs and leaders that came from his pen during his connection with the Pilot (1870–90), there is the plasticity and strength which show in 'Moondyne' (1878), and in his part of 'The King's Men' (1884).

'The King's Men' was written by him in collaboration with Robert Grant, "J. S. of Dale," and John F. Wheelwright. It had as a precedent 'Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other,' done by six writers, marshaled by the author of 'The Man Without a Country.' It appeared in the Boston Globe, and achieved great success. The plan of the book was a "projection" into the reign of George V. George, during a revolution of his subjects, had found an asylum in America, in the thirty-third year of the German Republic and in the seventieth of the French. O'Reilly's part in this romance is not difficult to discover in the picture of life in Dartmouth Prison, and in those luminous touches which the writer's love of liberty and heart-breaking experience enabled him to give. All O'Reilly's prose, even in its most careless form, shows the gift of the writer born with the power of so welding impression and expression that thought and style become as closely united as soul and body. And as he grew older, his power as a prose writer increased. As with most poets, his prose shows qualities entirely different from his verse. In his verse his forte is not in description; in his prose he describes minutely and with the keenness of an etcher. His poetry is especially transparent: the man is plain; he scarcely needs a biographer who can give himself as he is to the world.

'Moondyne' has glowing pages; there are things in it that remind us of the fervor of Victor Hugo. It is not as a writer of prose that O'Reilly lives, however, but by that lyrical force which obliges us to retain in our memories the song of the singer, whether we will or not. He was more than what we call a lyrist; he was a bard in the Celtic sense,—a prophet, a seer, the denouncer of wrong, the interpreter of love, the inspirer of valor, of awe, of hope. And he had the respect of the bard for a mission that was his as his heart was his; no poet was ever less self-conscious and no poet more personal. His lines written under a bust of Keats interpret the thought of many that remember him:—

> "A godlike face, with human love and will
> And tender fancy traced in every line;
> A godlike face, but oh, how human still!
> Dear Keats, who love the gods their love is thine."

O'Reilly's first volume, 'Songs of the Southern Seas,' was made up of narrative poems; it appeared in 1873. 'Songs, Legends, and Ballads' (1878) contained the 'Songs' with additions. There was a new flavor in the ballads,—for they were veritable ballads. The taste of the public for color and the fundamental emotions in stirring musical narrative was fully gratified in these poems. Above all, they were original in the sense that they contained impressions taken from a personal view of life. They had the pathos of the mind that had possessed only itself for years, and the nobility which comes to a great soul which prison walls help to larger freedom. Critics and readers recognized the strength and beauty of 'The Amber Whale,' 'The King of the Vasse,' and 'Ensign Epps'; and though lacking the depth of thought of his later song, they have kept their place in the hearts of the people. In remote towns and villages, in places the most unexpected, the family scrap-book has these swinging poems; and there are few anthologies arranged for the popular taste without at least 'The Dukite Snake' or 'The Day Guard.'

Of his lyrics,—the singing poems, expressing a reflection, a thought, a mood,—'In Bohemia' is probably the general favorite. But the place of a poet is not settled by the one poem read and re-read, quoted and re-quoted. The surface indications do not manifest the strength or the grasp of the poet; there are depths into which his nobler thought sinks. In a time of crisis, if freedom were threatened, there are poems of O'Reilly's which would serve to fire the hearts in which they live with the fervor that came at the sound of Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or Father Ryan's 'Conquered Banner.' 'The Cry of the Dreamer,' clinging to the heart and memory, is not one of these, but it has virility in it,—and this

quality is never lacking in the slightest of his lyrics. O'Reilly's lines 'An Art Master' express his view of merely technical skill in verse:—

«He gathered cherry-stones and carved them quaintly
Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill he even imaged faintly
The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

«His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
An ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
For then his genius would be highly prized.

«For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones to file.»

His genius and manliness had been recognized by America when he was cut off from this life, August 10th, 1890. It seemed to him and his friends that there was much to do in the sunlight of kindliness which shone about him; but to use his own words in 'The Dead Singer,'—

«The singer who lived is always alive: we hearken and always hear.»

It is too early to estimate O'Reilly's place among the poets of his chosen land,—if indeed a poet's place can be settled by the rough comparisons of the critic. All that can be done is to indicate certain pieces of his that have acquired the approval of the critics and the enthusiasm of the people.

Maurice Francis Egan

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ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

A DEAD MAN

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
"A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best,—
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

MY TROUBLES!

I WROTE down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

THE RAINBOW'S TREASURE

WHERE the foot of the rainbow meets the field,
And the grass resplendent glows,
The earth will a precious treasure yield,
So the olden story goes.
In a crystal cup are the diamonds piled,
For him who can swiftly chase
Over torrent and desert and precipice wild,
To the rainbow's wandering base.

There were two in the field at work one day,
Two brothers, who blithely sung,
When across their valley's deep-winding way
The glorious arch was flung!
And one saw naught but a sign of rain,
And feared for his sheaves unbound;
And one is away, over mountain and plain,
Till the mystical treasure is found!

Through forest and stream, in a blissful dream,
The rainbow lured him on;
With a siren's guile it loitered awhile,
Then leagues away was gone.
Over brake and brier he followed fleet;
The people scoffed as he passed;
But in thirst and heat, and with wounded feet,
He nears the prize at last.

It is closer and closer—he wins the race—
One strain for the goal in sight:
Its radiance falls on his yearning face—
The blended colors unite!
He laves his brow in the iris beam—
He reaches— Ah woe! the sound
From the misty gulf where he ends his dream,
And the crystal cup is found!

'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the selfsame mill,
You may bind them heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had;
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad:
For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is its ghost.
Now which is the better — the joy unknown, or the joy we have clasped and lost?

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

THE INFINITE

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

OSSIAN

AND OSSIANIC POETRY

BY WILLIAM SHARP AND ERNEST RHYS

THE old controversy over "Ossian," which once engaged so many famous disputants from Dr. Samuel Johnson to Matthew Arnold, need no longer trouble the reader on his way through the world's literature. Celtic research and the modern sense of our ancient poetry have changed the venue. We have a whole cycle of Gaelic tales and poems now on the subject, which have been gradually unearthed, affording new clues and a clearer outlook. Out of these fuller materials we may still construct, if we will, an ideal Ossian, just as Macpherson did. But we must remember, if we do, that there is no corresponding real Ossian, the actual and undeniable author of these Gaelic sagas or any part of them. Indeed, to be at all precise in choosing their typical hero, we should have to admit that a better name than Ossian's for our label would be Finn's*; while the whole cycle is wider than the names of either Finn or Ossian would fully suggest.

It is Ossian, however, to whom, by force of habit and by popular suffrage, we still look and probably shall ever look as the king in this haunted realm. And Ossian's name, no doubt, will still best serve to characterize the poetry which fragmentarily but none the less potently long ago fascinated Macpherson, and through him caught the ear of Europe.

Who then was Ossian?†

Ossian, or Oisin, was traditionally the son of Finn; that Finn mac Cumhool (Cool) whose name is in Celtic literature the beacon round which all other lesser lights congregate. Oisin may be roughly assigned in history to the Ireland of the end of the third century. According to Scottish tradition, Finn, however, was the son of a Scottish king who came over from Ireland, and of a Scandinavian

* Finn, Fionn, Fin. The Scottish or rather Macphersonian equivalent, Fingal, is not ancient.

† Ossian is the Scottish variant, and that most familiar to non-Celtic peoples. *Osh-shin* is the common pronunciation in the Highlands. The proper spelling is Oisin; but even in Ireland the name is never so pronounced, but variably as Usheen, Isheen, Useen, Washeen, and otherwise.

princess; and we may say at once that this mixed Celtic and Norse origin is significant, not only for the personal history of the hero himself, but for that of the whole heroic literature to which he and his son Ossian lend characteristic life, color, and antique circumstance. It is to the fine fusion of certain Norse with certain Gaelic elements, in the Aryan past, that we owe the particular *genre*, at any rate, which was produced in the Scottish region associated with Ossian. Some difference is to be found if we turn to the more purely Irish of our Gaelic originals, and seek in Ireland for the old battle which is almost always, in Celtic tradition, the beginning of what we may call epic balladry.

In this case it is the battle of Cnucha (Castleknock), ten miles from the present city of Dublin, which sets the war-music going. Here it was that Conn of the Hundred Battles warred with Cool (Cumhool) Finn's father, and Cool was slain by Aedh, afterwards known as "Goll," or the Blind, because he lost an eye in the battle. This gives a *leitmotiv* to the dramatic episodes that follow, in Finn's desire for revenge on his father's enemies. Here begins a sort of tribal warfare between Munster and Connaught, which ends in the destruction of the followers of Finn, the "Fianna,"—a name, by the way, which, although it so closely resembles Finn's, has no connection with it; meaning simply the tribal militia, or "Fenians," to use the modern equivalent that has been too long removed from its original context to be successfully replaced there. The battle of Gowra is the last great event of this war. At Gowra, Ossian and his son Oscar fought disastrously against the descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the power of the Fianna was finally broken.

In these battles and their allied and sequent episodes and disasters and tribal intrigues, we arrive at the basis of the Irish traditions of the Ossianic cycle. And though there is endless variation in the names and dates and places involved, according as these traditions were retailed in one country-side, or one century, or another, we still find that behind them lurks a real fragment of heroic history, colored perhaps by some earlier Celtic myth, and in any case full of potential romance, heroic imagination, and a crude but splendid poetry. It is not only that the subject-matter behind it is so full and rich, but that the manner and turn of its expression is also so individual and sonorous and effective. As for its subject-matter, it may be said to range over something like thirteen or fourteen centuries, from first to last. We have already referred to its quasi-historical first beginnings in the third century, when Fionn's father fought Conn of the Hundred Battles, and fell by the hand of Goll; and many critics are content to accept this as the extreme starting-point. But if we accept the conclusions of such authorities in Celtic folk-lore as

Professor Kuno Meyer and his collaborator Mr. Alfred Nutt, we shall have to travel much further back into time. Mr. Nutt has stated very ingeniously and carefully the claim for a mythical prehistoric origin for the Ossianic cycle. «Every Celtic tribe,» he writes, «possessed traditions both mythical and historical. . . . Myth and history acted and reacted upon each other, and produced heroic saga, which may be defined as myth tinged and distorted by history. The largest element is as a rule suggested by myth, so that the varying heroic sagas of a race have always a great deal in common.»

Whether we quite accept this or not, in its entirety, we cannot ignore the distinct mythical coloring of many parts of the Ossianic cycle; and admitting it to exist, we are at once carried to the remote pre-Gaelic antiquity of the Aryan peoples, who personified sun, stars, earth, sea, air, fire, and water, and told the folk-tales which were to grow into Homeric epics, Norse sagas, and Ossianic ballads, as races and languages grew and took on a local habitation and a name.

These wild-birds of old tradition found in their flight through time a congenial resting-place in the mountain regions which we associate with Ossian, whether in Scotland or Ireland. There they prospered and their broods grew and spread, century after century. To drop the figure of speech, the descendants of these first folk-tales, that grew and turned themselves into little heroic histories, multiplied wherever the Gaelic imagination worked on the memories of the people, and the Gaelic tongue gave it characteristic expression. Thus we have, in the immense number of MSS. dealing with Ossianic materials, ballads and stories which date from almost every century from the tenth to the eighteenth. Successive bards and tale-tellers shaped them and colored them anew time after time, fitting them to the need of the period; using them now as a thinly veiled fable of recent events, now as an allegory of war, and now as a localized and modified narrative of some Norse invasion or some lingering tribal feud.

There is nothing more interesting in the whole history of the world's literature than this passage of the Ossianic tradition through the centuries until it arrived in the eighteenth at Macpherson, whose genius gave it new effect and a new set of disguises that still puzzle many people. At this late hour in our own day it has had a strange and significant re-birth, though in the spirit rather than in the letter.

We wish here to pursue the tradition in its adventures, and as much for the entertainment to be had by the way as for its curious historical and severely literary interest. One or two of its earlier phases have already been touched upon; but we have said nothing yet of the exceedingly characteristic way in which the early conflict in Gaeldom between the old pagan and the new Christian cult is

given dramatic expression in the cycle. One of the richest of its sections is that devoted to the series of ballad-colloquies between St. Patrick and Ossian, as the special pleaders respectively of the new and the old order.

«The spirit of banter,» says Dr. Hyde, «with which St. Patrick and the Church are treated, and in which the fun just stops short of irreverence, is a mediæval, not a primitive trait; . . . we all remember the inimitable felicity with which that great English-speaking Gael, Sir Walter Scott, has caught this Ossianic tone in the lines which Hector McIntyre repeats for the Antiquary:—

«‘Patrick the psalm-singer,
Since you will not listen to one of my stories
Though you never heard it before,
I am sorry to tell you
You are little better than an ass.’

«To which the saint replies:—

«‘Upon my word, son of Fingal,
While I am warbling the psalms,
The clamor of your old-woman’s tales
Disturbs my devotional exercises.’»

With this grotesque echo we may compare the real text of one of the actual ‘Dialogues’ or ‘Colloquies,’ which we owe to the Irish Ossianic Society’s good offices. The MS. in this case was a comparatively modern copy, but the faithfulness of the copy may be guaranteed from ancient sources:—

COLLOQUY OF OSSIAN AND ST. PATRICK

St. Patrick—
Ossian, long and late thy sleep!
Rise up, and hear the psalm!
Thy strength is gone, thy swiftness flown,
That made thee known,—and thy fierce right arm!

Ossian—
My swiftness and my strength are flown
Since Fionn’s swords are swept away!
And no holy priest, since his song has ceased,
Has ever pleased me with his lay.

St. Patrick—
Thou hast not heard such hymns as mine,
Since the world began until this day!
But your dream is still of the host on the hill,
Though thou art ill and worn and gray!

Ossian—I used to join the host on the hill,
O Patrick of the sombre brow!
And it fits not thee to cast at me
My misery, as thou didst now.

I have heard songs more sweet than these
In praise of priests. At Letterlee
How long I heard the rare blackbird,
Or the Fiann Dord* and its melody.

And the sweet song-thrush of Glenasgael,
And the rush of the boats upon the shore,
And the hounds full-cry, when the deer sweep by,
Than thy psalmody I love much more.

It must be admitted that in these strange 'Colloquies,' it is to Ossian that all the most lovely lyrical passages are allocated. He defeats again and again the solemn monitions of his saintly co-disputant, by the most tender and impassioned recall of the old delights of the land he so loved. Now it is the plaintive whistle of the sea-mews, now the bellow of the oxen and the low of the calves of Glend'-mhael, or the soft, swift gallop of the fawns in the forest glade, or the murmur of the falling mountain streams. Above all, the song of the blackbird haunts him; reviving in his old-man's heart all that was sweetest in the youth and joyous springtime of the Fiann era, when it was at its most auspicious period. Ossian's ode to the 'Blackbird of Derrycarn,' which is generally found in the Gaelic MSS., printed apart from the current Patrick-cum-Ossian text, is one of the most sweet and haunting of all his lyrical recountings of that joyous past. Fortunately, it is accompanied as printed first in the transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin by an excellent translation by William Leahy; which however, excellent as it is,—as excellent as any foreign tongue can make it seem,—yet can render no full account of the charm and melancholy sweetness and music of the Gaelic. We have adopted, with some slight modifications, this version of Leahy's:—

TO THE BLACKBIRD OF DERRYCARN

Ossian Sang

SWEET bird and bard of sable wing,
Sweet warbler, hid in Carna grove,
No lays so haunting shall I hear
Again, though round the earth I rove,

*The *Dord* was a hunting or war horn.

Cease, son of Alphron, cease thy bells,
That call sick men to church again!
In Carna wood now hark awhile,
And hear my blackbird's magic strain.

Ah, if its plaint thou truly heard,
Its melancholy song of old,
Thou wouldst forget thy psalms awhile,
As down thy cheeks the tears were rolled.

For where it sings, in Carna wood,
That westward throws its sombre shade,
There, listening to its strain too long,
The Fians — noble race — delayed.

That note it was, from Carna wood,
That woke the hind on Cora steep;
That note it was, in the wakeful dawn,
Lulled Fionn yet to sweeter sleep.

It sang beside the weedy pool
That into triple rills divides,
Where, cooling in the crystal wave,
The bird of silvery feather glides.

It sang again by Croan's heath,
And from yon water-girded hill,
A deeper note, a cry of woe,
That lingers — tender, pensive — still.

It sang so once to Fionn's host,
And pleased the heroes with its plaint:
More lore, they deemed, the blackbird knew,
Than lurks in penances, O Saint!

So far we have been drawing chiefly upon the rich Irish store of these things; but the Fianna of Albin were as rich in saga as the Fianna of Erin, and the Scottish Ossianic or Fiannic ballads and stories are fully as interesting. They show certain differences, local and temporal, from the purely Irish corresponding versions of the same events in the Fian tribal warfare; but there is no doubt that the early basis of tradition is the same in both countries. The Norse coloring is more marked, and much sooner felt, in the Scottish than in the Irish Ossianic material. We soon come, in fact, as we ransack the Scottish MSS., upon the signs of the third stage in the history of the cycle. Of these stages, it may be well to remind the reader here that the first is, roughly speaking, the passage of Aryan myth

into definite heroic forms of tradition,—in this case forms which carry the radiant colors of Fian heroes; the second stage is the use of the tradition to express the early dramatic conflict between Christian and pagan Celtdom; the third stage is the vigorous adaptation again of the same tradition to the moving bardic narrative of the struggle with the Norse invaders; the fourth stage is the slow process through centuries of comparative peace, by which the bards and chroniclers, falling back upon the past, spent their art, memory, and imagination upon the accumulated materials,—selecting from them, modifying them, inventing too on occasion, or coloring anew the parts that had become worn, but yet through all this preserving a certain fidelity to the essentials of the cycle. The fifth stage is that of the deliberate literary use of the materials, by men of genius like Macpherson, who are of course fully justified in their doings if only they make it quite clear what their relation to their original materials is. There is yet another stage which we might add: that of the modern patient critical investigation of such a cycle, so as to clear the ground for its future uses both by science and by poetry.

In tracing these stages, one may find it convenient to treat both the Irish and Scottish Gaelic contributions to the subject as one; but in the third which we mentioned, where it is a question of the Norse invader, we certainly get our best popular illustrations from the Scottish side. Take for example the ballad of 'The Fian Banners,' which shows in so striking a light the combination of archaic and later material. There is a heroic ring about it which must suffice here to suggest the fine old Gaelic tune to which it was sung traditionally as the Gaelic tribes marched to war against the invading Vikings.

THE FIAN BANNERS

THE Norland King stood on the height
And scanned the rolling sea;
He proudly eyed his gallant ships
That rode triumphantly.

And then he looked where lay his camp,
Along the rocky coast,
And where were seen the heroes brave
Of Lochlin's famous host.

Then to the land he turned, and there
A fierce-like hero came;
Above him was a flag of gold,
That waved and shone like flame.

"Sweet bard," thus spoke the Norland King,
"What banner comes in sight?
The valiant chief that leads the host,
Who is that man of might?"

"That," said the bard, "is young MacDoon;
His is that banner bright;
When forth the Féinn to battle go,
He's foremost in the fight."

"Sweet bard, another comes; I see
A blood-red banner tossed
Above a mighty hero's head
Who waves it o'er a host."

"That banner," quoth the bard, "belongs
To good and valiant Rayne;
Beneath it, feet are bathed in blood
And heads are cleft in twain."

"Sweet bard, what banner now I see?
A leader fierce and strong
Behind it moves with heroes brave
Who furious round him throng."

"That is the banner of Great Gaul:*
That silken shred of gold
Is first to march and last to turn,
And flight ne'er stained its fold."

"Sweet bard, another now I see,—
High o'er a host it glows:
Tell whether it has ever shone
O'er fields of slaughtered foes?"

"That gory flag is Cailt's,†" quoth he:
"It proudly peers in sight;
It won its fame on many a field
In fierce and bloody fight."

"Sweet bard, another still I see;
A host it flutters o'er,
Like bird above the roaring surge
That laves the storm-swept shore."

*Goll. †Cailte.

"The Broom of Peril," quoth the bard,
"Young Oscar's banner, see:
Amidst the conflict of dread chiefs
The proudest name has he."

The banner of great Finn we raised;
The Sunbeam gleaming far,
With golden spangles of renown
From many a field of war.

The flag was fastened to its staff
With nine strong chains of gold,
With nine times nine chiefs for each chain;
Before it foes oft rolled.

"Redeem your pledge to me," said Finn:
"Uplift your deeds of might,
To Lochlin as you did before
In many a blood-stained fight!"

Like torrents from the mountain heights,
That roll resistless on,
So down upon the foe we rushed,
And victory won.

"The Lochlins," or "the people of Lochlin," was the usual name given to the Norse invaders by the old Gaels. In fact, the name still survives in many current proverbs, as well as in Fian fragments of rhyme and balladry.

The whole history of the Ossianic saga-cycle affords, through all the five stages we have roughly assigned to it, a curious study of primitive tradition enriching itself by constant accretions, and adapting itself to new conditions. The cycle does not even confine itself, in this process, to purely Celtic colors and heroic devices. It carries us on occasion back into the far East, where its mythic first beginnings were, as the late J. F. Campbell pointed out in his 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' There are suggestions, and very strong ones, not only of Aryan folk-lore but of Arabian romance. It is true, one does not find to the same degree as in the Welsh 'Mabinogion' the infusion of the mediæval chivalric sentiment, turned to such delightful account by the Latin races. But there are instances in plenty to be cited of chivalric devices, from the Ossianic sagas, which seem to connect themselves with more southern chivalries.

Some of the customs of the ancient Celtic chivalry bear a curious resemblance to the more finished code of mediæval Europe. If a lady put *geasa* (obligation) on a knight or chief, he must obey her, no matter what she asked of him. Thus when the great Finn

was still in his barbaric youth, and clad in the skins of wild animals, he met one day with a highly romantic adventure. Approaching a stream that ran between steep banks, he descried on one side a party of damsels, and on the other a party of knights. One who was clearly the princess among these maidens was, on Finn's approach, loudly declaring that he who should desire her hand must first leap the deep, swift stream betwixt them. On the other bank stood the unfortunate lover, clapping his arms, without courage for the deed. Thereat Finn came boldly forward, and asked the lady if her hand should be his on his accomplishing the feat? She answered that he looked a handsome youth, though so marvelously ill clad; and that he might have her if he showed himself man enough for the deed. So Finn took the leap; but then she laid *geasa* on him that he should do the like every year. Another princess laid *geasa* upon him that he should leap over a *dallan* as high as his chin, with another stone of the same size borne upward on the palm of his hand.

Another and tragic instance of the *geasa* is to be found in the fate of the beautiful but unfortunate Diarmud MacDoon: one of the most unforgetable figures in all Ossianic literature. Diarmud possessed one fatal gift, the *ball-seirce*,—the power of kindling love in all the women he met. He was said to have the magic "spot of beauty" on his forehead, which drew the hearts of all who looked on him. He was a nephew of Finn, who rejoiced in his bold feats. The beginning of his misfortune was the wedding feast of Finn with Grainne, the daughter of King Cormac. At the feast the bride laid *geasa* on Diarmud that he should carry her off from her people; and though this was against his own feeling and his oath of chivalry, he was obliged to obey. The well-known beautiful ballad 'The Lay of Diarmud' tells the story of this tragic episode, and Diarmud's death. The story has been told again and again by Gaelic and Anglo-Celtic poets; and in its many different versions affords a key of many wards to the Ossianic entrance-gate. We have references to it in eleventh-century MSS., as well as in nineteenth-century reprints; and in its most recent reincarnation in modern Irish poetry, we have a suggestive instance to compare with the literary method of a very different school of poetry in the last century,—Macpherson's, to wit.

Before we turn now, and finally, to the consideration of Macpherson's Ossiana, as resuming in another form and under other colors the old heroic spirit of the cycle, let us remind the reader that its whole extent, from the old primitive Fionn and Diarmud and Ossian to their mediæval or modern counterpart, is simply immense. We can only pretend here to show the way into this enchanted realm, and to give a clue to the best and most picturesque parts of it. But it must be remembered that there is a great deal of

rough ground to get over, and many a thorny thicket to be struggled through, and many a tiring monotonous road to be traversed. These are the risks of the adventure; but such risks did not frighten away Ossian and his fellowship of old, and ought not to frighten the Ossianic student to-day who reads, as they fought, with some spirit and mother-wit.

Fianna, or Faerie Host,*—as sure as old Celtic history can make them, or as tenuous as the myths of the elements personified by primitive man ere the Gael reached Britain, they leave one at last haunted by a music that is only to be found in Celtic poetry. For a last echo of its melody we must fall back on an unrhymed version, as affording a fairer point of departure into the long dithyrambic rhymeless Ossiana of Macpherson.

In well-devised battle array,
Ahead of their fair chieftain
They march amidst blue spears,
White, curly-headed bands.

They scatter the forces of their foes,
They ravage every hostile land,
Splendidly they march, they march,—
Impetuous, avenging host!

No wonder if their strength be great:
Sons of kings and queens, each one!
On all their heads are
Beautiful golden-yellow manes;

With smooth, comely bodies,
With bright blue-starred eyes,
With pure crystal teeth,
With thin red lips:

Splendidly they march, they march:
Good they are at man-slaying.

In these lines of the 'Fairy Host' we have a color, a life, that is indicative of old Celtic poetry, and that we miss in the Ossianic poetry of Macpherson. Broadly, the gloom which characterizes so much modern Celtic and Anglo-Celtic poetry is not to be found in the ancient ballads and narratives. True, a genuinely indicative sense of fatality, of the inevitableness of tragic doom, is often to be found there. To this day, 'The Lay of Diarmud and Grainne,' or the story

*This is a common interpretation: but the real Fairy Host of tradition is the mythical Dedannan folk, the Tuatha dé Danann,—"the proudly secure, beautiful, song-loving, peaceful, hunting people" who inhabited Ireland before it was invaded by the Milesians; *i. e.*, the Iberian-Celtic immigration from Spain under Mil (Mil, Miledh, or Miles).

of 'The Children of Lir,' whether accepted as they have come to us, or (as in the latter instance) disengaged from early monkish or mediæval embroidering, remain typical Celtic productions; as, on another side, may be said of the relatively little known but remarkable 'Lay of the Amadan Mor,' or 'The Great Fool,' a Gaelic type after the manner of a Sir Galahad crossed with Don Quixote.*

In Macpherson's 'Ossian'—much of which is mere rhetoric, much of which is arbitrary, and of the eighteenth rather than of the third century—the abiding charm is that of the lament of a perishing people; the abiding spell, that of the passing of an ancient and irrevocable order of things. We read it now, not as an authentic chronicle of the doings of Finn and his cycle, not even as an authentic patchwork of old ballads and narratives, but as an imaginary record based upon fragmentary and fugitive survivals, told not according to the letter but according to the spirit,—told too in the manner of the sombre imagination of the Highland Gael, an individual distinct in many respects from his Irish congener. But we touch the bed-rock of Celtic emotion here too, again and again.

But first let us see how the rhythmic prose of some of the ancient poets runs; for it is often ignorance that makes English critics speak of Macpherson's prose as wholly arbitrary and unnatural to the Celtic genius. Here is a very ancient Ossianic production known as

CREDHE'S LAMENT

THE haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of Rinn-dá-bharc! The drowning of the warrior of loch dá chonn—that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marshlands of Druim-dá-thrén! 'Tis she that may not save her brood alive: the wild dog of two colors is intent upon her nestlings. A woeful note, and O a woeful note, is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits! but not more cheerful is the wail that the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woeful sound, and O a woeful sound, is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish! Dead lies the doe of Druim Silenn: the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death—his death, that used to lie with me! . . . Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form! That the wave should have swept over his white body,—that is what hath distracted me, so great was his

* It is interesting to note that he has an equivalent in the Peronik of Breton-Celtic legend, as well as in Cymric and Arthurian romance.

delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore-surf makes upon the strand! seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man; to me it is an affliction that Cael ever sought to encounter it. A woeful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach! beating as it does against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael, now that he is gone. A woeful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages against the southern shore! As for me, my span is determined! . . . A woeful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits! As for me, the calamity that is fallen upon me having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more. Since now Crimthann's son is drowned, one that I may love after him there is not in being. Many a chief is fallen by his hand, and in the battle his shield never uttered outcry!

There are some who prefer these old Celtic productions literally translated, while others can take no pleasure in them unless they are rendered anew in prose narrative or in rhymed verse. 'Credhe's Lament' exemplifies one kind; the following Ossianic ballad the other. It is an extended and less simple but otherwise faithful version of the lament of Deirdrê (Macpherson's Darthula—for the Irish *Deirdrê* is in the Highlands *Dearduil*, which is pronounced *Darthool*), the Helen of Gaeldom.

DEIRDRÊ'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH

THE lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone:
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping:
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright:
Many a day the three before me
On their linkèd bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore:
Many a time the noble three
Reddened their blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of the greyhounds at their feet:
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow:
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever,—
Harsh to me, your sister, never;
Woods and wilds, and misty valleys,
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh to hear my true-love singing!
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy shealing,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Passed the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep, morn and even:
Lark, alone enchant the heaven!
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye—
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold!

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold woe and black dishonor
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep:
Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
Dig the grave and make it ready;
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Here now are two of the Ossianic ballads as Macpherson has rendered them, trying in his rhythmic prose to capture the spirit and charm and glamour of the original. The theme of the first, of a woman disguising herself as a man so as to be near or perhaps to reach her lover, is common to many lands.

COLNA-DONA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

ARGUMENT.— Fingal dispatched Ossian, and Toscar the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighboring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamored of Toscar. An incident at a hunting party brings their loves to a happy issue.

COL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who among the maids was like the Love of Heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king we moved to Crona of the streams,— Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes; he had rolled away the strangers like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown; from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall; for at the fame of their race they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed at intervals three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mold around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone! after Selma's race have failed! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveler shall lay him by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war; the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, "This gray stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years."

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches, before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale! I pursued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Ros-crána, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul; they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace? they will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed

Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean, when it bursts from a cloud and brightens the foamy side of a wave. . . .

[Here an episode is entirely lost; or at least is handed down so imperfectly that it does not deserve a place in the poem.]

With morning we awaked the woods, and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized with love her soul as it wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall: give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose!

THE SONGS OF SELMA

From the 'Poems of Ossian,' by James Macpherson

STAR of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud; thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around. And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint

of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come; but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both

to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent forever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it now till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Once more, readers may care to see a fragment of an authentic old Ossianic ballad, that of the 'Colloquy of Oisin and St. Patrick,' with literal translation by its side. Oisin and St. Patrick are at feud throughout; Oisin in effect ever telling the Christian saint that he cannot believe his unworthy tales, and above all his disparagements about Fionn and his heroes; and St. Patrick in turn assuring him that Fionn and all his chivalry "now have hell for their portion."

13

'Nuair a shuig headh Fiunn air chnochd
Sheinnemid port don Ord fhiann
Chuire nan codal na slòigh
'S Ochòin ba bhinne na do chliar.

13

When Fionn sat upon a hill, and sang a song to our heroes which would enchant the multitude to sleep, oh how much sweeter was it than thy hymns!

14

Smeorach bheag dhuth o Ghleann smàil
Faghar nom bàre rie an tuinn
Sheinnemid fein le' puist
'Sbha sinn feinn sair Cruitt ro bhinn.

14

Sweet are the thrush's notes, and long the sound of the rushing waves; but sweeter far the voice of the harps, when we struck them to the sound of our songs.

15

Bha bri gaothair dheug aig Fiunn
Zugradhmed cad air Ghleann smàil
'Sbabhenne Glaoghairm air còn
Na do chlaig a Cleirich chăidh.

15

Loud of old we heard the voices of our heroes among the hills and glens; and more sweet in mine ears that noise, and the noise of your hounds, than thy bells, O cleric!

Students of old Gaelic literature in the original should consult in particular the 'Transactions of the Ossianic Society' (Dublin), and the late J. F. Campbell's superb and invaluable 'Leabhar na Feinne.'

But now the subject may fittingly be taken leave of in the 'Death-Song of Ossian,'—a song familiar throughout Gaeldom in a score of forms. Here the rendering of Macpherson is given, as not only beautiful in itself, and apt to the chief singer of ancient Gaels, but also as conveying something of the dominant spirit which permeates the Ossianic ballads and poems and prose romances, from the days when the earliest Fian bards struck their *clarsachs* (rude harps) to the latest of the Ossianic chroniclers of to-day, the poet of 'The Wanderings of Usheen' (W. B. Yeats):—

THE DEATH-SONG OF OSSIAN

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the Voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of the bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

William Sharp

Ernest Rhys

OUIDA

(LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

(1840–)

THE novels of Ouida belong to no distinct school of fiction. They are rather a law unto themselves in their mingling of extravagant romance with realism; of plots that might have come out of the 'Decameron,' with imaginative fancies as pure and tender as those of an innocent and dreamy child; of democratic ideals worthy of Rousseau and Byron, with a childlike love of rank and its insignia.

OUIDA

Ouida is less dramatic than lyric in the style and form of her novels. Her strong poetic feeling is the source at once of her weakness and of her strength as a writer of fiction. She has the poet's sympathy with nature, and the poet's sensitiveness to beauty in every form; but she lacks the dramatist's insight into the complexities of human nature. She has only a faint perception of the many delicate gradations of character between exalted goodness and its opposite extreme. She is at her best when she is writing of primitive natures, and of lives close to the earth. The peasant boy in 'A Dog of Flanders,' yearning to look once upon the Christ of Rubens; Signa, a gifted child of the people, striving to express the passionate soul of music within him; the heroine of 'In Maremma,' hiding her girlhood in the dim richness of an Etruscan tomb; Cigarette in 'Under Two Flags,' dying for love as only a child of nature can: these simple, sensuous, passionate children are the creation of Ouida's genius. She has sympathy with the single-hearted emotions of the sons of the soil. Her temperament fits her to understand their hates and loves, so free from artificial restraints; their hopes and fears compressed into intensity by the narrowness of their mental outlook. She can portray child-life with exquisite truthfulness, because children when left to themselves are primitive in thought and feeling; natural in their emotions and direct in their expression of them. They are

the true democrats of society. Because Ouida is a poet, she has the spirit of democracy; which belongs to poets and children, and to all childlike souls who have love in their hearts, and know nothing of the importance of amassing money and making proper marriages. This idealizing, dreamy, and from an economical standpoint worthless, democracy of feeling, draws her to the oppressed, the down-trodden, and the poor; to suffering children, and to geniuses whose souls seek the stars while their bodies are racked with hunger.

Ouida's creed receives a personal embodiment in Tricotrin, the hero of the novel by that name. He is one of the most fascinating of her creations; yet he is only half real, being the product of her poetical rather than her dramatic instinct. He is entitled to wealth and rank, yet he despises both; he has the knowledge of the man of the world combined with the saintliness of Francis of Assisi, yet he is less of a saint than of a philosopher, and less of a philosopher than of a poet. He roams over the world, living out the poetry within him in Christ-like deeds of mercy; he sacrifices his life at last for the good of the Paris mob.

In Ouida's novels the innocent and the high-minded are continually suffering for others. To her, the world stands ready to stone genius and goodness. The motto of her books might be the one which she places at the head of 'Signa': «I cast a palm upon the flood; the deeps devour it. Others throw lead, and lo! it buoyant sails.» Her women who are near to God and nature are crucified by their love; her men of the same type by their nobility. Ouida finds no place for great souls in society as it exists. She divides humanity into two classes,—the good and the bad, the artificial and the natural. In one class she places children, peasants, and poets; and about these three orders she has woven her most beautiful and tender and unreal romances. In the other class she places the Vere de Veres, the worshipers of Mammon, the schemers and the sharks of society. Ouida's intense temperament induces her always to deal in extremes, whether of wealth or rank or goodness. In her, however, exaggeration becomes refreshment, because she is enough of an artist to clothe her most daring excursions into the improbable with a realistic atmosphere. Her society novels are as far removed from the realism of modern fiction as 'The Mysteries of Udolpho'; yet their epigrammatic comments upon society and human nature lend to them a fictitious lifelikeness. In 'The Princess Napraxine,' 'Othmar,' 'A House Party,' 'Friendship,' and the redoubtable 'Moths,' Ouida portrays a world with which she is somewhat familiar. She has been upon the edges of it,—a precarious position for a woman of her temperament. She is half in and half out of the society towards which she is, on the whole, antagonistic.

Her real name is Louise de la Ramée; an Englishwoman of French extraction, she was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840. She was reared in London, and there began to write for periodicals; taking as a pen-name a younger sister's contraction of her Christian name, "Louise." Her first novel, 'Granville de Vigne,' was published as a serial in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, and appeared in book form in 1863. It is typical of the majority of her later stories of high life. Ouida is a lover of rank only when rank is synonymous with distinction. She appreciates to the full the poetic elements in the character of the true aristocrat, the Vandyke or Velasquez noble; but she has the greatest contempt for the modern fashionable mob of London or Paris, which values wealth above blood, and notoriety above breeding. The insular, Philistine materialism of high-born Englishmen is peculiarly distasteful to her. Her latest novel, 'The Massarenes,' is a powerful satire upon the English aristocracy. William Massarene is a low-born Irishman, who, having made a monstrous fortune in the United States, buys the way for himself and his family into the highest circles in England. His millions secure him everything from a seat in Parliament to the friendship of royalty. Ouida treats this theme with great skill and penetration. Her mockery of the "thoroughbred" puppets, fawning on wealth in the guise of vulgarity, reaches its height of expression in this book. At the same time she does justice to the genuine aristocrat by portraying one English nobleman, at least, who refuses to join the mob in their chase of gold. Ouida matches the vulgarity of America with the vulgarity of England; her fiercest condemnation falls on her own countrymen, however, because she assumes that they know better.

She finds her consolation in the last home and refuge of poetry in this century,—Italy. Of late years she has lived in Florence. Her susceptibility to beauty makes her peculiarly successful in her novels of Italian life. These are worked out against a background of romantic nature, and of places rich in traditions of poetry and art. They are steeped in the magical air of the land which knew Petrarch and Raphael. They portray with sympathy the gay, pensive, passionate, graceful Italian character. Not a few of Ouida's novels and stories will live because of the leaven of poetry in them. Their barbarous extravagance and their meretricious one-sidedness are outweighed by their genuine perception of the noblest qualities of human nature, and by their recognition of the beautiful. Although they do not conform to the highest standard of romantic fiction, the first demand of which is truth to reality, they provide an escape into that world which differs sufficiently from the actual world to offer all the refreshments of change. In their character they approach the fairy tales which grown-up children cannot altogether do without.

THE SILK STOCKINGS

From 'Bébée, or Two Little Wooden Shoes'

"If I could save a centime a day, I could buy a pair of stockings this time next year," thought Bébée, locking her shoes with her other treasures in her drawer the next morning, and taking her broom and pail to wash down her little palace.

But a centime a day is a great deal in Brabant, when one has not always enough for bare bread, and when, in the long chill winter, one must weave thread lace all through the short daylight for next to nothing at all: for there are so many women in Brabant, and every one of them, young or old, can make lace, and if one do not like the pitiful wage, one may leave it and go and die for what the master lace-makers care or know; there will always be enough, many more than enough, to twist the thread round the bobbins, and weave the bridal veils and the trains for the courts.

"And besides, if I can save a centime, the Varnhart children ought to have it," thought Bébée, as she swept the dust together. It was so selfish of her to be dreaming about a pair of stockings, when those little things often went for days on a stew of nettles.

So she looked at her own pretty feet,—pretty and slender and arched, rosy and fair and uncramped by the pressure of leather,—and resigned her day-dream with a brave heart, as she put up her broom and went out to weed and hoe and trim and prune the garden that had been for once neglected the night before.

"One could not move half so easily in stockings," she thought with true philosophy, as she worked among the black fresh sweet-smelling mold, and kissed a rose now and then as she passed one.

When she got into the city that day, her rush-bottomed chair, which was always left upside down in case rain should fall in the night, was set ready for her; and on its seat was a gay, gilded box, such as rich people give away full of bonbons.

Bébée stood and looked from the box to the Broodhuis, from the Broodhuis to the box; she glanced around, but no one had come there so early as she, except the tinker, who was busy quarreling with his wife, and letting his smelting-fire burn a hole in his breeches.

"The box was certainly for her, since it was set upon her chair." — Bébée pondered a moment; then little by little opened the lid.

Within, on a nest of rose-satin, were two pair of silk stockings! — real silk! — with the prettiest clocks worked up their sides in color!

Bébée gave a little scream, and stood still, the blood hot in her cheeks. No one heard her: the tinker's wife, who alone was near, having just wished Heaven to send a judgment on her husband, was busy putting out his smoking small-clothes. It is a way that women and wives have, and they never see the bathos of it.

The Place filled gradually.

The customary crowds gathered. The business of the day began underneath the multitudinous tones of the chiming bells. Bébée's business began too; she put the box behind her with a beating heart, and tied up her flowers.

It was fairies, of course! but they had never set a rush-bottomed chair on its legs before, and this action of theirs frightened her.

It was rather an empty morning. She sold little, and there was the more time to think.

About an hour after noon, a voice addressed her,—

"Have you more moss-roses for me?"

Bébée looked up with a smile, and found some. It was her companion of the cathedral. She had thought much of the red shoes and the silver clasps, but she had thought nothing at all of him.

"You are not too proud to be paid to-day?" he said, giving her a silver franc — he would not alarm her with any more gold; she thanked him, and slipped it in her little leathern pouch, and went on sorting some clove-pinks.

"You do not seem to remember me?" he said with a little sadness.

"Oh, I remember you," said Bébée, lifting her frank eyes. "But you know I speak to so many people, and they are all nothing to me."

"Who is anything to you?" It was softly and insidiously spoken, but it awoke no echo.

"Vanhart's children," she answered him instantly. "And old Annémie by the wharfside — and Tambour — and Antoine's grave — and the starling — and of course, above all, the flowers."

"And the fairies, I suppose? though they do nothing for you."

She looked at him eagerly:—

"They have done something to-day. I have found a box, and some stockings—such beautiful stockings! Silk ones! Is it not very odd?"

"It is more odd they should have forgotten you so long. May I see them?"

"I cannot show them to you now. Those ladies are going to buy. But you can see them later—if you wait."

"I will wait and paint the Broodhuis."

"So many people do that: you are a painter then?"

"Yes—in a way."

He sat down on an edge of the stall, and spread his things there, and sketched, whilst the traffic went on around them. He was very many years older than she; handsome, with a dark and changeful and listless face; he wore brown velvet, and had a red ribbon at his throat; he looked a little as Egmont might have done when wooing Claire.

Bébée, as she sold the flowers and took the change fifty times in the hour, glanced at him now and then, and watched the movements of his hands—she could not have told why.

Always among men and women, always in the crowds of the streets, people were nothing to her; she went through them as through a field of standing corn,—only in the field she would have tarried for poppies, and in the town she tarried for no one.

She dealt with men as with women: simply, truthfully, frankly, with the innocent fearlessness of a child. When they told her she was pretty, she smiled; it was just as they said that her flowers were sweet.

But this man's hands moved so swiftly; and as she saw her Broodhuis growing into color and form beneath them, she could not choose but look now and then, and twice she gave her change wrong.

He spoke to her rarely, and sketched on and on in rapid bold strokes the quaint graces and massive richness of the Maison du Roi.

There is no crowd so busy in Brabant that it will not find leisure to stare. The Fleming or the Walloon has nothing of the Frenchman's courtesy: he is rough and rude; he remains a peasant even when town-bred, and the surly insolence of the

"Gueux" is in him still. He is kindly to his fellows, though not to beasts; he is shrewd, patient, thrifty, industrious, and good in very many ways, but civil never.

A good score of them left off their occupations and clustered round the painter, staring, chattering, pushing, pointing, as though a brush had never been seen in all the land of Rubens.

Bébée, ashamed of her people, got up from her chair and rebuked them.

"O men of Brussels, fie then, for shame!" she called to them as clearly as a robin sings. "Did never you see a drawing before? and are there not saints and martyrs enough to look at in the galleries? and have you never some better thing to do than to gape wide-mouthed at a stranger? What laziness — ah! just worthy of a people who sleep and smoke while their dogs work for them! Go away, all of you; look, there comes the gendarme,— it will be the worse for you.— Sir, sit under my stall; they will not dare trouble you then."

He moved under the awning, thanking her with a smile; and the people, laughing, shuffled unwillingly aside and let him paint on in peace. It was only little Bébée; but they had spoilt the child from her infancy, and were used to obey her.

The painter took a long time. He set about it with the bold ease of one used to all the intricacies of form and color, and he had the skill of a master. But he spent more than half the time looking idly at the humors of the populace, or watching how the treasures of Bébée's garden went away one by one in the hands of strangers.

Meanwhile, ever and again, sitting on the edge of her stall, with his colors and brushes tossed out on the board, he talked to her; and with the soft imperceptible skill of long practice in those arts, he drew out the details of her little simple life.

There were not always people to buy; and whilst she rested and sheltered the flowers from the sun, she answered him willingly,— and in one of her longer rests showed him the wonderful stockings.

"Do you think it *could* be the fairies?" she asked him a little doubtfully.

It was easy to make her believe any fantastical nonsense; but her fairies were ethereal divinities. She could scarcely believe that they had laid that box on her chair.

"Impossible to doubt it!" he replied unhesitatingly. "Given a belief in fairies at all, why should there be any limit to what they can do? It is the same with the saints, is it not?"

"Yes," said Bébée thoughtfully.

The saints were mixed up in her imagination with the fairies in an intricacy that would have defied the best reasonings of Father Francis.

"Well, then, you will wear the stockings, will you not? Only, believe me, your feet are far prettier without them."

Bébée laughed happily, and took another peep in the cozy rose-satin nest. But her little face had a certain perplexity. Suddenly she turned on him.

"Did not *you* put them there?"

"I? never!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite; but why ask?"

"Because," said Bébée, shutting the box resolutely and pushing it a little away, "because I would not take it if you did. You are a stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine always said."

"Why take a present, then, from the Varnhart children, or your old friend who gave you the clasps?"

"Ah, that is very different. When people are poor, very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save for and make with such a difficulty are just things that are a pleasure; sacrifices: like your sitting up with a sick person at night, and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?"

"I know you talk very prettily. But why should you not take any one else's present, though he may not be poor?"

"Because I could not return it."

"Could you not?"

The smile in his eyes dazzled her a little; it was so strange, and yet had so much light in it: but she did not understand him one whit.

"No; how could I?" she said earnestly. "If I were to save for two years, I could not get francs enough to buy anything worth giving back; and I should be so unhappy, thinking of the debt of it always. Do tell me if you put those stockings there?"

"No," he looked at her, and the trivial lie faltered and died away; the eyes, clear as crystal, questioned him so innocently.

"Well, if I did?" he said frankly, "you wished for them: what harm was there? Will you be so cruel as to refuse them from me?"

The tears sprang into Bébée's eyes. She was sorry to lose the beautiful box, but more sorry he had lied to her.

"It was very kind and good," she said regretfully. "But I cannot think why you should have done it, as you had never known me at all. And indeed, I could not take them, because Antoine would not let me if he were alive; and if I gave you a flower every day all the year round I should not pay you the worth of them—it would be quite impossible; and why should you tell me falsehoods about such a thing? a falsehood is never a thing for a man."

She shut the box and pushed it towards him, and turned to the selling of her bouquets. Her voice shook a little as she tied up a bunch of mignonette and told the price of it.

Those beautiful stockings! why had she ever seen them, and why had he told her a lie?

It made her heart heavy. For the first time in her brief life the Broodhuis seemed to frown between her and the sun.

Undisturbed, he painted on and did not look at her.

The day was nearly done. The people began to scatter. The shadows grew very long. He painted, not glancing once elsewhere than at his study. Bébée's baskets were quite empty.

She rose, and lingered, and regarded him wistfully: he was angered; perhaps she had been rude? Her little heart failed her.

If he would only look up!

But he did not look up; he kept his handsome dark face studiously over the canvas of the Broodhuis. She would have seen a smile in his eyes if he had lifted them; but he never raised his lids.

Bébée hesitated: take the stockings she would not; but perhaps she had refused them too roughly. She wished so that he would look up and save her speaking first; but he knew what he was about too warily and well to help her thus.

She waited awhile, then took one little red moss-rosebud that she had saved all day in a corner of her basket, and held it out to him frankly, shyly, as a peace-offering.

"Was I rude? I did not mean to be. But I cannot take the stockings; and why did you tell me that falsehood?"

He took the rosebud and rose too, and smiled; but he did not meet her eyes.

"Let us forget the whole matter: it is not worth a sou. If you do not take the box, leave it: it is of no use to me."

"I cannot take it."

She knew she was doing right. How was it that he could make her feel as though she were acting wrongly?

"Leave it then, I say. You are not the first woman, my dear, who has quarreled with a wish fulfilled. It is a way your sex has of rewarding gods and men. Here, you old witch—here is a treasure-trove for you. You can sell it for ten francs in the town anywhere."

As he spoke he tossed the casket and the stockings in it to an old decrepit woman, who was passing by with a baker's cart drawn by a dog; and not staying to heed her astonishment, gathered his colors and easel together.

The tears swam in Bébée's eyes as she saw the box whirled through the air.

She had done right—she was sure she had done right.

HOW TRICOTRIN FOUND VIVA

From 'Tricotrin'

It was autumn; a rich golden autumn of France, with the glow of burning sunsets, and the scarlet pomp of reddened woods, and the purple and the yellow of grapes gathered for the wine-press, and the luscious dreamy odor of overripened fruits crushed by careless passing feet, upon the orchard mosses. Afar off, in the full noonday, the winding road was white and hot with dust; but here in a nook of forest land, in a dell of leafy growth between the vineyards which encompassed it, the air was cool and the sunlight broken with shade, while, through its stillness where the boughs threw the shadow darkest, a little torrent leapt and splashed, making music as it went, and washing round the base of an old ivy-grown stone tower that had fallen to ruin in the midst of its green nest.

There was no sound except one, beside that of the bright tumbling stream, though now and then there came in from the distance the ring of a convent clock's bells, or the laugh of a

young girl at work among the vines;—no sound except one, and that was the quick, sharp, gleeful crack of nuts in a monkey's teeth. There were squirrels by the score there in that solitary place who had right, hereditary and indisputable they would have said, to all the nuts that the boughs bore and the grasses hid: but Mistigri was no recognizer of rights divine; she loved nuts, and cared little how she got them, and she sat aloft in her glory, or swung herself from twig to twig, crushing and eating and flinging the shells away with all that gleeful self-satisfaction of which a little black monkey is to the full as capable, after successful piracy, as any conquering sovereign.

"Mistigri, Mistigri!" said her companion surveying her, "who could doubt your human affinity who once had seen you pilfer? Monkey stows away her stolen goods in a visible pouch unblushingly; man smuggles his away unknown in the guise of 'profit' or 'percentage,' 'commerce' or 'annexation,'—the natural advancement of civilization on the simple and normal thieving. Increased cranium, increased caution: that's all the difference, eh, Mistigri?"

Mistigri cocked her head on one side, but would not waste time in replying: her little shiny black mouth was full of good kernels.

"Why talk when you can take?" she would have asked.

Her owner did not press for an answer; but sung, carelessly, snatches of Goethe's 'Millsong' and of Müller's 'Whisper,' his voice chiming in with the bubble of the stream while he took at intervals his noontide meal, classic and uncostly, of Chasselas grapes and a big brown roll.

He was a man of some forty years, dressed in a linen blouse, with a knapsack as worn as an African soldier's lying at his feet, unstrapped, in company with a flask of good wine and a Straduarius fiddle. He himself was seated on a fallen tree, with the sun breaking through the foliage above in manifold gleams and glories, that touched the turning leaves bright red as fire, and fell on his own head when he tossed it up to fling a word to Mistigri, or to catch the last summer-song of a blackbird. It was a beautiful Homeric head: bold, kingly, careless, noble, with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture;—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his God Lyæus. The features were beautiful too, in their varied mobile

eloquent meanings; with their poet's brows, their reveler's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting utterances, whose contradictions made one unity — the unity of genius.

At this moment there was only the enjoyment of a rich and sunny nature, in an idle moment, written on them, as he ate his grapes and threw fragments of wit up at Mistigri where she was perched among the nut boughs. But the brilliant eyes, so blue in some lights, so black in others, had the lustre and the depths of infinite meditation in them; and the curling lips that were hidden under the fullness of their beard had the delicate fine mockery of the satirist blent with the brighter, franker mirth of genial sympathies. And his face changed as he cast the crumbs of his finished meal to some ducks that paddled lower down in the stream, where it grew stiller around the old tower, and took up his Straduarius from the ground with the touch of a man who loves the thing that he touches. The song of the water that had made the melody to his banquet was in his brain; — sweet, wild, entangled sounds that he must needs reproduce, with the selfsame fancy that a painter must catch the fleeting hues of fair scenes that would haunt him forever unless exorcised thus.

"Quiet, Mistigri!" he said softly, and the monkey sat still on her hazel bough, eating indeed, but noiselessly. He listened one moment more to the stream, then drew the bow across the strings. The music thrilled out upon the silence, catching the song of the brook in harmony as Goethe caught it in verse, — all its fresh delicious babble, all its rush of silvery sound, all its cool and soothing murmur, all its pauses of deep rest. All of which the woodland torrent told: of the winds that had tossed the boughs into its foam; of the women-faces its tranquil pools had mirrored; of the blue burden of forget-me-nots and the snowy weight of lilies it had borne so lovingly; of the sweet familiar idyls it had seen, where it had wound its way below quaint mill-house walls choked up with ivy-growth, where the children and the pigeons paddled with rosy feet upon the resting wheel; of the weary sighs that had been breathed over it beneath the gray old convents where it heard the miserere steal in with its own ripple, and looked, itself, a thing so full of leaping joy and dancing life to the sad eyes of girl-recluses, — all these of which it told, the music told again. The strings were touched by an artist's hand; and all that duller ears heard, but dimly, in the splash and surge

of the brown fern-covered stream, he heard in marvelous poems, and translated into clearer tongue — the universal tongue which has no country and no limit, and in which the musician speaks alike to sovereign and to savage.

There was not a creature there to hear, save the yellow-winged loriotes, and Mistigri, who was absorbed in nuts: but he played on to himself an hour or more for love of the theme and the art; and an old peasant woman, going through the trees at some yards distance, and seeing nothing of the player for the screen of leaves, laughed and stroked the hair of a grandchild who clung to her, afraid of the magical woodland melodies: "The wood-elves, little one? Bah! that is only Tricotrin!"

Her feet, brushing the fallen leaves with pleasant sound, soon passed away; he played on and on,— such poetry as Bamboche drew from his violin, whereat Poussin bowed his head, weeping with the passion of women, as through his tears he beheld as in a vision the "Et in Arcadia Ego."

Then, as suddenly as he had begun, Tricotrin dropped the bow and ceased, and struck a light and smoked,— a great Arab pipe of some carved wood, black and polished by long use. On the silence that succeeded there came a low laugh of delight,— the laugh of a very young child. He looked up and down and among the ferns at his feet; the laughter was close beside him, yet he could see nothing. He smoked on indifferently, watching the bright eyes of the birds glancing out from the shadow; then the laugh came again, close at his side, as it sounded; he rose and pushed aside some branches, and looked over a broken rail behind him, beyond a tangled growth of reeds and rushes.

There he saw what had aroused him from his smoke-silence: more than half hidden under the moss and the broad tufted grasses, stretching her hands out at the gorgeous butterflies that fluttered above her head, and covered with the wide yellow leaves of gourds and the white fragrant abundance of traveler's-joy, was the child whose laughter he had heard. A child between two and three years old, her face warm with the flush of past sleep, her eyes smiling against the light, her hair lying like gold-dust on the moss, her small fair limbs struggling uncovered out of a rough red cloak that alone was folded about her. The scarlet of the mantle, the whiteness of the clematis, the yellow hues of the wild gourds, the color of the winged insects, the head of the child rising out of the mosses, and the young face that looked

like a moss-rosebud just unclosing, made a picture in their own way; and he who passed no picture by, but had pictures in his memory surpassing all the collected art of galleries, paused to survey it with his arms folded on the rail.

Its solitude, its strangeness, did not occur to him; he looked at it as at some painting of his French brethren's easels,—that was all. But the child, seeing a human eye regard her, forgot her butterflies and remembered human wants; she stretched her hands to him instead of to her playmates of the air. "*J'ai faim!*" she cried, with a plaintive self-pity: bread would be better than the butterflies.

"Hungry?" he answered, addressing her as he was wont to do Mistigri. "I have nothing for you. Who brought you there, you Waif and Stray? Put down there and left, to get rid of the trouble of you, apparently? Well, D'Alembert was dropped down in the streets, and found a foster-mother in a milkwoman, and *he* did pretty well afterward. Perhaps some dainty De Tencin brought you likewise into the world, and has hidden you like a bit of smuggled lace, only thinking you nothing so valuable. Is it so, eh?"

"*J'ai faim!*" cried the child afresh: all her history was comprised to her in the one fact that she wanted bread,—as it is comprised to a mob.

"Catch, then!" he replied to the cry, dropping into her hands from where he leant, a bunch of the Chasselas grapes that still remained in his pocket. It sufficed: the child was not so much pained by hunger as by thirst, though she scarcely knew the difference between her own sensations; her throat was dry, and the grapes were all she wanted. He, leaning over the lichen-covered rail, watched her while she enjoyed them one by one. She was a very pretty child; the prettier for that rough moss covering, out of which her delicate fair shoulders and chest rose uncovered, while the breeze blew about her yellow glossy curls.

"Left there to be got rid of—clearly," he murmured to her. "Any one who picks you up will do you the greatest injury possible. Die now in the sunshine among the flowers: you will never have such another chance of a poetical and picturesque exit. Who was ingenious enough to hide you there? The poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou? or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal? Was it Magdalene who has to wear sackcloth for having dared to sin without money to buy

absolution? or Messalina who covers ten thousand poisonous passions with a silver-embroidered robe, and is only discreetly careful of 'consequences'? Which was your progenitrix, little one, eh?"

To this question so closely concerning her, the Waif could give no answer, being gifted with only imperfect speech; but happy in the grapes, she laughed up in his eyes her unspoken thanks, shaking a cluster of clematis above her head, as happy in her couch of flowers and moss as she could have been in any silver cradle. The question concerned her in nothing yet: the bar sinister could not stretch across the sunny blue skies, the butterflies flew above her as familiarly as above the brow of a child-queen, and the white flowers did not wither sooner in bastard than in legitimate hands.

"How the sun shines on you, as if you were a princess!" he soliloquized to her. "Ah! Nature is a terrible socialist; what republicans she would make of men if they listened to her. But there is no fear for them,—they are not fond enough of her school! You look very comfortably settled here, and how soon you will get life over. You are very fortunate. You will suffer a little bit,—paf! what of that? Everybody suffers that little bit sooner or later, and it grows sharper the longer it is put off. Suppose you were picked up by somebody and lived: it would be very bad for you. You would be a lovely woman, and lovely women are the devil's aides-de-camp. You would snare men in your yellow hair, and steal their substance with the breath of your lips, and dress up lying avarice as love, and make a miser's greed wear the smile of a cherub. Ah! that you would. And then would come age, a worse thing for women like you than crime or death; and you would suffer an agony with every wrinkle, and a martyrdom with every whitening lock; and you would grow hard, and haggard, and painted, and hideous even to the vilest among men; and you would be hissed off the stage in hatred by the mouths that once shouted your triumphs, while you would hear the fresh comers laugh as they rushed on to be crowned with the roses that once wreathed your own forehead. And then would come the end,—the hospital and the wooden shell, and the grave trampled flat to the dust as soon almost as made, while the world danced on in the sunlight unheeding. Ah! be wise. Die while you can, among your butterflies and flowers!"

The child, lying below there in her nest, looked up in his eyes again and laughed: "Viva!" she cried, while she clasped her grapes in her two small hands.

"Viva? What do you mean by that? Do you mean, imperfectly, to ask to live an Italian? Fie then! That is unphilosophic. Take the advice of two philosophers. Bolingbroke says there is so much trouble in coming into the world and in going out of it, that it is barely worth while to be here at all; and I tell you the same. He had the cakes and ale too, but the one got stale and the other bitter. What will it be for you who start with neither cakes nor ale? Life's not worth much to a man. It is worth just nothing at all to a woman. It is a mistake altogether; and lasts just long enough for all to find that out, but not long enough for any to remedy it. We always live the time required to get thoroughly uncomfortable, and as soon as we are in the track to sift the problem — paf! — out we go like a rushlight, the very moment we begin to burn brightly. Be persuaded by me, and don't think of living: you have a golden opportunity of getting quittance of the whole affair. Don't throw it away!"

The good advice of Experience was, as it always is, thrown away on the impetuosity of Ignorance. The child laughed still over her Chasselas bunch, murmuring still over and over again the nearest approach she knew to a name:—

"Viva — Viva — Viva!"

"The obstinacy of women prematurely developed. Why *will* you not know when you are well off? 'Those whom the gods love die young.' If you would just now prefer to have your mother's love instead of the gods', you are wrong. What have you before you? You will be marked 'outcast.' You will have nothing as your career except to get rich by snaring the foolish; or to be virtuous and starve on three halfpence a day, having a pauper's burial as reward for your chastity. If you live, your hands must be either soiled or empty. I would die among the clematis if I were you."

But the child, persistently regardless of wise counsel, only laughed still, and strove to struggle from her network of blossom and of moss.

"Your mind is set upon living,— what a pity!" murmured her solitary companion. "When your hair is white, how you will wish you had died when it was yellow; — everybody does, but while the yellow lasts nobody believes it! You want to live? So

Eve wanted the 'fruit of fairest colors.' If I were to help you to have your own way now, you would turn on me thirty years hence as your worst enemy. Were you able to understand reason — but your sex would prevent that, let alone your age. Let us ask Mistigri. Mistigri, is that Waif to live or to die?"

The companion and counselor, who lived in his pocket and was accustomed to be thus appealed to, had swung herself down on to the grass, and was now squatted on the rail beside him. The child, catching sight of the monkey, tried to stretch and stroke her; and Mistigri, who was always of an affable, and when she had eaten sufficient herself, of a generous turn of mind, extended her little black paw, and tendered a nut, as an overture to an acquaintance.

"*You* vote for life too?" cried Tricotrin. "Bah, Mistigri! I thought you so sensible — for your sex! When a discerning mother, above the weakness of womenkind, has arranged everything so neatly, we should be the most miserable sentimentalists to interfere."

As he spoke, the little creature, who had been vainly striving to free herself from her forest-cradle, ceased her efforts and looked up in piteous mute entreaty, her eyes wet and soft with glistening tears, her mouth trembling with an unspoken appeal.

He who saw a wounded bird only to help it, and met a lame dog only to carry it, was unable to resist that pathetic helplessness. He turned and lifted his voice.

"Grand'mère Virelois, are you there? Here is something in your way, not in mine."

In answer to the shout there came out from the low broken door of the ruined tower an old peasant woman, brown and bent and very aged, but blithe as a bird, and with her black eyes as bright as the eyes of a mouse, under the white pent-house of her high starched cap.

"What is it, good Tricotrin?" she asked, in that sweet, singing voice that makes the accent of many French peasant women so lingering and charming on the ear,— the voice that has in it all the contentment of the brave, cheery spirit within.

"A Waif and Stray," answered Tricotrin. "Whether from Mary Magdalene or Madame la Marquise is unknown; probably will never be known. Curses go home to roost, but chickens don't. The Waif is irrational: she thinks a mouthful of black bread better than easy extinction among the ferns. Claudine de

Tencin has left a feminine D'Alembert in a moss-cradle: are you inclined to play the part of the foster-mother?"

Grand'mère Virelois listened to the harangue, comprehending it no more than if he had spoken in Hebrew; but she was used to him, and thought nothing of that.

"What is it I am to see?" she asked again, peering curiously with lively interest among the leaves. Before he could answer she had caught sight of the child, with vehement amaze and ecstatic wonder; the speech had been as Hebrew to her, but the fact was substantial and indisputable. Crossing herself in her surprise, with a thousand expletives of pity and admiration, she bent her little withered but still active form beneath the rail, and stooped and raised the foundling—raised her, but only a little from the ground.

"Holy Virgin! Tricotrin!" she cried, "look here! the child is fastened. Help me!"

He looked quickly as she called him, and saw that the withes of osiers and the tendrils of wild vine had been netted so tightly around the limbs, tied here and there with strong twine, that the infant could never have escaped from its resting-place; it had evidently been so fastened that the child might perish there unseen. His face darkened as he looked.

"Murder, then! not mere neglect. Ah! this is Madame la Marquise at work, not Magdalene!" he murmured, as he slashed the network right and left with his knife, and set the Waif at liberty; while Grand'mère Virelois went into a woman's raptures on the young beauty of the "petit Gésu," and a woman's vehement censures of a sister's sin.

Tricotrin smoked resignedly, while her raptures and her diatribes expended themselves; it was long before either were exhausted.

"Don't abuse the mother," he interposed at last. "Everybody gets rid of troublesome consequences when they can. We've done no good in disturbing her arrangements. We have only disinterred a living blunder that she wished to bury."

"For shame, Tricotrin!" cried Grand'mère, quivering with horror, while she folded the child in her withered arms. "You can jest on such wickedness! You can excuse such a murderess!"

"Paf!" said Tricotrin, lightly blowing away a smoke ring. "The whole system of creation is a sliding scale of murders.

All the world over, life is only sustained by life being extinguished."

Grand'mère Virelois, who was a pious little woman, shuddered and clasped the child nearer.

"Ah—h—h! the vile woman! How will she see Our Lady's face on the last day?"

"How she will meet the world she lives in is more the question with her now, I imagine. An eminently sagacious woman! and you and I are two sentimentalists to interfere with her admirably artistic play. So you *would* live, little one? I wonder what you will make of what you have got! A Jeremiad if you are a good silly woman; a Can-can measure if you are a bad clever one. Which will it be, I wonder?"

"Mon Dieu, it is an angel!" murmured Grand'mère; "such hair, like silk,—such eyes,—such a rose for a mouth! And left to die of hunger and cold! Ah, may the Holy Mary find her out and avenge her crime, the wicked one!"

"The vengeance will come quick if the sinner live in a garret; it will limp very slowly if she shelter in a palace. Well, since you take that child in your arms, do you mean to find her the piece of bread the unphilosophic castaway will want?"

"Will I not! if I go without myself. Oh, the pretty little child! who could have left you? Wherever the mother dwells, may the good God hunt her down!"

"Deity as a detective? Not a grand idea that. Yet it is the heavenly office that looks dearest to man when it is exercised upon others! Grand'mère, answer me: Are you going to keep that Waif?"

The bright, brown, wrinkled, homely face of the good old woman grew perplexed.

"Ah, my friend, times are so bad, it is hard work to get a bit in the pot for one's self; and I stitch, stitch, stitch, and spin, spin, spin, till I am blind many a time. And yet the pretty child—with no one to care for it! I do not know,—she must be brought up hard if she come to me. Not a lentil even to put in the water and make one fancy it is soup, in some days these hard times! But do you know nothing more of her than this, Tricotrin?"

"Nothing."

His luminous eyes met hers full and frankly; she knew—all the nations where he wandered knew—that the affirmative of Tricotrin was more sure than the truth of most men's oaths.

"Then she must be abandoned here by some wretch to starve unseen?"

"It looks like it."

"Ah! the little angel! What does the barbarous brutal heart of stone deserve?"

"What it will get if it lodge in the breast that rags and tatters cover; what it will not get if it lodge in the breast that heaves under silks and laces."

"True enough! but the good God will smite in his own time. Oh, little one, how could they ever forsake thee?" cried Grand'mère, caressing afresh the child, who was laughing and well content in her friendly and tender hold.

"Then you are going to adopt her?"

"Adopt her? Mother of Jesus! I dare not say that. You know how I live, Tricotrin,—how hardly, though I try to let it be cheerfully. If I had a little more she should share it, and welcome; but as it is—not a mouthful of chestnuts, even, so often; not a drop of oil or a bit of garlic sometimes weeks together! She would be better off at the Foundling Hospital than with me. Besides, it is an affair for the mayor of the commune."

"Certainly it is. But if the most notable mayor can do nothing except send this foundling among the others, would you like better to keep her?"

Grand'mère Virelois was silent and thoughtful a minute; then her little bright eyes glanced up at him from under their white linen roofing, with a gleam in them that was between a smile and a tear.

"You know how I lost *them*, Tricotrin. One in Africa, one at the Barricades, one crushed under a great marble block, building the Préfet's palace. And then the grandchild too,—the only little one,—so pretty, so frail, so tender, killed that long bitter winter, because the food was so scarce, like the young birds dead on the snow! You know, Tricotrin? and what use is it to take her to perish like him, though in her laughter and her caresses I might think that he lived again?"

"I know!" said Tricotrin softly, with an infinite balm of pity, and of the remembrance that was the sweetest sympathy, in his voice. "Well, if M. le Maire can find none to claim her, she shall stay with you, Grand'mère: and as for the food, that shall not trouble you; I will have a care of that."

"*You?* Holy Jesus! how good!"

"Not in the least. I abetted her in her ignorant and ridiculous desire to exchange a pleasant death among the clematis for all the toil and turmoil of prolonged existences; I am clearly responsible for my share in the folly. I cut the meshes that her sagacious mother had knotted so hardly. I must accept my part in the onus of such unwarrantable interference. You keep the Waif; and I will be at the cost of her."

"But then, Tricotrin, you call yourself poor?"

"So I am. But one need not be a millionaire to be able to get a few crumbs for that robin. The creature persisted in living, and I humored her caprice. It was mock humanity, paltry sentiment; Mistigri was partly at fault, but I mostly. We must accept the results. They will be disastrous probably,—the creature is feminine,—but such as they are we must make the best of them."

"Then *you* will adopt her?"

"Not in the least. But I will see she has something to eat; and that you are able to give it her if her parents cannot be found. Here is a gold bit for the present minute; and when we know whether she is really and truly a Waif, you shall have more to keep the pot over your fire full and boiling. Adieu, Grand'mère."

With that farewell, he, heedless of the voluble thanks and praises that the old woman showered after him, and of the outcries of the child who called to Mistigri, put his pipe in his mouth, his violin in his pocket, and throwing his knapsack over his shoulder, brushed his way through the forest growth.

"Mock sentiment!" he said to himself. "You and I have done a silly thing, Mistigri. What will come of it?"

THE STEEPLE-CHASE

From 'Under Two Flags'

The bell was clanging and clashing passionately, as Cecil at last went down to the weights, all his friends of the Household about him, and all standing "crushers" on their champion; for their stringent *esprit de corps* was involved, and the Guards are never backward in putting their gold down, as all the world knows. In the inclosure, the cynosure of devouring

eyes, stood the King, with the *sang froid* of a superb gentleman, amid the clamor raging round him, one delicate ear laid back now and then, but otherwise indifferent to the din, with his coat glistening like satin, the beautiful tracery of vein and muscle, like the veins of vine-leaves, standing out on the glossy, clear-carved neck that had the arch of Circassia, and his dark, antelope eyes gazing with a gentle, pensive earnestness on the shouting crowd.

His rivals too were beyond par in fitness and in condition, and there were magnificent animals among them. Bay Regent was a huge raking chestnut, upward of sixteen hands, and enormously powerful, with very fine shoulders, and an all-over-like-going head; he belonged to a colonel in the Rifles, but was to be ridden by Jimmy Delmar of the 10th Lancers, whose colors were violet with orange hoops. Montacute's horse, Pas de Charge, which carried all the money of the Heavy Cavalry,—Montacute himself being in the Dragoon Guards,—was of much the same order: a black hunter with racing blood in him, loins and withers that assured any amount of force, and no fault but that of a rather coarse head, traceable to a slur on his 'scutcheon on the distaff side from a plebeian great-grandmother, who had been a cart mare,—the only stain in his otherwise faultless pedigree. However, she had given him her massive shoulders, so that he was in some sense a gainer by her, after all. Wild Geranium was a beautiful creature enough,—a bright bay Irish mare, with that rich red gloss that is like the glow of a horse-chestnut, very perfect in shape, though a trifle light, perhaps, and with not quite strength enough in neck or barrel; she would jump the fences of her own paddock half a dozen times a day for sheer amusement, and was game to anything.* She was entered by Cartouche of the Enniskillens, to be ridden by "Baby Grafton," of the same corps, a feather-weight, and quite a boy, but with plenty of science in him. These were the three favorites; Day Star ran them close,—the property of Durham Vavassour, of the Scots Grays, and to be ridden by his owner,—a handsome flea-bitten gray sixteen-hander, with ragged hips, and action that looked a trifle stringhalty, but noble shoulders, and great force

* The portrait of this lady is that of a very esteemed young Irish beauty of my acquaintance; she this season did seventy-six miles on a warm June day, and eat her corn and tares afterward as if nothing happened. She is six years old.

in the loins and withers: the rest of the field, though unusually excellent, did not find so many "sweet voices" for them, and were not so much to be feared; each starter was of course much backed by his party, but the betting was tolerably even on these four, all famous steeple-chasers,—the King at one time, and Bay Regent at another, slightly leading in the ring.

Thirty-two starters were hoisted up on the telegraph board, and as the field got at last under way, uncommonly handsome they looked, while the silk jackets of all the colors of the rainbow glittered in the bright noon sun. As Forest King closed in, perfectly tranquil still, but beginning to glow and quiver all over with excitement, knowing as well as his rider the work that was before him, and longing for it in every muscle and every limb, while his eyes flashed fire as he pulled at the curb and tossed his head aloft, there went up a general shout of "Favorite!" His beauty told on the populace, and even somewhat on the professionals, though the Legs kept a strong business prejudice against the working powers of "the Guards' crack." The ladies began to lay dozens in gloves on him; not altogether for his points, which perhaps they hardly appreciated, but for his owner and rider,—who, in the scarlet and gold with the white sash across his chest, and a look of serene indifference on his face, they considered the handsomest man of the field. The Household is usually safe to win the suffrages of the sex.

In the throng on the course, Rake instantly bonneted an audacious dealer who had ventured to consider that Forest King was "light and curby in the 'ock." "You're a wise 'un, you are!" retorted the wrathful and ever eloquent Rake: "there's more strength in his clean fat legs, bless him! than in all the round thick mile-posts of *your* half-breeds, that have no more tendon than a bit of wood, and are just as flabby as a sponge!" Which hit the dealer home just as his hat was hit over his eyes,—Rake's arguments being unquestionable in their force.

The thoroughbreds pulled and fretted and swerved in their impatience; one or two over-contumacious bolted incontinently; others put their heads between their knees in the endeavor to draw their riders over their withers; Wild Geranium reared straight upright, fidgeted all over with longing to be off, passaged with the prettiest, wickedest grace in the world, and would have given the world to neigh if she had dared, but she knew it would be very bad style, so, like an aristocrat as she was, restrained

herself; Bay Regent almost sawed Jimmy Delmar's arms off, looking like a Titan Bucephalus; while Forest King, with his nostrils dilated till the scarlet tinge on them glowed in the sun, his muscles quivering with excitement as intense as the little Irish mare's, and all his Eastern and English blood on fire for the fray, stood steady as a statue for all that, under the curb of a hand light as a woman's, but firm as iron to control, and used to guide him by the slightest touch.

All eyes were on that throng of the first mounts in the Service; brilliant glances by the hundred gleamed down behind hot-house bouquets of their chosen color, eager ones by the thousand stared thirstily from the crowded course, the roar of the Ring subsided for a second, a breathless attention and suspense succeeded it; the Guardsmen sat on their drags, or lounged near the ladies with their race-glasses ready, and their habitual expression of gentle and resigned weariness in nowise altered because the Household, all in all, had from sixty to seventy thousand on the event, and the Seraph mourned mournfully to his cheroot, "That chestnut's no end *fit*," strong as his faith was in the champion of the Brigades.

A moment's good start was caught — the flag dropped — off they went, sweeping out for the first second like a line of cavalry about to charge.

Another moment, and they were scattered over the first field; Forest King, Wild Geranium, and Bay Regent leading for two lengths, when Montacute, with his habitual "fast burst," sent Pas de Charge past them like lightning. The Irish mare gave a rush and got alongside of him; the King would have done the same, but Cecil checked him, and kept him in that cool swinging canter which covered the grass-land so lightly; Bay Regent's vast thundering stride was Olympian; but Jimmy Delmar saw his worst foe in the "Guards' crack," and waited on him warily, riding superbly himself.

The first fence disposed of half the field; they crossed the second in the same order, Wild Geranium racing neck to neck with Pas de Charge; the King was all athirst to join the duello, but his owner kept him gently back, saving his pace and lifting him over the jumps as easily as a lapwing. The second fence proved a cropper to several; some awkward falls took place over it, and tailing commenced; after the third field, which was heavy plow, all knocked off but eight, and the real struggle began in

sharp earnest,—a good dozen who had shown a splendid stride over the grass being done up by the terrible work on the clods.

The five favorites had it all to themselves: Day Star pounding onward at tremendous speed, Pas de Charge giving slight symptoms of distress owing to the madness of his first burst, the Irish mare literally flying ahead of him, Forest King and the chestnut waiting on each other.

In the Grand Stand the Seraph's eyes strained after the Scarlet and White, and he muttered in his mustaches, "Ye gods, what's up? The world's coming to an end! Beauty's turned cautious!"

Cautious indeed—with that giant of Pytchley fame running neck to neck by him; cautious—with two-thirds of the course unrun, and all the yawners yet to come; cautious—with the blood of Forest King lashing to boiling heat, and the wondrous greyhound stride stretching out faster and faster beneath him, ready at a touch to break away and take the lead: but he would be reckless enough by-and-by; reckless, as his nature was, under the indolent serenity of habit.

Two more fences came, laced high and stiff with the Shire thorn, and with scarce twenty feet between them, the heavy plowed land leading to them clotted and black and hard, with the fresh earthy scent steaming up as the hoofs struck the clods with a dull thunder. Pas de Charge rose to the first: distressed too early, his hind feet caught in the thorn, and he came down, rolling clear of his rider; Montacute picked him up with true science, but the day was lost to the Heavy Cavalry men. Forest King went in and out over both like a bird, and led for the first time; the chestnut was not to be beat at fencing, and ran even with him: Wild Geranium flew still as fleet as a deer—true to her sex, she would not bear rivalry; but little Grafton, though he rode like a professional, was but a young one, and went too wildly—her spirit wanted cooler curb.

And now only, Cecil loosened the King to his full will and his full speed. Now only, the beautiful Arab head was stretched like a racer's in the run in for the Derby, and the grand stride swept out till the hoofs seemed never to touch the dark earth they skimmed over; neither whip nor spur was needed. Bertie had only to leave the gallant temper and the generous fire that were roused in their might to go their way and hold their own.

His hands were low; his head a little back; his face very calm, —the eyes only had a daring, eager, resolute will lighting in them: Brixworth lay before him. He knew well what Forest King could do; but he did not know how great the chestnut Regent's powers might be.

The water gleamed before them, brown and swollen, and deepened with the meltings of winter snows a month before; the brook that has brought so many to grief over its famous banks, since cavaliers leaped it with their falcon on their wrist, or the mellow note of the horn rang over the woods in the hunting-days of Stuart reigns. They knew it well, that long dark line, shimmering there in the sunlight,—the test that all must pass who go in for the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon. Forest King scented the water, and went on with his ears pointed and his greyhound stride lengthening, quickening, gathering up all its force and its impetus for the leap that was before; then like the rise and the swoop of a heron he spanned the water, and landing clear, launched forward with the lunge of a spear darted through air. Brixworth was passed; the Scarlet and White, a mere gleam of bright color, a mere speck in the landscape, to the breathless crowds in the stand, sped on over the brown and level grass-land: two and a quarter miles done in four minutes and twenty seconds. Bay Regent was scarcely behind him; the chestnut abhorred the water, but a finer trained hunter was never sent over the Shires, and Jimmy Delmar rode like Grimshaw himself. The giant took the leap in magnificent style, and thundered on neck and neck with the "Guards' crack." The Irish mare followed, and with miraculous gameness, landed safely; but her hind legs slipped on the bank, a moment was lost, and "Baby" Grafton scarce knew enough to recover it, though he scoured on, nothing daunted.

Pas de Charge, much behind, refused the yawner: his strength was not more than his courage, but both had been strained too severely at first. Montacute struck the spurs into him with a savage blow over the head: the madness was its own punishment; the poor brute rose blindly to the jump, and missed the bank with a reel and a crash. Sir Eyre was hurled out into the brook, and the hope of the Heavies lay there with his breast and forelegs resting on the ground, his hind quarters in the water, and his back broken. Pas de Charge would never again see the starting-flag waved. or hear the music of the hounds, or feel the

gallant life throb and glow through him at the rallying-notes of the horn. His race was run.

Not knowing or looking or heeding what happened behind, the trio tore on over the meadow and the plowed land; the two favorites neck by neck, the game little mare hopelessly behind through that one fatal moment over Brixworth. The turning-flags were passed; from the crowds on the course a great hoarse roar came louder and louder, and the shouts rang, changing every second, "Forest King wins," "Bay Regent wins," "Scarlet and White's ahead," "Violet's up with him," "Violet's passed him," "Scarlet recovers," "Scarlet beats," "A cracker on the King," "Ten to one on the Regent," "Guards are over the fence first," "Guards are winning," "Guards are losing," "Guards are beat!"

Were they?

As the shout rose, Cecil's left stirrup-leather snapped and gave way; at the pace they were going, most men, ay, and good riders too, would have been hurled out of their saddle by the shock: he scarcely swerved; a moment to ease the King and to recover his equilibrium, then he took the pace up again as though nothing had changed. And his comrades of the Household, when they saw this through their race-glasses, broke through their serenity and burst into a cheer that echoed over the grass-lands and the coppices like a clarion, the grand rich voice of the Seraph leading foremost and loudest,— a cheer that rolled mellow and triumphant down the cold bright air, like the blasts of trumpets, and thrilled on Bertie's ear where he came down the course a mile away. It made his heart beat quicker with a victorious headlong delight, as his knees pressed closer into Forest King's flanks, and half stirrupless like the Arabs, he thundered forward to the greatest riding-feat of his life. His face was very calm still, but his blood was in tumult: the delirium of pace had got on him; a minute of life like this was worth a year, and he knew that he would win or die for it, as the land seemed to fly like a black sheet under him; and in that killing speed, fence and hedge and double and water all went by him like a dream, whirling underneath him as the gray stretched, stomach to earth, over the level, and rose to leap after leap.

For that instant's pause, when the stirrup broke, threatened to lose him the race.

He was more than a length behind the Regent, whose hoofs, as they dashed the ground up, sounded like thunder, and for

whose herculean strength the plow had no terrors; it was more than the lead to keep now,—there was ground to cover, and the King was losing like Wild Geranium. Cecil felt drunk with that strong, keen west wind that blew so strongly in his teeth; a passionate excitation was in him; every breath of winter air that rushed in its bracing currents round him seemed to lash him like a stripe—the Household to look on and see him beaten!

Certain wild blood that lay latent in Cecil, under the tranquil gentleness of temper and of custom, woke and had the mastery: he set his teeth hard, and his hands clinched like steel on the bridle. "O my beauty, my beauty!" he cried, all unconsciously half aloud as they cleared the thirty-sixth fence, "kill me if you like, but don't *fail* me!"

As though Forest King heard the prayer and answered it with all his hero's heart, the splendid form launched faster out, the stretching stride stretched further yet with lightning spontaneity, every fibre strained, every nerve struggled; with a magnificent bound like an antelope the gray recovered the ground he had lost, and passed Bay Regent by a quarter-length. It was a neck-to-neck race once more across the three meadows, with the last and lower fences that were between them and the final leap of all: that ditch of artificial water, with the towering double hedge of oak rails and of blackthorn that was reared black and grim and well-nigh hopeless just in front of the Grand Stand. A roar like the roar of the sea broke up from the thronged course as the crowd hung breathless on the even race; ten thousand shouts rang as thrice ten thousand eyes watched the closing contest, as superb a sight as the Shires ever saw while the two ran together,—the gigantic chestnut, with every massive sinew swelled and strained to tension, side by side with the marvelous grace, the shining flanks, and the Arabian-like head of the Guards' horse.

Louder and wilder the shrieked tumult rose: "The chestnut beats!" "The gray beats!" "Scarlet's ahead!" "Bay Regent's caught him!" "Violet's winning, Violet's winning!" "The King's neck by neck!" "The King's beating!" "The Guards will get it!" "The Guards' crack has it!" "Not yet, not yet!" "Violet will thrash him at the jump!" "Now for it!" "The Guards, the Guards, the Guards!" "Scarlet will win!" "The King has the finish!" "No, no, no, *no!*"

Sent along at a pace that Epsom flat never eclipsed, sweeping by the Grand Stand like the flash of electric flame, they ran side

to side one moment more, their foam flung on each other's withers, their breath hot in each other's nostrils, while the dark earth flew beneath their stride. The blackthorn was in front, behind five bars of solid oak, the water yawning on its further side, black and deep, and fenced, twelve feet wide if it was an inch, with the same thorn wall beyond it; a leap no horse should have been given, no Steward should have set. Cecil pressed his knees closer and closer, and worked the gallant hero for the test; the surging roar of the throng, though so close, was dull on his ear; he heard nothing, knew nothing, saw nothing but that lean chestnut head beside him, the dull thud on the turf of the flying gallop, and the black wall that reared in his face. Forest King had done so much, could he have stay and strength for this?

Cecil's hands clinched unconsciously on the bridle, and his face was very pale — pale with excitation — as his foot, where the stirrup was broken, crushed closer and harder against the gray's flanks.

"O my darling, my beauty — *now!*"

One touch of the spur — the first — and Forest King rose at the leap, all the life and power there were in him gathered for one superhuman and crowning effort: a flash of time not half a second in duration, and he was lifted in the air higher, and higher, and higher, in the cold, fresh, wild winter wind; stakes and rails, and thorn and water, lay beneath him black and gaunt and shapeless, yawning like a grave; one bound even in mid-air, one last convulsive impulse of the gathered limbs, and Forest King was over!

And as he galloped up the straight run-in, he was alone.

Bay Regent had refused the leap.

As the gray swept to the judge's chair, the air was rent with deafening cheers that seemed to reel like drunken shouts from the multitude. "The Guards win, the Guards win!" and when his rider pulled up at the distance, with the full sun shining on the scarlet and white, with the gold glisten of the embroidered "Cœur Vaillant se fait Royaume," Forest King stood in all his glory, winner of the Soldiers' Blue Ribbon, by a feat without its parallel in all the annals of the Gold Vase.

But as the crowd surged about him, and the mad cheering crowned his victory, and the Household in the splendor of their triumph and the fullness of their gratitude rushed from the drags and the stands to cluster to his saddle, Bertie looked as serenely

and listlessly nonchalant as of old, while he nodded to the Seraph with a gentle smile.

"Rather a close finish, eh? Have you any Moselle Cup going there? I'm a little thirsty."

Outsiders would much sooner have thought him defeated than triumphant; no one who had not known him could possibly have imagined that he had been successful; an ordinary spectator would have concluded that, judging by the resigned weariness of his features, he had won the race greatly against his own will, and to his own infinite ennui. No one could have dreamed that he was thinking in his heart of hearts how passionately he loved the gallant beast that had been victor with him, and that if he had followed out the momentary impulse in him, he could have put his arms round the noble-bowed neck and kissed the horse like a woman!

OVID

(PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO)

(43 B. C.—17 A. D.)

BY FRANCIS W. KELSEY

THE Augustan Roman came into a full and rich inheritance. Conquest had brought the civilized world into subjection to the city by the Tiber; contact with many peoples, and the adjustment of local institutions to a wide range of conditions, had enlarged the intellectual horizon of the conquerors, while the inpouring of wealth from subject provinces had made possible the leisure and the accumulation of resources essential to progress in matters of culture. Greece, with art, literature, and philosophy developed to a singular perfection, ministered to every longing of awakened taste, offering at the same time inspiration and models of excellence.

This broader and more cultivated life ushered in with the reign of Augustus found spontaneous expression in literature. In poetry two opposing tendencies contended for the mastery. With a few poets the thought of Rome's greatness was uppermost. The responsibility resting upon those whose mission it was "to rule the nations with their sway, to fix the terms of peace, to spare the conquered, and by war subdue the haughty," strengthened allegiance to the ideals of honor and virtue characteristic of the earlier period.

But there were many men who, recognizing the position of the Eternal City as the mistress of nations, yet were less moved by the contemplation of her greatness than attracted by the opportunities which an age of leisure and luxury afforded for self-gratification. As the centralization of governmental functions increased, less room was found for the display of those ambitions which had spurred the youth of the Republic to put forth their most earnest efforts. Contact with the Orient had introduced new forms of vice. As the strain of constant wars yielded to peace, there was a reaction from frugality to extravagance, from the practice of the hardier virtues to the extreme of self-indulgence. The energy that formerly had pressed the Roman eagles to the borders of the known world, flung itself into dissipation. Love, wine, and art were the watchwords of the day. The freshness and glamour could not endure; but they lasted long enough to inspire a group of poets who became the interpreters of this life of gayety

both for their own age and for future times. Four of these poets have often been mentioned together, in the order of succession: Cornelius Gallus, whose writings have perished, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

For the details of the life of Ovid we are indebted to the numerous personal references in his poems. He was born on the 20th of March, B. C. 43. His birthplace was Sulmo (now Solmona), a small town "abounding in cool waters," as he tells us; picturesquely situated in the midst of the Apennines, about ninety miles northeast of Rome. The Ovid family was ancient, of the equestrian rank; but possessed of only moderate means. The constant companion of the poet's youth was his brother Lucius, who was a year older than himself. The father was a practical man, apparently close in matters of business, but ambitious for his sons, to whom he gave the best education that the times afforded. It was his desire that both boys should devote themselves to the law; he placed them at Rome under the most distinguished masters. Lucius manifested an aptitude for legal studies, but the hapless Publius found his duty and his inclination in serious conflict. As he makes confession in the 'Tristia' (Book iv., x.):—

"To me, a lad, the service meet
Of heaven-born maids did seem more sweet,
And secretly the Muse did draw me to her feet.

"Oft cried my father, 'Still content
To humor such an idle bent?
Even Mæonian Homer did not leave a cent!'

"Stirred by his words, I cast aside
The spell of Helicon, and tried
To clothe my thought in phrase with plainest prose allied.

"But of themselves my words would run
In flowing numbers, and when done,
Whate'er I tried to write, in web of verse was spun."

In one part of his training, however, Ovid was not unsuccessful. The rhetorician Seneca heard him declaim; and says that "when he took pains he was considered a good declaimer," but that "argumentation of any kind was irksome to him," and that his discourse resembled "loose poetry." His rhetorical studies exerted much influence later on his verse.

When Ovid was nineteen years of age, the bond of unusual affection existing between his brother and himself was severed by the death of Lucius; at this time, he says, "I began to be deprived of half of myself." He made a feeble effort to enter civil life, and

held several petty offices; but routine was distasteful to him, and he preferred to keep himself free from "care-bringing ambition," while his passion for poetry constantly grew stronger:—

"Me the Aonian sisters pressed
To court retirement safe, addressed
To that which inclination long had urged as best.

"The poets of the time I sought,
Esteemed them with affection fraught
With reverence; as gods they all were in my thought."

At some time after his brother's death Ovid studied at Athens, and made an extended tour in Asia Minor and Sicily in company with the poet Macer. He became saturated with Greek culture; and many a passage in his poems has a local coloring due to his inspection of the spot described.

The earliest productions of our poet were recited in public when his "beard had only once or twice been cut." His songs were immediately popular. He became a member of the literary circle of Rome, and made the acquaintance of prominent men. Having sufficient means to free him from the necessity of labor for his own support, he mingled with the gay society of the metropolis, and wrote when in the mood for writing. He secured a house near the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, where he lived happily with his third wife; for the first wife, given to him "when little more than a boy," and a second wife also, had been speedily divorced.

So the years passed, in pleasure and in the pursuit of his art; and the poet fondly imagined that all would continue as it had been. But suddenly, in the latter part of the year 8 A. D., without a word of warning, an order came from the Emperor Augustus, directing him at once to take up his residence at Tomi, a dreary outpost on the Black Sea, south of the mouths of the Danube. He received the message when on the island of Elba. Returning to Rome, he made preparations for his departure; his picture of the distress and confusion of his last night at home ('Tristia,' Book i., iii.) is among the most pathetic in ancient literature. He crossed the stormy Adriatic in the month of December, and reached Tomi, after a long and wearisome journey, probably in the spring of 9 A. D. His wife remained in Rome to intercede for his pardon.

The pretext assigned for the decree of banishment was the publication of the poet's 'Art of Love'; which, however, had been before the public for a decade, and was hardly worse in its tendencies than many other writings of the time. The real reason is often darkly hinted at by Ovid, but nowhere stated. To discuss the subject at

length would be idle: all things considered, it seems probable that the poet had involuntarily been a witness to something which, if known, would compromise some member of the imperial family; and that it was deemed expedient, as a matter of policy, to remove him as far from Rome as possible.

The decree was not a formal sentence of exile: Ovid was left in possession of his property, and did not lose the rights of citizenship. But his lot was nevertheless a hard one. The climate of Tomi was so severe that wine froze in the winter. The natives were half-civilized. The town was wholly without the comforts of life, and even subject to hostile attacks; especially in winter, when tribes from the north could cross the Danube on the ice. For a younger man, full of life and vigor, enforced residence at Tomi would have been a severe punishment: Ovid was past the age of fifty, beyond the period when men adjust themselves readily to new surroundings. Absence from the city for any reason was looked upon by the average Roman as exile; for the pleasure-loving poet the air of joyous Rome had been life itself. Who can wonder that his spirit was crushed by the weight of his misfortune? He sent to Augustus poem after poem, rehearsing his sorrows and begging for a remission of his sentence, or at least for a less inhospitable place of banishment. Yet he was not unkindly to those among whom his lot was cast. He learned the language of the people of Tomi, and composed in it some verses which the natives received with tumultuous applause; they honored him with exemption from public burdens. So long as Augustus lived there was some hope of pardon; but even this faded away when Tiberius came to the throne. The poet's health finally succumbed to the climate and to the strain; he died in 17 A. D., and was buried at Tomi.

The poems of Ovid may be conveniently arranged in three groups: Poems of Love, Mythological Poems ('Metamorphoses,' 'Fasti'), and Poems of Exile. The 'Metamorphoses' and a short fragment ('Halieutica') are written in hexameter verse; all his other poems are in the elegiac measure, which he brought to the highest perfection.

Noteworthy among the poems of the first group are the 'Love-Letters' ('Epistulæ Heroidum'), assumed to have been written by the heroines of the olden times to their absent husbands or lovers. Penelope writes to Ulysses how she lived in constant anxiety for his safety all through the long and weary Trojan war, and begs him to return and put an end to her unbearable loneliness. Briseis, apologizing for her letter "writ in bad Greek by a barbarian hand," implores Achilles either to slay her or bid her come back to him. The fair Œnone, deserted for Helen, reproaches Paris with his fickleness; Medea rages with uncontrollable fury as she recalls to Jason the rites of his new marriage; and Dido with fond entreaty presses

Æneas to abide at Carthage. Every imaginable phase of passionate longing and despair comes to expression in these cleverly conceived epistles, which in the development of thought and in the arrangement of words show abundant traces of the poet's rhetorical studies.

The 'Loves' ('Amores') consist of forty-nine short poems, written at different times, and arranged in three books. While the variety of topics touched upon is great, the 'Loves' as a whole celebrate the charms of Corinna, whom the poet presents as his mistress. But there is reason to suppose that Corinna was altogether a fiction, created by the poet's fancy to furnish a concrete attachment for his amatory effusions. The most pleasing of these poems is the elegy on the death of a pet parrot, which has often been imitated; but the poet hardly anywhere strikes a higher level than in the bold prophecy of his immortality, at the end of the first book.

The 'Loves' were followed by 'Ars Amatoria' (Art of Love), which was published about 2 B. C. This was a didactic poem in three books, concerned with the methods of securing and retaining the affections. The first two books are addressed to men, the third to the fair sex. While characterized by psychological insight and a style of unusual finish, this work reflects conditions so foreign to those of our day that it does not appeal to modern taste, and it is very little read. A supplementary book on 'Love-Cures' ('Remedia Amoris') published three or four years later, recommends various expedients for delivering one's self from the thraldom of the tender passion.

The 'Fasti' (Calendar) is arranged in six books, one for each month from January to June. Ovid clearly intended to include also the remaining months of the year, but was prevented by his banishment; the part completed received its final revision at Tomi. Under each month the days are treated in their order; the myths and legends associated with each day are skillfully interwoven with the appropriate details of worship, and a certain amount of astronomical information. Thus, under March 15th, we find a mention of the festival of Anna Perenna, with an entertaining account of the rites and festivals in her honor; then come the various stories which are told to explain how her worship at Rome originated; lastly there is a reference to the assassination of Julius Cæsar, who fell on that date. The following day, March 16th, is passed with the statement that in the morning the fore part of the constellation Scorpio becomes visible. Apart from the charm of the 'Fasti' as literature, the numerous references to Roman history and institutions, and to details of topography, lend to the poem a peculiar value for the student.

The most important work of Ovid is the 'Metamorphoses,' or 'Transformations,' which comprises about eleven thousand lines, and

is divided into fifteen books. From one of the elegies written at Tomi ('Tristia,' Book i., vii.), we learn that when the poet was banished the work was still incomplete; in a fit of desperation he burned the manuscript, but as some of his friends had copies, the poem was preserved. In point of structure, thought, and form the 'Metamorphoses' has characteristics that ally it with both epic and didactic poetry; but it is more nearly akin to the latter class than to the former. The purpose is to set forth, in a single narrative, the changes of form which, following current myths, had taken place from the beginning of things down to the poet's own time.

The poem begins with the evolution of the world out of chaos; it closes with the transformation of Julius Cæsar into a star. Between these limits the poet has blended as it were into a single movement two hundred and sixteen stories of marvelous change. For the last two books he drew largely upon Roman sources; the rest of the matter was taken from the Greek,—the stories following one another in a kind of chronological order. Notwithstanding the diversity and amount of the material utilized in the poem, the parts are so well harmonized, and the transitions are so skillfully made, that the reader is carried along with interest almost unabated to the end.

The 'Sorrows' ('Tristia'), in five books, are made up of short poems written during the first four years of Ovid's residence at Tomi; they depict the wretchedness of his condition, and plead for mercy. Of a similar purport are the 'Letters from the Black Sea' ('Epistulæ ex Ponto'), in four books, which are addressed to various persons at Rome, and belong to the period from 12 A. D. to near the end of the poet's life. The 'Letters' particularly show a marked decline in poetical power.

Besides these and a few other extant poems, Ovid left several works that have perished. Chief among them was a tragedy called 'Medea,' to which Quintilian gave high praise.

Poetry with Ovid was the spontaneous expression of an ardent and sensuous nature; his ideal of poetic art was the ministry of pleasure. There is in his verse a lack of seriousness which stands in marked contrast with the tone of Virgil, or even of Horace. His point of view at all times is that of the drawing-room or the dinner-table; the tone of his poetry is that of the cultivated social life of his time. No matter what the theme, the same lightness of touch is everywhere noticeable. Up to this time, poetic tradition had kept the gods above the level of common life: Ovid treats them as gentlemen and ladies accustomed to good society, whose jealousies, intrigues, and bickerings read very much like a modern novel. In this as in his treatment of love he simply manifested a tendency of his age. His easy relation with the reader gives him a peculiar charm as a story-teller.

As a poet, Ovid possessed a luxuriant imagination, and great facility in the use of language. His manner is usually simple and flowing. His verse is often pathetic, never intense; sometimes elevated, never sublime; abounding in humorous turns, frequently with touches of delicate irony. It is marred sometimes by incongruous or revolting details, or by an excess of particulars which should be left to the imagination of the reader; and also by a repetition of ideas or phrases intended to heighten the effect, but in reality weakening it. In view of the amount of poetry which Ovid produced, it is surprising that the average of quality is so high. He left more than twice as many lines as Virgil, four times as many as Horace, and more than fifteen times as many as Catullus.

Ovid has always been a favorite poet, though read more often in selections than as a whole. To his influence is due the wide acquaintance of modern readers with certain classical myths, as those of Phaëthon and of Pyramus and Thisbe. In the earlier periods of English literature he was more highly esteemed than now, when critical and scientific tendencies are paramount, and the finished poetry of Horace and Virgil is more popular than the more imaginative but less delicate verse of our poet. Milton knew much of Ovid by heart; the authors in whom he took most delight were, after Homer, Ovid and Euripides.

The concreteness of Ovid's imagination has given him an influence greater than that of any other ancient poet in the suggestion of themes for artistic treatment, from Guido's 'Aurora' to the prize paintings at the École des Beaux-Arts.

Francis W. Kelsey

Bibliographical Note.—There is a notable Elizabethan version of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' by Arthur Golding, published in London 1565–7. It is in ballad metre, usually of fourteen syllables, and has much poetic merit. It is considered certain that Shakespeare was well acquainted with this book. Sandys's 'Metamorphoses' appeared in 1626, and shares with Ogilby's Homer the distinction of having incited Alexander Pope to become a translator. There is an excellent version of the 'Metamorphoses' entire, in blank verse, by Henry King (Blackwood, 1871).

There is a very convenient brief monograph on Ovid in the 'Ancient Classics for English Readers,' written by Alfred Church. The version of many portions of the 'Metamorphoses' by Dryden is well known, and is now easily accessible in the Chandos Classics,

Vol. cxlix. Less sympathetic than Mr. Church's treatment, and not quite complete, is the section on Ovid in Professor Sellar's 'Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.'

There is no complete library edition, nor indeed any annotated edition for English readers, of Ovid entire, nor even of the 'Metamorphoses.' The 'Heroides' have been carefully edited by Palmer, the 'Fasti' by Hallam. Selections from the 'Metamorphoses' and other poems (virginibus puerisque) are in wide use as school text-books. From the introduction to the essayist's own school edition, a few sentences have been repeated here. F. W. K.

[These citations are all taken either from the volume Ovid in 'Ancient Classics,' or from Vol. cxlix. of the 'Chandos Classics.']

ON THE DEATH OF CORINNA'S PARROT

Our parrot, sent from India's farthest shore,
Our parrot, prince of mimics, is no more.
Throng to his burial, pious tribes of air,
With rigid claw your tender faces tear!
Your ruffled plumes, like mourners' tresses, rend,
And all your notes, like funeral trumpets, blend!
Mourn all that cleave the liquid skies; but chief,
Beloved turtle, lead the general grief,—
Through long harmonious days the parrot's friend,
In mutual faith still loyal to the end!
What boots that faith? those splendid hues and strange?
That voice so skilled its various notes to change?
What to have won my gentle lady's grace?
Thou diest, hapless glory of thy race.
Red joined with saffron in thy beak was seen,
And green thy wings beyond the emerald's sheen;
Nor ever lived on earth a wiser bird,
With lisping voice to answer all he heard.

'Twas envy slew thee: all averse to strife,
One love of chatter filled thy peaceful life;
For ever satisfied with scantiest fare,
Small time for food that busy tongue could spare.
Walnuts and sleep-producing poppies gave
Thy simple diet, and thy drink the wave.
Long lives the hovering vulture, long the kite
Pursues through air the circles of his flight;

Many the years the noisy jackdaws know,
Prophets of rainfall; and the boding crow
Waits, still unscathed by armed Minerva's hate,
Three ages three times told, a tardy fate.
But he, our prattler from earth's farthest shore,
Our human tongue's sweet image, is no more.
Thus still the ravening Fates our best devour,
And spare the mean till life's extremest hour.
Why tell the prayers my lady prayed in vain,
Borne by the stormy south wind o'er the main?
The seventh dawn had come, the last for thee;
With empty distaff stood the fatal Three:
Yet still from failing throat thy accents rung;
Farewell, Corinna! cried thy dying tongue.
There stands a grove with dark-green ilex crowned
Beneath the Elysian hill, and all around
With turf undying shines the verdant ground.
There dwells, if true the tale, the pious race:
All evil birds are banished from the place;
There harmless swans unbounded pasture find;
There dwells the phœnix, single of his kind;
The peacock spreads his splendid plumes in air;
The kissing doves sit close, an amorous pair;
There, in their woodland home a guest allowed,
Our parrot charms the pious listening crowd.
Beneath a mound of justly measured size,
Small tombstone, briefest epitaph, he lies:
"His mistress's darling"—that this stone may show
The prince of feathered speakers lies below.

Translation of Alfred Church.

FROM SAPPHO'S LETTER TO PHAON

A SPRING there is, where silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flowery lotus spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood;
She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain,
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main!

There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned;
In vain he loved,—relentless Pyrrha scorned:
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Hence, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."
She spoke, and vanished with the voice;—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove
And much I fear; but ah! how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, below my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And then, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus's shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:—
"Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus, consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee,—
The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

Translation of Pope.

A SOLDIER'S BRIDE (LAODAMIA)

Ah! Trojan women (happier far than we),
Fain in your lot would I partaker be!
If ye must mourn o'er some dead hero's bier,
And all the dangers of the war are near,
With you at least the fair and youthful bride
May arm her husband, in becoming pride;
Lift the fierce helmet to his gallant brow,
And with a trembling hand his sword bestow;
With fingers all unused the weapon brace,
And gaze with fondest love upon his face!

How sweet to both this office she will make,—
How many a kiss receive, how many take!
When all equipped she leads him from the door,
Her fond commands how oft repeating o'er:
"Return victorious, and thine arms enshrine—
Return, beloved, to these arms of mine!"
Nor shall these fond commands be all in vain:
Her hero-husband will return again,
Amid the battle's din and clashing swords
He still will listen to her parting words;
And if more prudent, still, ah! not less brave,
One thought for her and for his home will save.

Translation of Miss E. Garland.

THE CREATION

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing.
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown:
But earth and air and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impressed:
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.

Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He molded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes,—
Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost;
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

Translation of Dryden.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

In Phrygian ground
Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompassed round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,—
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked,—
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.

At last an hospitable house they found,—
An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair;
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid;
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise,—
Coarse, but the best she had: then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnished gold the little seether shone):
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);
She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She culled, and then with handy care she dressed.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed.
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments,—yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,—
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly reared;
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint,—
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colored olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis's busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard:
On which with eager appetite they dine,—
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before:
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
Dry figs and grapes and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat;

All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
Filled without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing as they could their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was, declared,
And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."
They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes:
Lost in a lake the floated level lies;
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone as in an isle remains;
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:—
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."

Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:—
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space:
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green;
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood.
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu:
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy,—
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,—
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

Translation of Dryden.

A GREWSOME LOVER

A PROMONTORY, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas;
On either side, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant lover chose;
Here in the midst he sate; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd followed, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships required it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth;
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis's bosom I my head reclined:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.

"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height;
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than Orient shells, that on the shores are seen;
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turned; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste;
More clear than ice, or running streams that stray
Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.
"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaimed to bear the yoke;
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak;
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold:
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immovable, and fixed in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;

More violent than is the rising flood;
And the praised peacock is not half so proud;
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear;
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden snake;
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

"Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wished embraces run;
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.

"My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand: a spacious pleasing shade,
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden filled with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue,
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gathered by so white a hand;
Autumnal cornels later fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown.
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.

"The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store:
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.

Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar;
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best,—
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walked the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground:
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall: I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
"Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face:
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I feared it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread.
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deformed: what fouler sight can be
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is filled,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family;
I make you his, in making you my own.
You I adore, and kneel to you alone;
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdained, if others were disdained with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.

But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor:
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might."

Translation of Dryden.

THE SUN-GOD'S PALACE

Sublime on lofty columns, bright with gold
And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid
With ivory, rose the palace of the sun,
Approached by folding gates with silver sheen
Radiant; material priceless, yet less prized
For its own worth than what the cunning head
Of Mulciber thereon had wrought: the globe
Of earth, the seas that wash it round, the skies
That overhang it. 'Mid the waters played
Their gods cærulean. Triton with his horn
Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,
And old Ægeon, curbing with firm hand
The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there
Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,
Some on the rocks their tresses green to dry,
Some dolphin-borne to ride; nor all in face
The same, nor different;—so should sisters be.
Earth showed her men, and towns, and woods, and beasts,
And streams, and nymphs, and rural deities;
And over all the mimic heaven was bright
With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve
Of the great portal figured,—six on each.

Translation of Henry King.

A TRANSFORMATION

Weary and travel-worn,—her lips unwet
With water,—at a straw-thatched cottage door
The wanderer knocked. An ancient crone came forth
And saw her need, and hospitable brought
Her bowl of barley-broth, and bade her drink.
Thankful she raised it; but a graceless boy
And impudent stood by, and, ere the half

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

From a Painting by Robt. Beyschlag

Was drained, "Ha! ha! see how the glutton swills!"
With insolent jeer he cried. The goddess's ire
Was roused; and as he spoke, what liquor yet
The bowl retained, full in his face she dashed.
His cheeks broke out in blotches; what were arms
Turned legs, and from the shortened trunk a tail
Tapered behind. Small mischief evermore
Might that small body work: the lizard's self
Was larger now than he. With terror shrieked
The crone, and weeping, stooped her altered child
To raise; the little monster fled her grasp
And wriggled into hiding. Still his name
His nature tells, and, from the star-like spots
That mark him, known as Stellio, crawls the Newt.

Translation of Henry King.

EFFECT OF ORPHEUS'S SONG IN HADES

So sang he, and, accordant to his plaint,
As wailed the strings, the bloodless ghosts were moved
To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus
Unheeded slipped the wave; Ixion's wheel
Forgot to whirl; the Vulture's bloody feast
Was stayed; awhile the Belides forbore
Their leaky urns to dip; and Sisyphus
Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,
The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm
Nor king nor queen had heart to say him nay.
Forth from a host of new-descended shades
Eurydice was called; and halting yet,
Slow with her recent wound, she came alive,
On one condition to her spouse restored,—
That, till Avernus's vale is passed and earth
Regained, he look not backward, or the boon
Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm
Upward against the steep and fronting hill,
Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led;
And now the upper air was all but won,
When, fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength,
And yearning to behold the form he loved,
An instant back he looked—and back the shade
That instant fled! The arms that wildly strove

To clasp and stay her, clasped but yielding air!
No word of plaint even in that second death
Against her lord she uttered,—how could love
Too anxious be upbraided?—but one last
And sad "Farewell!" scarce audible, she sighed,
And vanished to the ghosts that late she left.

Translation of Henry King.

THE POET'S FAME

So crown I here a work that dares defy
The wrath of Jove, the fire, the sword, the tooth
Of all-devouring Time! Come when it will
The day that ends my life's uncertain term,—
That on this corporal frame alone hath power
To work extinction,—high above the Stars
My nobler part shall soar; my Name remain
Immortal; wheresoe'er the might of Rome
O'erawes the subject Earth, my Verse survive
Familiar in the mouths of men! and if
A bard may prophesy, while time shall last
Endure, and die but with the dying world!

Translation of Henry King.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

(1854–)

THOMAS NELSON PAGE "had the good fortune," to quote from his own felicitous description of his birthplace, as recorded in the Homeric combat 'Pulaski's Tunament,' "to come from the old county of Hanover, as that particular division of the State of Virginia is affectionately called by nearly all who are so lucky as to have seen the light amid its broom-straw fields and heavy forests." This occurrence took place in 1854; and if the future author exhibited discrimination in the choice of a birthplace, he was even more happy in the time of his advent. A little earlier, and the prejudices of his section might have obscured the fact that other as well as his ancestral acres were robed in the hue which is the color of their prevalent crop; and a little later, his sketches of Virginia life before and during the War would not have been reminiscences. It is also worth while to note, for the effect on the literature of his inventions, that he belongs to an honorable and historic family; on the maternal side the descendant of Governor Nelson, and on the paternal of gentleman landholders, high in wisdom and council since the settlement of the State.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

He was educated at the University of Virginia, and practiced law in Richmond. In 1883 he published a volume of negro dialect poems with A. C. Gordon, entitled 'Befo' de War,' among which is the favorite and pathetic ballad 'My Boy Cree'; and in 1884 'Marse Chan,' his first pronounced success, appeared in the Century Magazine. The now famous 'Meh Lady,' 'Ole Stracted,' and 'Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin',' with several other stories written for the periodicals, were published in the volume entitled 'In Ole Virginia.' This and 'Two Little Confederates' (1888), an autobiography, 'On Newfound River' (1891), 'The Burial of the Guns' (1894), and all the sketches except the first and last in 'Elsket' (1891), are pictures of Virginia life before, or during, the Civil War.

What Mr. Page would have been in another age, country, and station, it is difficult to surmise, except that he must have been a man

of letters. Tradition possesses him in a remarkable degree; and if he owes much to his experiences when, a little barefoot boy, he hunted deserters in the pines, and hid behind a rail fence to see what the battle was like,—the small sovereign of a hungry domain suffering the fortunes of war,—he owes as much to the lore he gleaned in neither school nor class-room, but from the shelves of a dark old library, where Horace rubbed brown calf shoulders with 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and the Elizabethan dramatists with the 'Bucolics.' Nor can the author's point of view be ignored in his slightest sketch; for it was that of one who lived under a régime and a code that was patriarchal in its government, impractical, chivalrous, whose fashion is passing away, and whose history is best preserved in his own volumes. It taught him that all women were beautiful, and gracious, and proud, and good, and distractingly fascinating, only becoming meek and gentle when surrendering on their own terms; and the men, at least the young men, are *preux chevaliers*, straight, and strong, and religious, and fire-eaters, till the timid reader trembles in their company lest he may give offense. These ideal and delightful personages might have come out of an Arthurian legend. Did they indeed step from a brown volume—"Meh Lady" and "Marse Chan," Bruce and Margaret of Newfound River? Or are they of that stuff that dreams are made of, and the embodiment of his own beliefs?

No discussion of Mr. Page's writing can go far without a reference to the manner in which his stories are told. With what one is tempted to call a consummate art,—but that their secret is open to every reader, and that they show as little trace of labor as one of the bird-songs of his own pine forests,—these beautiful and loving personations are thrown against a dark background. The fair maiden is contrasted with her black foster-sister; Sir Galahad with his humble servitor. And the true story is told, as it can best be told in fiction's form, of the great system of slavery,—of the traits it engendered and the characters it formed.

And how subtle the instinct that the defense, not of the institution but of its victims, both master and slave, is maintained not by the white man but by the black, who in his simple fashion tells the story of the lives of his "white people," of whom he is one, whose riches and splendor and nobility all aggrandize his own greatness. The lovely and touching idyls, 'Marse Chan,' 'Meh Lady,' 'Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin','—pathetic and humorous, and such a picture of ante-bellum Virginia life as is seldom found in our literature,—are told by an old negro, who through the illusive haze of memory sees the social pageant pass by, till the day when the trumpet sounded and he rode to the wars by his master's side, that master's black angel, guarding and defending him from the foes who were

come to rescue the slave. In all these stories the negro, not the white man, is the hero; like Brer Rabbit, it is he to whom are shrewdness and wisdom and the finer traits that rabbits are not supposed to possess, as loyalty and generosity. And that another, not thine own self, may praise thee, the description of the magnificence of the old régime is not related by its modest and loyal son, but by the slave; obviously a dispassionate and unprejudiced witness.

Mr. Page is scarcely less happy in his treatment of another character, the "poor white." This type is peculiar to the soil, and to know him one must live with him; he occupied before the War the middle ground between the gentry and the negro, and was condescended to by both. We see these men in a class and individually in 'Two Little Confederates' and 'On Newfound River,' especially in the admirable trial scene when the county magnate bullies the justice, and his humble adherents, Hall and Jim Mills, drawl out their patron's wisdom. And we see them again, reborn through courage and patriotism, in the noble and stirring series of stories named for the first in the volume, 'The Burial of the Guns.'

An author's own people are his most severe critics; but Mr. Page's countrymen and women are content to appear to the world as they appear in his books.

THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS

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Lee surrendered the remnant of his army at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, and yet a couple of days later the old colonel's battery lay intrenched right in the mountain pass where it had halted three days before. Two weeks previously it had been detailed with a light division, sent to meet and repel a force which it was understood was coming in by way of the southwest valley, to strike Lee in the rear of his long line from Richmond to Petersburg. It had done its work. The mountain pass had been seized and held, and the Federal force had not gotten by that road within the blue rampart which guarded on that side the heart of Virginia. This pass, which was the key to the main line of passage over the mountains, had been assigned by the commander of the division to the old colonel and his old battery, and they had held it. The position taken by the battery had been chosen with a soldier's eye. A better place could not have been selected to hold the pass. It was its highest point, just where the road crawled over the shoulder of the mountain along

the limestone cliff, a hundred feet sheer above the deep river, where its waters had cut their way in ages past, and now lay deep and silent, as if resting after their arduous toil before they began to boil over the great bowlders which filled the bed a hundred or more yards below.

The little plateau at the top guarded the descending road on either side for nearly a mile; and the mountain on the other side of the river was the centre of a clump of rocky, heavily timbered spurs, so inaccessible that no feet but those of wild animals or of the hardiest hunter had ever climbed it. On the side of the river on which the road lay, the only path out over the mountain except the road itself was a charcoal-burner's track, dwindling at times to a footway known only to the mountain folk, which the picket at the top could hold against an army. The position, well defended, was impregnable; and it was well defended. This the general of the division knew when he detailed the old colonel, and gave him his order to hold the pass until relieved, and not let his guns fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew both the colonel and his battery. The battery was one of the oldest in the army. It had been in the service since April 1861, and its commander had come to be known as "the wheel-horse of his division." He was perhaps the oldest officer of his rank in his branch of the service. Although he had bitterly opposed secession, and was many years past the age of service when the War came on, yet as soon as the President called on the State for her quota of troops to coërce South Carolina, he had raised and uniformed an artillery company, and offered it, not to the President of the United States, but to the governor of Virginia.

It is just at this point that he suddenly looms up to me as a soldier; the relation he never wholly lost to me afterward, though I knew him for many, many years of peace. His gray coat with the red facing and the bars on the collar; his military cap; his gray flannel shirt — it was the first time I ever saw him wear anything but immaculate linen; his high boots; his horse caparisoned with a black high-peaked saddle, with crupper and breast-girth, instead of the light English hunting-saddle to which I had been accustomed,— all come before me now as if it were but the other day. I remember but little beyond it, yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, his leaving home, and the scenes which immediately preceded it; the excitement created by the news of

the President's call for troops; the unanimous judgment that it meant war; the immediate determination of the old colonel, who had hitherto opposed secession, that it must be met; the suppressed agitation on the plantation, attendant upon the tender of his services and the governor's acceptance of them.

The prompt and continuous work incident to the enlistment of the men, the bustle of preparation, and all the scenes of that time, come before me now. It turned the calm current of the life of an old and placid country neighborhood, far from any city or centre, and stirred it into a boiling torrent, strong enough, or fierce enough, to cut its way and join the general torrent which was bearing down and sweeping everything before it. It seemed but a minute before the quiet old plantation, in which the harvest, the corn-shucking, and the Christmas holidays alone marked the passage of the quiet seasons, and where a strange carriage or a single horseman coming down the big road was an event in life, was turned into a depot of war supplies, and the neighborhood became a parade-ground. The old colonel — not a colonel yet, nor even a captain, except by brevet — was on his horse by daybreak, and off on his rounds through the plantations and the pines, enlisting his company. The office in the yard, heretofore one in name only, became one now in reality; and a table was set out piled with papers, pens, ink, books of tactics and regulation, at which men were accepted and enrolled. Soldiers seemed to spring from the ground, as they did from the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the days of Cadmus. Men came up the high-road or down the paths across the fields, sometimes singly, but oftener in little parties of two or three, and asking for the captain, entered the office as private citizens and came out soldiers enlisted for the war. There was nothing heard of on the plantation except fighting; white and black, all were at work, and all were eager; the servants contended for the honor of going with their master; the women flocked to the house to assist in the work of preparation, — cutting out and making underclothes, knitting socks, picking lint, preparing bandages, and sewing on uniforms, — for many of the men who had enlisted were of the poorest class, far too poor to furnish anything themselves, and their equipment had to be contributed mainly by wealthier neighbors. The work was carried on at night as well as by day, for the occasion was urgent. Meantime the men were being drilled by the captain and his lieutenants, who had been militia officers

of old. We were carried to see the drill at the cross-roads, and a brave sight it seemed to us: the lines marching and countermarching in the field, with the horses galloping as they wheeled amid clouds of dust, at the hoarse commands of the excited officers, and the roadside lined with spectators of every age and condition.

I recall the arrival of the messenger one night, with the telegraphic order to the captain to report with his company at "Camp Lee" immediately; the hush in the parlor that attended its reading; then the forced beginning of the conversation afterwards in a somewhat strained and unnatural key, and the captain's quick and decisive outlining of his plans. Within the hour a dozen messengers were on their way in various directions to notify the members of the command of the summons, and to deliver the order for their attendance at a given point next day. It seemed that a sudden and great change had come. It was the actual appearance of what had hitherto only been theoretical — war. The next morning the captain, in full uniform, took leave of the assembled plantation, with a few solemn words commending all he left behind to God; and galloped away up the big road to join and lead his battery to the war, and to be gone just four years.

Within a month he was on the "Peninsula" with Magruder, guarding Virginia on the east against the first attack. His camp was first at Yorktown and then on Jamestown Island, the honor having been assigned his battery of guarding the oldest cradle of the race on this continent. It was at "Little Bethel" that his guns were first trained on the enemy, and that the battery first saw what they had to do; and from this time until the middle of April 1865 they were in service, and no battery saw more service or suffered more in it. Its story was a part of the story of the Southern Army in Virginia. The captain was a rigid disciplinarian, and his company had more work to do than most new companies. A pious churchman, of the old puritanical type not uncommon to Virginia, he looked after the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his men; and his chaplain or he read prayers at the head of his company every morning during the War. At first he was not popular with the men, he made the duties of camp life so onerous to them: it was "nothing but drilling and praying all the time," they said. But he had not commanded very long before they came to know the stuff that was

in him. He had not been in service a year before he had had four horses shot under him; and when later on he was offered the command of a battalion, the old company petitioned to be one of his batteries, and still remained under his command. Before the first year was out the battery had, through its own elements and the discipline of the captain, become a cohesive force, and a distinct integer in the Army of Northern Virginia. Young farmer recruits knew of its prestige, and expressed preference for it of many batteries of rapidly growing or grown reputation.

Owing to its high stand, the old and clumsy guns with which it had started out were taken from it, and in their place was presented a battery of four fine brass twelve-pound Napoleons of the newest and most approved kind, and two three-inch Parrotts,—all captured. The men were as pleased with them as children with new toys. The care and attention needed to keep them in prime order broke the monotony of camp life. They soon had abundant opportunities to test their power. They worked admirably, carried far, and were extraordinarily accurate in their aim. The men from admiration of their guns grew to have first a pride in and then an affection for them, and gave them nicknames as they did their comrades: the four Napoleons being dubbed "The Evangelists," and the two rifles being "The Eagle," because of its scream and force, and "The Cat," because when it became hot from rapid firing "it jumped," they said, "like a cat." From many a hill-top in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania the Evangelists spoke their hoarse message of battle and death; the Eagle screamed her terrible note, and the Cat jumped as she spat her deadly shot from her hot throat. In the Valley of Virginia; on the levels of Henrico and Hanover; on the slopes of Manassas; in the woods of Chancellorsville; on the heights of Fredericksburg; at Antietam and Gettysburg; in the Spottsylvania wilderness; and again on the Hanover levels and on the lines before Petersburg, the old guns through nearly four years roared from fiery throats their deadly messages. The history of the battery was bound up with the history of Lee's army. A rivalry sprang up among the detachments of the different guns, and their several records were jealously kept. The number of duels each gun was in was carefully counted, every scar got in battle was treasured; and the men around their camp fires, at their scanty messes, or on the march, bragged of them among themselves and avouched them as witnesses. New recruits coming

in to fill the gaps made by the killed and disabled readily fell in with the common mood and caught the spirit like a contagion. It was not an uncommon thing for a wheel to be smashed in by a shell; but if it happened to one gun oftener than to another there was envy. Two of the Evangelists seemed to be especially favored in this line, while the Cat was so exempt as to become the subject of some derision. The men stood by the guns till they were knocked to pieces; and when the fortune of the day went against them, had with their own hands oftener than once saved them after most of their horses were killed.

This had happened in turn to every gun; the men at times working like beavers, in mud up to their thighs and under a murderous fire, to get their guns out. Many a man had been killed tugging at trail or wheel when the day was against them; but not a gun had ever been lost. At last the evil day arrived. At Winchester a sudden and impetuous charge for a while swept everything before it, and carried the knoll where the old battery was posted; but all the guns were got out by the toiling and rapidly dropping men, except the Cat, which was captured with its entire detachment working at it until they were surrounded and knocked from the piece by cavalrymen. Most of the men who were not killed were retaken before the day was over, with many guns; but the Cat was lost. She remained in the enemy's hands, and probably was being turned against her old comrades and lovers. The company was inconsolable. The death of comrades was too natural and common a thing to depress the men beyond what such occurrences necessarily did; but to lose a gun! It was like losing the old colonel; it was worse: a gun was ranked as a brigadier; and the Cat was equal to a major-general. The other guns seemed lost without her; the Eagle especially, which generally went next to her, appeared to the men to have a lonely and subdued air. The battery was no longer the same: it seemed broken and depleted, shrunken to a mere section. It was worse than Cold Harbor, where over half the men were killed or wounded. The old captain, now colonel of the battalion, appreciated the loss, and apprehended its effect on the men as much as they themselves did, and application was made for a gun to take the place of the lost piece; but there was none to be had, as the men said they had known all along. It was added — perhaps by a department clerk — that if they wanted a gun to take the place of the one they had lost, they

had better capture it. "By ——, we will," they said,—adding epithets intended for the department clerk in his "bomb-proof," not to be printed in this record;—and they did. For some time afterwards, in every engagement into which they got, there used to be speculation among them as to whether the Cat were not there on the other side; some of the men swearing they could tell her report, and even going to the rash length of offering bets on her presence.

By one of those curious coincidences, as strange as anything in fiction, a new general had in 1864 come down across the Rapidan to take Richmond, and the old battery had found a hill-top in the line in which Lee's army lay stretched across the "Wilderness" country to stop him. The day, though early in May, was a hot one, and the old battery, like most others, had suffered fearfully. Two of the guns had had wheels cut down by shells, and the men had been badly cut up; but the fortune of the day had been with Lee, and a little before nightfall, after a terrible fight, there was a rapid advance: Lee's infantry sweeping everything before it, and the artillery, after opening the way for the charge, pushing along with it; now unlimbering as some vantage ground was gained, and using canister with deadly effect; now driving ahead again so rapidly that it was mixed up with the muskets when the long line of breastworks was carried with a rush, and a line of guns were caught still hot from their rapid work. As the old battery, with lathered horses and smoke-grimed men, swung up the crest and unlimbered on the captured breastwork, a cheer went up which was heard even above the long general yell of the advancing line; and for a moment half the men in the battery crowded together around some object on the edge of the redoubt, yelling like madmen. The next instant they divided; and there was the Cat, smoke-grimed and blood-stained and still sweating hot from her last fire, being dragged from her muddy ditch by as many men as could get hold of trail-rope or wheel, and rushed into her old place beside the Eagle, in time to be double-shotted with canister to the muzzle, and to pour it from among her old comrades into her now retiring former masters. Still, she had a new carriage, and her record was lost, while those of the other guns had been faithfully kept by the men. This made a difference in her position for which even the bullets in her wheels did not wholly atone; even Harris, the sergeant of her detachment, felt that.

It was only a few days later, however, that abundant atonement was made. The new general did not retire across the Rapidan after his first defeat, and a new battle had to be fought: a battle if anything more furious, more terrible, than the first, when the dead filled the trenches and covered the fields. He simply marched by the left flank, and Lee, marching by the right flank to head him, flung himself upon him again at Spottsylvania Court House. That day the Cat, standing in her place behind the new and temporary breastwork thrown up when the battery was posted, had the felloes of her wheels, which showed above the top of the bank, entirely cut away by minie bullets, so that when she jumped in the recoil her wheels smashed and let her down. This covered all old scores. The other guns had been cut down by shells or solid shot; but never before had one been gnawed down by musket-balls. From this time all through the campaign the Cat held her own beside her brazen and bloody sisters; and in the cold trenches before Petersburg that winter, when the new general — Starvation — had joined the one already there, she made her bloody mark as often as any gun on the long lines.

Thus the old battery had come to be known, as its old commander, now colonel of a battalion, had come to be known by those in yet higher command. And when, in the opening spring of 1865, it became apparent to the leaders of both armies that the long line could not longer be held if a force should enter behind it, and sweeping the one partially unswept portion of Virginia, cut the railways in the southwest, and a man was wanted to command the artillery in the expedition sent to meet this force, it was not remarkable that the old colonel and his battalion should be selected for the work. The force sent out was but small; but the long line was worn to a thin one in those days, and great changes were taking place, the consequences of which were known only to the commanders. In a few days the commander of the expedition found that he must divide his small force, for a time at least, to accomplish his purpose; and sending the old colonel with one battery of artillery to guard one pass, must push on over the mountain by another way to meet the expected force, if possible, and repel it before it crossed the farther range. Thus the old battery, on an April evening of 1865, found itself toiling alone up the steep mountain road which leads above the river to the gap, which formed the chief pass in

that part of the Blue Ridge. Both men and horses looked, in the dim and waning light of the gray April day, rather like shadows of the beings they represented than the actual beings themselves. And any one seeing them as they toiled painfully up, the thin horses floundering in the mud, and the men, often up to their knees, tugging at the sinking wheels,—now stopping to rest, and always moving so slowly that they seemed scarcely to advance at all,—might have thought them the ghosts of some old battery lost from some long gone and forgotten war on that deep and desolate mountain road. Often when they stopped, the blowing of the horses and the murmuring of the river in its bed below were the only sounds heard, and the tired voices of the men when they spoke among themselves seemed hardly more articulate sounds than they. Then the voice of the mounted figure on the roan horse half hidden in the mist would cut in, clear and inspiring, in a tone of encouragement more than of command, and everything would wake up: the drivers would shout and crack their whips; the horses would bend themselves on the collars and flounder in the mud; the men would spring once more to the mud-clogged wheels, and the slow ascent would begin again.

The orders of the colonel, as has been said, were brief: To hold the pass until he received further instructions, and not to lose his guns. To be ordered, with him, was to obey. The last streak of twilight brought them to the top of the pass; his soldier's instinct and a brief recognizance made earlier in the day told him that this was his place, and before daybreak next morning the point was as well fortified as a night's work by weary and supperless men could make it. A prettier spot could not have been found for the purpose: a small plateau, something over an acre in extent, where a charcoal-burner's hut had once stood, lay right at the top of the pass. It was a little higher on either side than in the middle, where a small brook, along which the charcoal-burner's track was yet visible, came down from the wooded mountain above; thus giving a natural crest to aid the fortification on either side, with open space for the guns, while the edge of the wood coming down from the mountain afforded shelter for the camp.

As the battery was unsupported, it had to rely on itself for everything: a condition which most soldiers by this time were accustomed to. A dozen or so of rifles were in the camp, and

with these pickets were armed and posted. The pass had been seized none too soon: a scout brought in the information before nightfall that the invading force had crossed the farther range before that sent to meet it could get there, and taking the nearest road had avoided the main body opposing it, and been met only by a rapidly moving detachment,—nothing more than a scouting party,—and now were advancing rapidly on the road on which they were posted, evidently meaning to seize the pass and cross the mountain at this point. The day was Sunday; a beautiful spring Sunday: but it was no Sabbath for the old battery. All day the men worked, making and strengthening their redoubt to guard the pass; and by the next morning, with the old battery at the top, it was impregnable. They were just in time. Before noon their vedettes brought in word that the enemy were ascending the mountain; and the sun had hardly turned when the advance guard rode up, came within range of the picket, and were fired on.

It was apparent that they supposed the force there only a small one, for they retired and soon came up again reinforced in some numbers; and a sharp little skirmish ensued, hot enough to make them more prudent afterwards, though the picket retired up the mountain. This gave them encouragement and probably misled them, for they now advanced boldly. They saw the redoubt on the crest as they came on, and unlimbering a section or two, flung a few shells up at it, which either fell short or passed over without doing material damage. None of the guns was allowed to respond, as the distance was too great with the ammunition the battery had; and indifferent as it was, it was too precious to be wasted in a duel at an ineffectual range. Doubtless deceived by this, the enemy came on in force; being obliged by the character of the ground to keep almost entirely to the road, which really made them advance in column. The battery waited. Under orders of the colonel, the guns standing in line were double-shotted with canister; and loaded to the muzzle, were trained down to sweep the road at from four to five hundred yards' distance. And when the column reached this point, the six guns, aimed by old and skillful gunners, at a given word swept road and mountain-side with a storm of leaden hail. It was a fire no mortal man could stand up against; and the practiced gunners rammed their pieces full again, and before the smoke had cleared or the reverberation had died away among the

mountains, had fired the guns again and yet again. The road was cleared of living things when the draught setting down the river drew the smoke away; but it was no discredit to the other force, for no army that was ever uniformed could stand against that battery in that pass. Again and again the attempt was made to get a body of men up under cover of the woods and rocks on the mountain-side, while the guns below utilized their better ammunition from longer range; but it was useless. Although one of the lieutenants and several men were killed in the skirmish, and a number more were wounded, though not severely, the old battery commanded the mountain-side, and its skillful gunners swept it at every point the foot of man could scale. The sun went down, flinging his last flame on a victorious battery still crowning the mountain pass. The dead were buried by night in a corner of the little plateau, borne to their last bivouac on the old gun-carriages which they had stood by so often — which the men said would "sort of ease their minds."

The next day the fight was renewed, and with the same result. The old battery in its position was unconquerable. Only one fear now faced them: their ammunition was getting as low as their rations; another such day or half-day would exhaust it. A sergeant was sent back down the mountain to try to get more, or if not, to get tidings. The next day it was supposed the fight would be renewed; and the men waited, alert, eager, vigilant, their spirits high, their appetite for victory whetted by success. The men were at their breakfast — or what went for breakfast; scanty at all times, now doubly so, hardly deserving the title of a meal, so poor and small were the portions of corn meal, cooked in their frying-pans, which went for their rations — when the sound of artillery below broke on the quiet air. They were on their feet in an instant, and at the guns, crowding upon the breastwork to look or to listen; for the road, as far as could be seen down the mountain, was empty except for their own picket, and lay as quiet as if sleeping in the balmy air. And yet volley after volley of artillery came rolling up the mountain. What could it mean? That the rest of their force had come up and was engaged with that at the foot of the mountain? The colonel decided to be ready to go and help them; to fall on the enemy in the rear: perhaps they might capture the entire force. It seemed the natural thing to do; and the guns were limbered up in an incredibly short time, and a roadway made through the

intrenchment,—the men working like beavers under the excitement. Before they had left the redoubt, however, the vedettes sent out returned and reported that there was no engagement going on, and the firing below seemed to be only practicing. There was quite a stir in the camp below; but they had not even broken camp. This was mysterious. Perhaps it meant that they had received reinforcements, but it was a queer way of showing it. The old colonel sighed as he thought of the good ammunition they could throw away down there, and of his empty limber-chests. It was necessary to be on the alert, however: the guns were run back into their old places, and the horses picketed once more back among the trees. Meantime he sent another messenger back,—this time a courier, for he had but one commissioned officer left,—and the picket below was strengthened.

The morning passed and no one came; the day wore on, and still no advance was made by the force below. It was suggested that the enemy had left; he had at least gotten enough of that battery. A reconnoissance, however, showed that he was still encamped at the foot of the mountain. It was conjectured that he was trying to find a way around to take them in the rear, or to cross the ridge by the foot-path. Preparation was made to guard more closely the mountain path across the spur; and a detachment was sent up to strengthen the picket there. The waiting told on the men, and they grew bored and restless. They gathered about the guns in groups and talked; talked of each piece some, but not with the old spirit and vim: the loneliness of the mountain seemed to oppress them,—the mountains stretching up so brown and gray on one side of them, and so brown and gray on the other, with their bare dark forests soughing from time to time as the wind swept up the pass. The minds of the men seemed to go back to the time when they were not so alone, but were part of a great and busy army; and some of them fell to talking of the past, and the battles they had figured in, and of the comrades they had lost. They told them off in a slow and colorless way, as if it were all part of the past as much as the dead they named. One hundred and nineteen times they had been in action. Only seventeen men were left of the eighty odd who had first enlisted in the battery; and of these four were at home crippled for life. Two of the oldest men had been among the half-dozen who had fallen in the skirmish just the day before. It looked tolerably hard to be killed that way after

passing for four years through such battles as they had been in; and both had wives and children at home, too, and not a cent to leave them to their names. They agreed calmly that they'd have to "sort of look after them a little," if they ever got home. These were some of the things they talked about as they pulled their old worn coats about them, stuffed their thin, weather-stained hands in their ragged pockets to warm them, and squatted down under the breastwork to keep a little out of the wind. One thing they talked about a good deal was something to eat. They described meals they had had at one time or another as personal adventures, and discussed the chances of securing others in the future as if they were prizes of fortune. One listening, and seeing their thin, worn faces and their wasted frames, might have supposed they were starving; and they were, but they did not say so.

Towards the middle of the afternoon there was a sudden excitement in the camp. A dozen men saw them at the same time: a squad of three men down the road at the farthest turn, past their picket; but an advancing column could not have created as much excitement, for the middle man carried a white flag. In a minute every man in the battery was on the breastwork. What could it mean! It was a long way off, nearly half a mile, and the flag was small,—possibly only a pocket-handkerchief or a napkin; but it was held aloft as a flag unmistakably. A hundred conjectures were indulged in. Was it a summons to surrender? A request for an armistice for some purpose? Or was it a trick to ascertain their number and position? Some held one view, some another. Some extreme ones thought a shot ought to be fired over them to warn them not to come on: no flags of truce were wanted. The old colonel, who had walked to the edge of the plateau outside the redoubt, and taken his position where he could study the advancing figures with his field-glass, had not spoken. The lieutenant who was next in command to him had walked out after him, and stood near him, from time to time dropping a word or two of conjecture in a half-audible tone: but the colonel had not answered a word; perhaps none was expected. Suddenly he took his glass down, and gave an order to the lieutenant: "Take two men and meet them at the turn yonder; learn their business; and act as your best judgment advises. If necessary to bring the messenger farther, bring only the officer who has the flag, and halt him at that rock yonder,

where I will join him." The tone was as placid as if such an occurrence came every day. Two minutes later the lieutenant was on his way down the mountain, and the colonel had the men in ranks. His face was as grave and his manner as quiet as usual, neither more nor less so. The men were in a state of suppressed excitement. Having put them in charge of the second sergeant, the colonel returned to the breastwork. The two officers were slowly ascending the hill, side by side; the bearer of the flag, now easily distinguishable in his jaunty uniform as a captain of cavalry, talking, and the lieutenant in faded gray, faced with yet more faded red, walking beside him with a face white even at that distance, and lips shut as though they would never open again. They halted at the big bowlder which the colonel had indicated, and the lieutenant, having saluted ceremoniously, turned to come up to the camp; the colonel, however, went down to meet him. The two men met, but there was no spoken question; if the colonel inquired, it was only with the eyes. The lieutenant spoke, however. "He says—" he began and stopped, then began again—"he says General Lee—" again he choked, then blurted out, "I believe it is all a lie—a damned lie."

"Not dead? Not killed?" said the colonel quickly.

"No, not so bad as that: surrendered; surrendered his entire army at Appomattox day before yesterday. I believe it is all a damned lie," he broke out again, as if the hot denial relieved him. The colonel simply turned away his face, and stepped a pace or two off; and the two men stood motionless back to back for more than a minute. Then the colonel stirred.

"Shall I go back with you?" the lieutenant asked huskily.

The colonel did not answer immediately. Then he said, "No: go back to camp and await my return." He said nothing about not speaking of the report. He knew it was not needed. Then he went down the hill slowly alone, while the lieutenant went up to the camp.

The interview between the two officers beside the bowlder was not a long one. It consisted of a brief statement by the Federal envoy of the fact of Lee's surrender two days before, near Appomattox Court House, with the sources of his information, coupled with a formal demand on the colonel for his surrender. To this the colonel replied that he had been detached and put under command of another officer for a specific purpose; and that his orders were to hold that pass, which he should do

until he was instructed otherwise by his superior in command. With that they parted ceremoniously, the Federal captain returning to where he had left his horse in charge of his companions a little below, and the old colonel coming slowly up the hill to camp. The men were at once set to work to meet any attack which might be made. They knew that the message was of grave import, but not of how grave. They thought it meant that another attack would be made immediately, and they sprang to their work with renewed vigor, and a zeal as fresh as if it were but the beginning and not the end.

The time wore on, however, and there was no demonstration below, though hour after hour it was expected and even hoped for. Just as the sun sank into a bed of blue cloud, a horseman was seen coming up the darkened mountain from the eastward side, and in a little while practiced eyes reported him one of their own men — the sergeant who had been sent back the day before for ammunition. He was alone, and had something white before him on his horse — it could not be the ammunition; but perhaps that might be coming on behind. Every step of his jaded horse was anxiously watched. As he drew near, the lieutenant, after a word with the colonel, walked down to meet him, and there was a short colloquy in the muddy road: then they came back together and slowly entered the camp — the sergeant handing down a bag of corn which he had got somewhere below, with the grim remark to his comrades, "There's your rations;" and going at once to the colonel's camp-fire, a little to one side among the trees, where the colonel awaited him. A long conference was held: and then the sergeant left to take his luck with his mess, who were already parching the corn he had brought for their supper, while the lieutenant made the round of the camp; leaving the colonel seated alone on a log by his camp-fire. He sat without moving, hardly stirring, until the lieutenant returned from his round. A minute later the men were called from the guns and made to fall into line. They were silent, tremulous with suppressed excitement; the most sun-burned and weather-stained of them a little pale; the meanest, raggedest, and most insignificant not unimpressive in the deep and solemn silence with which they stood, their eyes fastened on the colonel, waiting for him to speak. He stepped out in front of them; slowly ran his eyes along the irregular line up and down, taking in every man in his glance, resting on some longer than on

others,—the older men.—then dropped them to the ground; and then suddenly, as if with an effort, began to speak. His voice had a somewhat metallic sound, as if it were restrained; but it was otherwise the ordinary tone of command. It was not much that he said:—simply that it had become his duty to acquaint them with the information which he had received: that General Lee had surrendered two days before at Appomattox Court House, yielding to overwhelming numbers; that this afternoon, when he had first heard the report, he had questioned its truth, but that it had been confirmed by one of their own men, and no longer admitted of doubt; that the rest of their own force, it was learned, had been captured, or had disbanded, and the enemy was now on both sides of the mountain: that a demand had been made on him that morning to surrender too; but he had orders which he felt held good until they were countermanded, and he had declined. Later intelligence satisfied him that to attempt to hold out further would be useless, and would involve needless waste of life: he had determined, therefore, not to attempt to hold their position longer; but to lead them out, if possible, so as to avoid being made prisoners, and enable them to reach home sooner and aid their families. His orders were not to let his guns fall into the enemy's hands, and he should take the only step possible to prevent it. In fifty minutes he should call the battery into line once more, and roll the guns over the cliff into the river; and immediately afterwards, leaving the wagons there, he would try to lead them across the mountain, and as far as they could go in a body without being liable to capture; and then he should disband them, and his responsibility for them would end. As it was necessary to make some preparations, he would now dismiss them to prepare any rations they might have, and get ready to march.

All this was in the formal manner of a common order of the day; and the old colonel had spoken in measured sentences, with little feeling in his voice. Not a man in the line had uttered a word after the first sound—half exclamation, half groan—which had burst from them at the announcement of Lee's surrender. After that they had stood in their tracks like rooted trees, as motionless as those on the mountain behind them, their eyes fixed on their commander; and only the quick heaving up and down the dark line, as of horses over-laboring, told of the emotion which was shaking them. The colonel, as he ended, half

turned to his subordinate officer at the end of the dim line, as though he were about to turn the company over to him to be dismissed; then faced the line again, and taking a step nearer, with a sudden movement of his hands towards the men as though he would have stretched them out to them, began again:—

"Men," he said, and his voice changed at the word, and sounded like a father's or a brother's,—"My men, I cannot let you go so. We were neighbors when the war began—many of us, and some not here to-night; we have been more since then,—comrades, brothers in arms; we have all stood for one thing,—for Virginia and the South; we have all done our duty—tried to do our duty; we have fought a good fight, and now it seems to be over, and we have been overwhelmed by numbers, not whipped—and we are going home. We have the future before us: we don't know just what it will bring, but we can stand a good deal. We have proved it. Upon us depends the South in the future as in the past. You have done your duty in the past; you will not fail in the future. Go home and be honest, brave, self-sacrificing, God-fearing citizens, as you have been soldiers, and you need not fear for Virginia and the South. The War may be over; but you will ever be ready to serve your country. The end may not be as we wanted it, prayed for it, fought for it; but we can trust God: the end in the end will be the best that could be; even if the South is not free, she will be better and stronger that she fought as she did. Go home and bring up your children to love her; and though you may have nothing else to leave them, you can leave them the heritage that they are sons of men who were in Lee's army."

He stopped; looked up and down the ranks again, which had instinctively crowded together and drawn around him in a half-circle; made a sign to the lieutenant to take charge, and turned abruptly on his heel to walk away. But as he did so, the long pent-up emotion burst forth. With a wild cheer the men seized him; crowding around and hugging him, as with protestations, prayers, sobs, oaths—broken, incoherent, inarticulate—they swore to be faithful, to live loyal forever to the South, to him, to Lee. Many of them cried like children; others offered to go down and have one more battle on the plain. The old colonel soothed them, and quieted their excitement; and then gave a command about the preparations to be made. This called them to order at once; and in a few minutes the camp was as orderly and

quiet as usual: the fires were replenished; the scanty stores were being overhauled; the place was selected and being got ready, to roll the guns over the cliff; the camp was being ransacked for such articles as could be carried, and all preparations were being hastily made for their march.

The old colonel having completed his arrangements, sat down by his camp-fire with paper and pencil, and began to write; and as the men finished their work they gathered about in groups, at first around their camp-fires, but shortly strolled over to where the guns still stood at the breastwork, black and vague in the darkness. Soon they were all assembled about the guns. One after another they visited, closing around it and handling it from muzzle to trail, as a man might a horse to try its sinew and bone, or a child to feel its firmness and warmth. They were for the most part silent; and when any sound came through the dusk from them to the officers at their fire, it was murmurous and fitful as of men speaking low and brokenly. There was no sound of the noisy controversy which was generally heard, the give-and-take of the camp-fire, the firing backwards and forwards that went on on the march: if a compliment was paid a gun by one of its special detachment, it was accepted by the others; in fact, those who had generally run it down now seemed most anxious to accord the piece praise. Presently a small number of the men returned to a camp-fire, and building it up, seated themselves about it, gathering closer and closer together until they were in a little knot. One of them appeared to be writing, while two or three took up flaming chunks from the fire and held them as torches for him to see by. In time the entire company assembled about them, standing in respectful silence, broken only occasionally by a reply from one or another to some question from the scribe. After a little there was a sound of a roll-call, and reading and a short colloquy followed; and then two men, one with a paper in his hand, approached the fire beside which the officers sat still engaged.

"What is it, Harris?" said the colonel to the man with the paper, who bore remnants of the chevrons of a sergeant on his stained and faded jacket.

"If you please, sir," he said with a salute, "we have been talking it over, and we'd like this paper to go in along with that you're writing." He held it out to the lieutenant, who was the nearer and had reached forward to take it. "We s'pose you're

agoin' to bury it with the guns," he said hesitatingly, as he handed it over.

"What is it?" asked the colonel, shading his eyes with his hands.

"It's just a little list we made out in and among us," he said, "with a few things we'd like to put in, so's if any one ever hauls 'em out they'll find it there to tell what the old battery was; and if they don't, it'll be in one of 'em down thar till judgment, an' it'll sort of ease our minds a bit." He stopped and waited, as a man who had delivered his message. The old colonel had risen and taken the paper, and now held it with a firm grasp, as if it might blow away with the rising wind. He did not say a word, but his hand shook a little as he proceeded to fold it carefully; and there was a burning gleam in his deep-set eyes, back under his bushy gray brows.

"Will you sort of look over it, sir, if you think it's worth while? We was in a sort of hurry, and we had to put it down just as we come to it; we didn't have time to pick our ammunition: and it ain't written the best in the world, nohow." He waited again; and the colonel opened the paper and glanced down at it mechanically. It contained first a roster, headed by the list of six guns, named by name: "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke," and "John," "The Eagle," and "The Cat"; then of the men, beginning with the heading—

"Those killed."

Then had followed, "Those wounded," but this was marked out. Then came a roster of the company when it first entered service; then of those who had joined afterward; then of those who were present now. At the end of all there was this statement, not very well written, nor wholly accurately spelt:—

"To Whom it may Concern: We, the above members of the old battery known, etc., of six guns, named, etc., commanded by the said Col. etc., left on the 11th day of April, 1865, have made out this roll of the battery, them as is gone and them as is left, to bury with the guns, which the same we bury this night. We're all volunteers, every man; we joined the army at the beginning of the war, and we've stuck through to the end; sometimes we ain't had much to eat, and sometimes we aint had nothin'; but we've fought the best we could 119 battles and skirmishes as near as we can make out in four years, and never lost a gun. Now we're agoin' home. We aint

surrendered; just disbanded; and we pledges ourselves to teach our children to love the South and General Lee; and to come when we're called anywheres an' anytime, so help us God."

There was a dead silence whilst the colonel read.

"'Tain't entirely accurate, sir, in one particular," said the sergeant apologetically: "but we thought it would be playin' it sort o' low down on the Cat if we was to say we lost her, unless we could tell about gittin' of her back, and the way she done since; and we didn't have time to do all that." He looked around as if to receive the corroboration of the other men, which they signified by nods and shuffling.

The colonel said it was all right, and the paper should go into the guns.

"If you please, sir, the guns are all loaded," said the sergeant; "in and about our last charge, too: and we'd like to fire 'em off once more, jist for old times' sake to remember 'em by, if you don't think no harm could come of it?"

The colonel reflected a moment, and said it might be done: they might fire each gun separately as they rolled it over, or might get all ready and fire together, and then roll them over — whichever they wished. This was satisfactory.

The men were then ordered to prepare to march immediately, and withdrew for the purpose. The pickets were called in. In a short time they were ready, horses and all, just as they would have been to march ordinarily; except that the wagons and caissons were packed over in one corner by the camp, with the harness hung on poles beside them, and the guns stood in their old places at the breastwork ready to defend the pass. The embers of the sinking camp-fires threw a faint light on them standing so still and silent. The old colonel took his place; and at a command from him in a somewhat low voice, the men, except a detail left to hold the horses, moved into company-front facing the guns. Not a word was spoken except the words of command. At the order each detachment went to its gun; the guns were run back, and the men with their own hands ran them up on the edge of the perpendicular bluff above the river, where, sheer below, its waters washed its base, as if to face an enemy on the black mountain the other side. The pieces stood ranged in the order in which they had so often stood in battle; and the gray, thin fog, rising slowly and silently from the river deep

down between the cliffs, and wreathing the mountain-side above, might have been the smoke from some unearthly battle, fought in the dim pass by ghostly guns, yet posted there in the darkness, manned by phantom gunners, while phantom horses stood behind, lit vaguely up by phantom camp-fires. At the given word the laniards were pulled together; and together as one the six black guns, belching flame and lead, roared their last challenge on the misty night, sending a deadly hail of shot and shell, tearing the trees and splintering the rocks of the farther side, and sending the thunder reverberating through the pass and down the mountain, startling from its slumber the sleeping camp on the hills below, and driving the browsing deer and the prowling mountain-fox in terror up the mountain.

There was silence among the men about the guns for one brief instant: and then such a cheer burst forth as had never broken from them even in battle; cheer on cheer, the long, wild, old familiar "Rebel yell" for the guns they had fought with and loved.

The noise had not died away, and the men behind were still trying to quiet the frightened horses, when the sergeant — the same who had written — received from the hand of the colonel a long package or roll, which contained the records of the battery furnished by the men and by the colonel himself, securely wrapped to make them water-tight; and it was rammed down the yet warm throat of the nearest gun, — the Cat, — and then the gun was tamped to the muzzle to make her water-tight, and like her sisters, was spiked, and her vent tamped tight. All this took but a minute; and the next instant the guns were run up once more to the edge of the cliff; and the men stood by them with their hands still on them. A deadly silence fell on the men, and even the horses behind seemed to feel the spell. There was a long pause, in which not a breath was heard from any man, and the soughing of the tree-tops above and the rushing of the rapids below were the only sounds. They seemed to come from far, very far away. Then the colonel said quietly, "Let them go, and God be our helper; Amen." There was the noise in the darkness of trampling and scraping on the cliff-top for a second, — the sound as of men straining hard together, — and then with a pant it ceased all at once; and the men held their breath to hear. One second of utter silence; then one prolonged, deep, resounding splash, sending up a great mass of

white foam as the brass pieces together plunged into the dark water below, and then the soughing of the trees and the murmur of the river came again with painful distinctness. It was full ten minutes before the colonel spoke, though there were other sounds enough in the darkness; and some of the men, as the dark outstretched bodies showed, were lying on the ground flat on their faces. Then the colonel gave the command to fall in, in the same quiet, grave tone he had used all night. The line fell in, the men getting to their horses and mounting in silence; the colonel put himself at their head and gave the order of march, and the dark line turned in the darkness, crossed the little plateau between the smoldering camp-fires and the spectral caissons with the harness hanging beside them, and slowly entered the dim charcoal-burner's track. Not a word was spoken as they moved off. They might all have been phantoms. Only, the sergeant in the rear, as he crossed the little breastwork which ran along the upper side and marked the boundary of the little camp, half turned and glanced at the dying fires, the low, newly made mounds in the corner, the abandoned caissons, and the empty redoubt, and said slowly, in a low voice to himself,—

"Well, by God!"

EDOUARD PAILLERON

(1834–)

THE modern French drama is rich in the portrayal of the fashions and morals of the hour; and the office of the stage-play as a satire without much theatricalism in it, is brilliantly exercised in the case of such men as Pailleron, Prevost, Hervieu, and Donnay. M. Pailleron is in some sense the dean of the contemporary school, which paints its pictures and speaks its lessons through the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the Gymnase. Born in Paris September 18th, 1834, the author of 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie' (Society Where One is Bored) was a notary's clerk until about the year 1861, when he fairly made literature his profession. As a novelist, a poet, and ultimately as a playwright, he soon began to gain recognized individuality. His first distinct success came in 1868, with the sparkling satiric comedy mentioned above, 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie'; although a preceding play, 'Le Monde où l'On s'Amuse' (Society Where One is Amused), had won favor. 'Society Where One is Bored' was produced in 1882, at the national theatre. Its success was immediate, its run was long-continued, and it is extremely popular in repertory to-day. To its merits is due the elevation of its author to the Académie in 1884. From that time, M. Pailleron's career has been essentially theatrical. His conception of the drama is not only that of the perceptive and skillful playwright, but the man who delineates character with an exact and vivid literary touch. These qualities have been still more perfectly exhibited in M. Pailleron's second great success of 1893,—one which even surpassed any that had preceded it,—his complex comedy 'Cabotins'; and once more was a Pailleron comedy the sensation of the Théâtre Français. For one winter this sparkling piece, with its pictures of bohemian life, its ironical depiction of bureaucracy and machine politics, and its effectiveness merely as an emotional drama, held the attention of all Paris; and in ceasing to be a novelty, 'Cabotins' does not appear to have less vitality before a later public. In 1896 M. Pailleron (who

ÉDOUARD PAILLERON

has gradually become a more deliberate worker in the drama, putting forth his pieces with considerable intervals between them) produced at the Théâtre Français two small social comedies, or what the French call «proverbes,»—that is to say, little sketches in two or three scenes only, cleverly illustrating some familiar saying,—collectively entitled 'Better Try Gentleness than—Force.' These trifles, however, have not been significant in adding to his reputation.

The finest flower of Pailleron's talent undoubtedly is to be found in 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie,' with its studies of drawing-room politics, its contrasts of spontaneous human nature with tiresome formality, and its amusing situations. But 'Cabotins' is not a whit inferior to it as a tableau of contrasting phases of French life, including an amusing portrayal of a temperamental and adroit young politician, a natural manœuvrer and leader in the race; and there are also admirable scenes that range from the frolicsomeness of an artist's lodging-house to a drawing-room in the aristocratic centre of Paris. The quality of clear conception, the gift of an admirably just literary expression, are of the essence of M. Pailleron's best work. Like Dumas, he is a portrait-maker and a censor through the play-house—though concerning himself with higher moral and social problems than the author of 'La Dame aux Camellias' and 'Le Fils Naturel.'

SOCIETY WHERE ONE IS BORED

From 'Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie'

[The scene represents a small drawing-room, partly library and partly reception-room, opening upon a much larger apartment, in the residence of the Countess de Céran. Conspicuous is a huge table covered with journals, formidable-looking reviews, and «blue-books.» A general air of formality and oppressiveness. François, a particularly formal-looking valet, is searching among the papers heaped on the table for a lost letter (which becomes amusingly essential to complications of the plot later in the play). As he is turning over things, Paul Raymond and his wife Jeanne, who have been asked to pay a visit of a few days to Madame de Céran, enter the room. They have apparently just arrived from the railway station, are carrying their hand-luggage, and are a young and lively-looking married pair.]

FRANÇOIS [*at the table*]—Hunt! hunt! [*turning over the papers again*]—Colonial Review, Diplomatic Review, Archæological Review—

Jeanne—Ah! some one in sight at last. [*Calling to François gayly.*] Is Madame de Céran—

Paul [*catching hold of her hand, and in a low voice*] — Keep quiet! [*Gravely to François.*] Is Madame the Countess de Céran at home?

François — Yes, monsieur.

Jeanne [*gayly*] — Very well; then go and tell her that Monsieur and Madame Paul Raymond —

Paul [*catching hold of her hand again, and speaking again in a very formal tone*] — Will you kindly inform her that M. Raymond, *sous-préfet* of Agenis,* and Madame Raymond, have come from Paris, and are waiting her here.

Jeanne [*interrupting*] — And that —

Paul [*with the same alternation of manner and tone as before*] — *Will* you keep quiet! [*To François.*] Go, my friend.

François [*evidently impressed*] — Yes, yes; Monsieur le Sous-Préfet. [*Aside.*] They are a newly married couple! [*Aloud.*] Permit me to relieve Monsieur le Sous-Préfet.

[*François takes their traveling-bags and rugs and goes out.*]

Jeanne — That is well enough; but, Paul, will you kindly tell me —

Paul — No "Paul" here, if you please. You will have to call me "M. Raymond," my dear, from the minute you set foot in *this* house.

Jeanne — What do you mean? Ridiculous! And you say that with *such* an expression on your face! [*Laughing.*]

Paul [*with an assumed severity*] — Jeanne, no laughing here, I beg of you.

Jeanne — Really, Paul, are you going to scold me? Nonsense! [*She throws her arms around his neck. Paul disengages himself, and draws away from her reproachfully.*]

Paul — Unlucky creature! That was the only thing that was lacking! *Cannot* you restrain yourself?

Jeanne [*surprised*] — Really, Paul, you begin to bore me.

Paul — Ah! Precisely! Now that time you sounded the very keynote of things. Have you forgotten already all that I have been saying to you on the railway this morning?

Jeanne — No; but I thought you were joking.

* The office of *sous-préfet* in the French municipal system is one subordinate to that of *préfet*, which is practically a mayoralty.

Paul [*horrified*]—Joking! Joking in this place! See here, Jeanne, do you wish to become the wife of a *préfet* or not? Yes or no?

Jeanne—Why, yes; if it is anything to you.

Paul—Very well then; now listen to me once more, and *do* be careful. Here we are. The Countess of Céran has done me the honor to ask me to present my young wife to her, and to spend some days at her château de Saint-Germain. Now the social circle of Madame de Céran, as a centre of politics, is one of the three or four most important in Paris. You think you have come here on a visit of pleasure. Not a bit of it! We are not here at all to amuse ourselves. I have come here only a *sous-préfet*, and I propose to go out of it a full *préfet;* and that good thing—my promotion—depends on three persons: on Madame de Céran, on myself, and on you.

Jeanne—On *me!* What have I got to do with it?

Paul—A great deal. My dear Jeanne, the world judges a man by his wife, and it is for that reason I want to put you on your guard. This is no place for you to be your natural and lively self. My dear little girl, you must put on a manner suitable to the task that we have in hand,—gravity without arrogance, a sweetly thoughtful smile; you must keep your eyes open, listen carefully, talk little. Oh, I don't mean to say you must not be complimentary to people. No, as much of *that* as you choose: and you may also quote—that is a very good thing, though they must be short quotations—good, deep ones. In physiology you must allude to Hegel; in literature you must cite Richter; in politics—

Jeanne—But, Paul, I cannot talk politics.

Paul [*severely*]—Here all the women talk politics.

Jeanne [*dolefully*]—I don't understand a thing about it.

Paul—The women here don't understand a thing about it, but that doesn't make any difference: you must talk it all the same. Cite Pufendorf and Machiavelli as if they had been your relatives; allude to the Council of Trent as if you had presided at it. As to your amusements—well, while you are here, you can expect chamber music, walks around the garden, whist;—that is all I can promise you: and so, what with only high-necked dresses, and the few words of Latin that I have put into your head,—why, my dear, I will wager that before a week is over,

people will say about you: "Now that little Madame Raymond, *she* is simply made to be the wife of a statesman!" And in the kind of society where we are just now, let me tell you that when people say that a woman is made to be the wife of a statesman, her husband is not very far from being one.

Jeanne—What! *You* wish to be a statesman!

Paul—Yes! So that I need not be an exception to everybody else!

Jeanne—But since Madame de Céran belongs to the Opposition, to what post can she help you?

Paul—Dear simpleton that you are! In whatever concerns political places, my dear child, between the Conservatives and their opponents there is only a mere shade of difference. The Conservatives do the asking, and the people that belong to the Opposition do the accepting. No, no, Jeanne, once for all, it is here in this very house that are made—and more than made—reputations, situations, elections, and all that sort of thing. Such a fashionable house as this, where under the excuse of talking about literature, fine arts, even the clumsy wire-pullers bring about their purposes,—such a house as this, I say, is the back door of the ministries, the ante-room of academies, the laboratory of success.

Jeanne—How dreadful! But what sort of society is there here?

Paul—Society here, my child, is a sort of Hôtel de Rambouillet in 1881: it is a society where people talk and where people pose, where pedantry takes the place of science, sentimentality that of sentiment, and a silly fussing that of delicacy; where no one ever says what he thinks, and where no one ever thinks what he says; where keeping at whatever you have in your mind to bring about is a special policy; where friendship is calculation; where even gallantry is a means of managing things: it is a society where one sucks his cane in the vestibule and chews on his tongue in the drawing-room. In a word, a very serious society indeed!

Jeanne—But then, that is the society where one is always bored.

Paul—Precisely.

Jeanne—But if one is bored there, what influence can it have?

Paul—What influence! Ah, innocence! innocence! What influence, if it bores you? An enormous influence! Don't you see

that as French people, we have a horror of boredom which we carry almost to the point of veneration? To a Frenchman, being bored is a terrible deity, whose worship is carried on in full dress. The Frenchman does not understand a serious affair except under that form of worship. I don't tell you that he always keeps it up, but he does not believe it any the less firmly — preferring to believe it rather than really to see much of it. We French people, gay at heart, have grown into a habit of despising so to be; we have lost our faith in the good sense of open laughter; a people skeptical, talkative, has come to put faith in those who are silent. A race expansive and cheerful has come to allow itself to be imposed upon by the pedantic solemnity, by the pretentious nullity, of people wearing white cravats; yes, in politics, in science, in art, in literature, in everything! We make fun of them, we hate them, we run away from them like the plague; but somehow they alone have won our secret admiration and absolute confidence. What influence, then, does boredom have? Ah, my dear child, learn that there are in the world only two sorts of people: those who cannot submit to being bored, and who are nothing at all; and those who can submit to being bored, and who are simply everything,— besides those who habitually bore others!

Jeanne [*with a gesture of disappointment*] — To a charming household you have brought me on a visit, you wretched man!

Paul [*very solemnly*] — Jeanne, do you wish to be the wife of a *préfet* — yes or no?

Jeanne — Oh, really, I simply never could —

Paul — Nonsense! You can put up with it eight days.

Jeanne — Eight days? Without talking, without laughing! Without even embracing you!

Paul — Certainly not, before other people; but when we are alone by ourselves — and then in corners, — now do behave yourself, — that will be charming. Why, I'll give you regular rendezvous — in the garden, anywhere — just as we used to do before our marriage, you remember.

Jeanne — Oh, very well then, it's all right! It's all right! I shall get on somehow. [*She opens the piano, and begins to play a lively air from the 'Fille de Madame Angot.'*]

Paul [*alarmed*] — Stop! stop! what are you playing?

Jeanne — Why, it is from the operetta that we heard yesterday. . . . .

Paul—Thoughtless creature! Now see how you profit by the sober lessons that I have been giving you! If any one should come! If any one should hear you! *Will* you be sensible! [*François appears at the end of the room.*] Too late! [*Jeanne cleverly changes the air of the opera to a grave passage in a symphony from Beethoven.*] Beethoven! Bravo! [*Pretends to follow the air with great attention.*] Ah! decidedly there is no music except that of the Conservatory!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

A SCIENTIST AMONG LADIES

From 'The World of Boredom'

[In M. de Bellac, the hero of the following scene, the dramatist portrays the superficial, pretentious, and conceited man of letters, who passes for a deep thinker, and probably believes himself such; and whose practical success is largely due to the adulation of a coterie of women, infatuated with what they consider philosophy, but in reality carried away by mere sentimentality for its drawing-room expounder. As the curtain rises, Madame de Céran, hostess of the assembled company, is about to conduct the ladies into the next apartment; when one of them, Madame de Loudan, takes her by the arm.]

Madame de Loudan [*in an affected tone*]—O countess! countess! before we go, *do* let us carry out the little plot that we have just been making against M. de Bellac. [*Going to Bellac, she says beseechingly:*] M. Bellac—

Bellac [*smiling conceitedly*]—Marquise—?

Madame de Loudan—We are all begging one favor of you.

Bellac [*graciously*]—You mean the favor that you do in asking it of me?

All the Ladies [*to each other*]—Oh, how charmingly he said that!

Madame de Loudan—The poetry that we are going into the other room to hear will probably take the entire evening. This will be our last chance for a ray of illumination from *you*. Do recite us something—will you not? Now, before we all go—just as little a thing as you choose. We don't wish to tax your genius; but something—anything—only speak. Every word you will say will fall on us like manna!

Suzanne—Yes, yes, *please* do, M. Bellac.

Madame Arriégo—Do be so kind, M. Bellac.

The Baroness—We are all absolutely at your feet, M. Bellac.

Bellac [*protesting*]—O ladies! ladies!

Madame de Loudan—Come over here and help us, Lucy—you who are his Muse! You ask him too.

Lucy—Certainly I ask him.

Suzanne—For my part, I will have it so, whether M. Bellac likes it or not!

The Ladies [*whispering together*]—Oh! oh!

Madame de Céran—Suzanne, you forget yourself.

Bellac—Oh, from the moment when anybody takes to violence—

Madame de Loudan—Oh, he consents! he consents! An arm-chair! An arm-chair! [*A general movement of delight among all the ladies surrounding Bellac.*]

Madame Arriégo—Will you have a table?

Madame de Loudan—Would you like us to draw back a little from you?

Madame de Céran—Yes, just make a little more room around him, please, ladies.

Bellac—Really! really! I beg of you—no stage setting—nothing that suggests giving a lesson, a lecture,—in a word, pedantry. Rather, my dear ladies, let us turn it into a conversation; you to ask me whatever questions you please.

Madame Loudan [*joining her hands together*]—O dear M. Bellac, can we ask you something about your new book?

Suzanne—O M. Bellac, *please*—

Bellac—Ah, irresistible prayers! But in spite of them—yes, in spite of them, suffer me to refuse. Before my book is given to everybody, no one human being must know anything about it.

Madame de Loudan [*slyly*]—Not even one single person—in particular?

Bellac—O marquise, as Fontenelle once said to Madame de Coulanges, "Take care! you are getting close to a secret."

All the Ladies [*with great enthusiasm*]—Ah! charming!

The Baroness [*in a low voice to Madame de Loudan*]—How much wit he has!

Madame de Loudan — He has something better than wit, my dear.

The Baroness — What do you mean?

Madame de Loudan — The man absolutely has wings — you shall see — he positively has wings!

Bellac [*looking around the circle*] — Ladies, I think you will all agree that this is neither the place nor the hour to enter upon those eternal problems with which souls whose intellectual flight is as high as yours, continually torment themselves, — the mysterious enigmas of life and of the Great Beyond.

The Ladies [*to each other*] — Ah! the Great Beyond, my dear; the Great Beyond!

Bellac — Such a topic reserved, I am at your orders: and as I speak there occurs to me one of those questions eternally agitated, never decided; upon which, with your permission, I should like to express an opinion in a few words.

The Ladies — Yes, yes; speak! speak!

Bellac [*sitting down in the arm-chair*] — And I should like to say what I have to say about it in view of a triple end. The topic that I have in mind is — love —

The Ladies [*all together, awed, and with enthusiasm*] — Ah!

Bellac — Yes, of love. Oh, weakness which is a force! Sentiment which is a faith! The only one perhaps which knows no atheists.

The Ladies — Ah! ah! Charming!

Madame de Loudan [*to the Baroness*] — Didn't I tell you he positively had wings, my dear — just listen!

Bellac — I had come here this morning intending to speak, àpropos of the topic of German literature, of a certain philosophy which makes mere instinct the base and the rule of all of our actions and of all of our thoughts.

The Ladies [*protesting*] — Oh! oh!

Bellac — I take this occasion to assert that that opinion is not at all mine, and that I repulse it with all the energy of a soul that is proud to exist.

The Ladies — Oh, admirable!

The Baroness [*in a low voice to Madame de Loudan*] — Did you *ever* see a man with such a beautiful hand?

Bellac — No, ladies, no: love is not, as the German philosopher said, purely a passion belonging to the species, — a deceptive

illusion by which nature dazzles men, to accomplish its ends. No, no, a hundred times no! It is impossible that it should be so if we really have souls.

The Ladies — Yes, yes; bravo!

Bellac — Let us leave to the sophists, and to vulgar natures, those theories that debase the human heart; let us not even discuss them; let us answer them by silence, by the language of forgetfulness.

The Ladies — Charming! charming!

Bellac — Heaven forbid that I should ever deny the sovereign influence of beauty upon the tottering wills of men. [*Looking meaningly around him.*] I see before me in such a moment as this only too much of what would enable me victoriously to refute any error as to that.

The Ladies — Ah! ah!

Bellac — But above this beauty which is perceptible and perishable, my dear ladies, there is another beauty, unconquerable by time, invisible to the eye, and which the purified spirit alone can perceive and love with a refined and immaterial love. That species of love, my dear ladies, is the very principle of love itself, the bringing together of two souls, and their elevation above all the mud of this terrestrial world,—their united flight into the infinite blue of the Ideal.

The Ladies [*all together*] — Bravo! bravo!

[*As Bellac says these last words, the old Duchesse de Réville, who has been sitting quite forward of the group of his admirers, embroidering diligently, exclaims in a tone of contempt:*]

There you have stuff and nonsense for you with a vengeance!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

THE STORY OF GRIGNEUX

From 'Cabotins'

[The following dialogue occurs between a young sculptor, Pierre Cardevent, who has had the misfortune to fall in love apparently outside of his sphere, and Grigneux, an old painter, whose life has been a failure. Grigneux takes an affectionate interest in the young man's career. The scene is a drawing-room, where the two are for a few moments alone by themselves; the episode occurring in the second act of the play.]

PIERRE [*to Grigneux, who looks anxiously at him on entering the room*]—Ah! it is you, is it? Well, you can reassure yourself, my old Grigneux. It is finished. It is finished.

Grigneux—What? What is finished?

Pierre—My romance—as you called it a while ago.

Grigneux [*incredulously*]—Finished?

Pierre—Yes, Mademoiselle Valentine tells me that she does not wish to see me, that I must forget her, because—well, I don't know just why, but I do know that she doesn't wish to see me again. Oh, my romance has not been a long one, eh? [*with a forced laugh*] and you were so afraid of its having another winding-up: well, here is its winding-up; I hope you are satisfied with it. Would you like me to say that I am satisfied too?

Grigneux [*gravely*]—How you love her!

Pierre—So then this is what people call loving anybody. [*Sarcastically.*] Well, well, it is a lively business! Think of it! During ten days I have been expecting that girl at the studio—to go on with her portrait—as if I were waiting for the good God himself! This very evening I have left my mother alone to come to this house, and here I am: obliged to make myself agreeable to a lot of people who bore me to death, in a drawing-room, in fashionable society! I, Cardevent the sculptor! Look at me, in a coat that worries me, a cravat that strangles me, with pomade on my hair! Yes, with pomade! I put it on my hair, on my honor! [*laughing*] and all that so that I could hear this young lady tell me that I must forget her, and that "everything is finished"! Really, it is all very stupid! I have never been so stupid about anything in all my life. But then it's done now. So much the better. I have had enough, thank you!

Grigneux—O my poor Pierre, you *are* hard hit.

Pierre—Very well then, I must get over it. It is simply a matter of resolution.

Grigneux—Yes; but you must resolve to be resolved.

Pierre—Don't be afraid; you shall see.

Grigneux—It is because I *have* "seen" that I am afraid.

Pierre—Oh, come now! There is no such thing as a love which one cannot kill with one stroke of his own will.

Grigneux—Do you think so? Listen to me. Pierre, I knew, a long time ago, an artist far less gifted than you, but having just as you have a real passion for his art, and a strong faith in his own youth: he was a man who would have been somebody for all I know; only—a woman came into his life, a woman who shattered all these promises, and who made of that man's life the most lamentable thing in the world.

Pierre—And how did that happen?

Grigneux—Oh, always the same story! He had as a neighbor a young girl, a pianist, who got along as well as she could in life, earning her bread by giving lessons. She was intelligent, she was proud, she was a little impulsive. She believed that this poor fellow possessed genius. You see that a charm for him hung about her. And besides all this, she was as pretty—as pretty—well, as this Valentine here whom you love; and what is more, she had the same name. [*Grigneux pauses as if becoming lost in remembrances.*]

Pierre—Well, what happened?

Grigneux—What happened? He loved her and he married her! It had to be so; it was written in the book of fate. To fall in love—for an artist that is a danger to begin with; but for an artist to marry, to bring a woman into the secret of your work,—that is to say, all your efforts, doubts, pangs of artistic creation,—a woman who has begun by believing in you as in God, and who imagines that it is enough for you to make a gesture as God might, in order to create something,—oh, that is an irreparable mistake! I tell you, Pierre, women do not understand anything except success. Now this poor creator of whom I am speaking, tried in vain to be a creator all the week long, without even taking time to rest himself on the seventh day; but *he* got nothing out of his chaos. Success never came; but on the contrary, failures succeeded failures. Little by little, everybody ceased to expect anything from him, to hope anything for him,—except the man himself, whose hope was of the kind that becomes

grotesque by its persistence. People laughed at him all around him. From the time that the laughing began he was judged and condemned. The young woman whom he had loved and married, she joined the laughers. I leave out the details. It is enough to say that when there was only one sort of treason that could be committed against him, the thing which was sure to happen happened: one evening his wife fled from the house of this creature whom fate had vanquished,—the ridicule of whom was in everybody's mouth. She fled, to go heaven knows whither, in company with nobody knew whom.

Pierre—And he? What did he do then?

Grigneux—Well, during a whole week, out of his senses with grief and rage, he hunted all around the town after her; but of course he could find out nothing. Then he fled in his turn; and he went down and shut himself up in Italy in a little village near Naples. There it was that eight months later the news of his wife's death met him while he was reading one day a French newspaper. But for all that he stayed down there, an exile, for twenty years; even to the time when, an old man, worn out, unrecognizable, he came back to Paris, the place where every one can lose himself and forget himself: and there he ended up by living under a false name; concealed, miserable, and alone.

Pierre—So! The worse for him then. A man who cannot recover himself under an insult is a coward.

Grigneux—Yes: well then, that man of whom I have been telling you, he was—myself!

Pierre [*greatly shocked*]—You, Grigneux! You!

Grigneux [*becoming more and more carried away from himself*]—Yes, I am more of a coward than you would believe—for I love her still; and, afraid lest I love her less, I have done no searching into her story since I came back here. I wish to know nothing more than I know of her guilty past. Yes, I have been determined that so far as I am concerned she shall have no existence from the day when I ceased to see her. I have been resolved that she shall dwell in my mind only as she was before her sin: that death shall bury her forever, pure in its pardoning mystery. Oh, I am a coward in more than that, if you care to know it: for I love her for always; yes, for always! [*He speaks in a constantly increasing excitement.*] And since I have lost her in reality, I bring her back to me in my dreams; and it is for that that I take that poison which gives a man dreams. And

with them, oh then she comes back — I can hear her — she speaks to me — I answer her — she draws near to me — I can feel her hand upon my shoulders again — she is there — I see her! [*He breaks off and remains in a sort of ecstatic silence.*]

Pierre [*terrified*] — Grigneux! Grigneux!

Grigneux [*as if awakening*] — And then, little by little, her voice dies away, the vision effaces itself, and so she leaves me alone, — and so miserable that I must try to go through it all again. Oh, I know perfectly well that my reason is going, that my body is wearing out. So much the better! Only my body separates me from her where she is now. So let it perish as soon as it can, and my soul will take its wings to join hers!

Pierre [*much affected*] — My friend, my poor friend!

Grigneux [*passing his hand over his forehead and returning to himself*] — Pierre, see what love makes of an old man like me; what it can do to a young man like you. Oh, you see now why it is that I tell you, "Fly from it." My dear boy, I have nobody in the world to love except you. I have nothing to expect in life except what will come through you in your future. And your future is so bright. Oh, I beg of you, I beseech you, do not be a traitor to me, to yourself; do not at least rob me of what should be your glory!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by E. Irenæus Stevenson

THOMAS PAINE

(1737–1809).

WHETHER, as he himself believed, his services to the cause of American independence deserved to be mentioned with those of Washington and Jefferson, or not, the pamphlets of Thomas Paine were doubtless in their time «half-battles.» Clear, logical, homely, by turns warning, appealing, or commanding, now sharply satirical, now humorous, now pathetic, always desperately in earnest, always written in admirably simple English, they constituted their author, in the judgment of many, the foremost pamphleteer of the eighteenth century. In the phrase of Matthew Arnold, he saw things steadily and saw them whole, whenever he was able to see them at all,—which, with his myopic vision, was by no means always. Before his day, moreover, pamphlets and open letters had been for the classes. Atticus, Brutus, Civitas, Cato, Phil-anglus, when they appeared in print, wore mask and buskins, and addressed themselves to gentlemen who knew their classics, and who expected academic speech. Paine addressed the masses as he would have talked to them in the street. His turn for phrases was notable. «Our trade will always be a protection.» «Neutrality is a safer convoy than a man-of-war.» «It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while by her dependence on Britain she is made the make-weight in the scale of European politics.» «Nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration of independence.» «This proceeding may at first appear strange and difficult. A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong gives it a superficial appearance of being right.» All these sentences, and many even better, he wrote six months before the 4th of July, 1776, while many genuine patriots still trembled at the thought of separation from the mother country.

THOMAS PAINE

The imported citizen who showed such perspicacity and courage was at this time thirty-nine years of age, and had been for two years

assistant editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine, at a salary of £50 a year. Born in Norfolkshire, the son of an English staymaker, a Quaker, and poor, he had been by turns a staymaker, a sailor, an exciseman, a tobacconist, and an usher in a school at £25 a year, when he determined to emigrate and to establish a girls' school in Philadelphia. On a fortunate day in the summer of 1774, at the London house of his friend David Williams,—the radical who, with himself, was presently to receive the honor of French citizenship,—the humble usher met the «ingenious Dr. Franklin,» who took a great liking to him, advised him as to his future career, and wrote him cordial letters of introduction to friends in Philadelphia. That he was a very likable man, both at this time and later in life, is shown, among other evidence, by a familiar letter to Goldsmith, desiring «the honor of his company at the tavern for an hour or two, to partake of a bottle of wine»; by the prediction of the brilliant Horne Tooke that whoever should be at a certain dinner party, Paine would be sure to say the best things said; and by the friendships which he made so easily. In middle age, at least, he was fastidious in his dress, inclined to elegance in his manners, and attractive in looks.

In 1775, a paper of his against slavery brought him the kindly regard of many distinguished Americans, and the friendship of Franklin was an invaluable guarantee. In January 1776 appeared anonymously Paine's first pamphlet, 'Common Sense.' It was variously ascribed to Franklin and the two Adamses; and when the irascible John went to France, he found himself, to his chagrin, introduced as «the famous Adams, author of 'Common Sense.'» «The success it met with,» wrote the author, «was beyond anything since the invention of printing. I gave the copyright up to every State in the Union, and the demand ran to not less than a hundred thousand copies.» In his opinion the Declaration of Independence followed «as soon as 'Common Sense' could spread through such an extensive country.» Nearly a year later came the first number of The Crisis, beginning «These are the times that try men's souls,» — a number which, read as a gospel in America, was condemned to be burned by the hangman in England. Later issues followed, some a few paragraphs in length, some many pages, printed wherever there was a printing-press, often on brown paper in the scarcity of white, and distributed to every enlisted man and every village politician.

In 1780 the country was virtually bankrupt, the army starving and mutinous, and Congress without money or credit. Paine, then clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, wrote a fiery letter inclosing his whole salary, five hundred dollars, and urging the establishment of a volunteer relief fund. Three hundred thousand pounds (inflated

Pennsylvania currency) was raised, and a relief bank founded, which presently, at the instance of Robert Morris, became the «Bank of North America.» The next year, Paine, as private secretary, accompanied Colonel Laurens to France to negotiate a loan with that King Louis, one of whose judges the ex-staymaker was presently to become! In 1783 Morris besought its author to resume the Crisis, and rouse reluctant patriotism to pay its debts and obey the orders of Congress. The second paper of the new series contained the famous passage: «We sometimes experience sensations to which language is not equal. The conception is too bulky to be born alive, and in the torture of thinking we stand dumb. Our feelings, imprisoned by their magnitude, find no way out; and in the struggle for expression every finger tries to be a tongue.» The last Crisis, published after the treaty of peace, is a noble and eloquent setting forth of the greatness of the American opportunity.

For all this laborious and constant toil, Paine, holding the Quaker theory that the preacher must take no pay, received not a single penny. «I could never reconcile it to my principles,» he wrote, «to make any money by my politics or my religion.» «In a great affair, where the happiness of man is at stake, I love to work for nothing; and so fully am I under the influence of this principle that I should lose the spirit, the pleasure, and the pride of it, were I conscious that I looked for reward.» But after the war, Pennsylvania set apart £500 (currency) for his actual expenses; New Jersey gave him a small place at Bordentown; New York settled upon him a confiscated Tory farm at New Rochelle; and finally Congress voted him $3,000, most of which he had already spent in the service of the nation. From 1783 to 1787 Paine spent most of his time in Philadelphia, engaged in scientific pursuits, the avocation of the cultivated gentleman of his time. One of his experiments was literally to set the river on fire for the entertainment of General Washington, whose guest he was for some time at Rocky Creek, near Philadelphia. Among other contrivances he invented an iron bridge of a single arch, the idea being suggested to him by the mechanism of a spider's web.

To lay his model before the French Academy of Sciences, he sailed for Havre in 1787; and then began the stormy fifteen years of his life in England and France. Science he loved, but politics was his very life. He was well received in Paris; but Paris was already on the road to revolution. It had no time for the study of bridges, and he had no heart for anything but affairs. When the Bastille was taken, Lafayette sent the key to his «master,» Washington, through the hands of Paine, who wrote: «That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes

to the right place." He became once more a pamphleteer, and presently a member of the Assembly that condemned the King to death; a condemnation which he opposed with magnificent courage from the tribune itself, in the face of a furiously hostile audience, and against which he voted in a hopeless minority. Before long he himself became a 'suspect'; and a prisoner for eleven months, to be released at last, broken in health, energy, and fortunes. Before these evil days, however,—from 1791 to 1793,—he had been busy in England rousing radical sentiment, working at first heartily with Burke, and after the publication of that statesman's 'Reflections,' furiously against him. "Mr. Burke's mind," he wrote, "is above the homely sorrows of the vulgar. He can feel only for a king or for a queen. The countless victims of tyranny have no place in his sympathies. He is not afflicted with the reality of distress touching on his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird." Paine's crowning offense at that time was the publication of 'The Rights of Man'; for England stood in terror of the Revolution. The Church, the professions, trade, good society, alike condemned all who defended or even explained it; and as a dangerous agitator, but especially as a treasonable writer, Paine was presently outlawed by the government.

From the time of his release from prison in '94 to that of his return to the United States, on the invitation of Jefferson, in 1802, little is known of Paine's life. He was very poor, his associates seem to have been unworthy of him, he was growing old, his health was wretched, and the habit of brooding over what he thought the injustice and ingratitude of the American people led him at times to drink more than was good for him. He still wrote,—papers on finance, 'The Rights of Man,' 'Agrarian Justice,' the last part of the 'Age of Reason' (the first book of which he had completed but not revised at the time of his arrest by the Committee of Public Safety: a work which gave him the reputation of a foe to Christianity),—but the old fire was burned out. His last seven years in America were most unhappy. Old friends fell away. The acerbity of his temper and the sensitiveness of his vanity kept new ones aloof. The bitterness of politics colored judgment, and he was accused of offenses he had never committed and of conduct impossible to him. An old man at seventy-two, he died broken with many griefs, to be remembered by a later age as "the great Commoner of Mankind."

FROM «THE CRISIS»

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THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to* TAX) but "to BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER"; and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that he has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils: and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain

can look up to heaven for help against us; a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretense as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth [fifteenth] century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware. . . .

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision,—the inevitable consequences of a long retreat,—bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centred in one; which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kinds of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care. . . .

Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish himself between temper and principle; and I am as confident as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not, nor does not, want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defense of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy; and thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city: should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined; if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle States: for he cannot go everywhere; it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the Tories have: he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish with all the devotion of a Christian that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two-years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge; call it rather the self-resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the *good* of *all*, have staked their *own all* upon a seemingly

doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness: eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on *this* State or *that* State, but on *every* State: up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel: better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone,—turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "*show your faith by your works*," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me or those that are in it, and to "*bind me in all cases whatsoever*" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel, and welcome,—I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing

allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons, too, who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them; they solace themselves with the hopes that the enemy, if he succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice: and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war; the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf, and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is, partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace: "*a peace which passeth all understanding*," *indeed!* a peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are well armed: this perhaps is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, *that* State must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is the principal link in the chain of mutual love; and woe be to that State that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction; and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapors of imagination: I bring reason to your ears, and, in language as plain as A B C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle: and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenseless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that with a handful of men we

sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate; for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp; and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils: a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians — and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture and weep over it! and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

COMMON SENSE.

December 23d, 1776.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

From the paper written on taking charge of the newly founded Pennsylvania Magazine, 1775. Reprinted from Moncure D. Conway's edition of 'The Writings of Thomas Paine.' Copyright 1894, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN A country whose reigning character is the love of science, it is somewhat strange that the channels of communication should continue so narrow and limited. The weekly papers are at present the only vehicles of public information. Convenience and necessity prove that the opportunities of acquiring and communicating knowledge ought always to enlarge with the circle of population. America has now outgrown the state of infancy: her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood; and science in all its branches has not only blossomed, but even ripened on the soil. The cottages as it were of yesterday have grown to villages, and the villages to cities; and while

proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, as if sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes hither for recovery.

The present enlarged and improved state of things gives every encouragement which the editor of a new magazine can reasonably hope for. The failure of former ones cannot be drawn as a parallel now. Change of times adds propriety to new measures. In the early days of colonization, when a whisper was almost sufficient to have negotiated all our internal concerns, the publishing even of a newspaper would have been premature. Those times are past; and population has established both their use and their credit. But their plan, being almost wholly devoted to news and commerce, affords but a scanty residence to the Muses. Their path lies wide of the field of science, and has left a rich and unexplored region for new adventures.

It has always been the opinion of the learned and curious, that a magazine, when properly conducted, is the nursery of genius; and by constantly accumulating new matter, becomes a kind of market for wit and utility. The opportunities which it affords to men of abilities to communicate their studies, kindle up a spirit of invention and emulation. An unexercised genius soon contracts a kind of mossiness, which not only checks its growth, but abates its natural vigor. Like an untenanted house it falls into decay, and frequently ruins the possessor. . . .

There is nothing which obtains so general an influence over the manners and morals of a people as the press; from *that*, as from a fountain, the streams of vice or virtue are poured forth over a country: and of all publications, none are more calculated to improve or infect than a periodical one. All others have their rise and their exit; but *this* renews the pursuit. If it has an evil tendency, it debauches by the power of repetition; if a good one, it obtains favor by the gracefulness of soliciting it. Like a lover, it woos its mistress with unabated ardor, nor gives up the pursuit without a conquest.

The two capital supports of a magazine are Utility and Entertainment: the first is a boundless path, the other an endless spring. To suppose that arts and sciences are exhausted subjects, is doing them a kind of dishonor. The divine mechanism of creation reproves such folly, and shows us by comparison the imperfection of our most refined inventions. I cannot believe that this species of vanity is peculiar to the present age only. I

have no doubt but that it existed before the Flood, and even in the wildest ages of antiquity. 'Tis folly we have inherited, not created; and the discoveries which every day produces have greatly contributed to dispossess us of it. Improvement and the world will expire together; and till that period arrives, we may plunder the mine, but can never exhaust it! That "*We have found out everything*," has been the motto of every age. Let our ideas travel a little into antiquity, and we shall find larger portions of it than now; and so unwilling were our ancestors to descend from this mountain of perfection, that when any new discovery exceeded the common standard the discoverer was believed to be in alliance with the Devil. It was not the ignorance of the age only, but the vanity of it, which rendered it dangerous to be ingenious. The man who first planned and erected a tenable hut, with a hole for the smoke to pass and the light to enter, was perhaps called an able architect; but he who first improved it with a chimney could be no less than a prodigy: yet had the same man been so unfortunate as to have embellished it with glass windows, he might probably have been burnt for a magician. Our fancies would be highly diverted could we look back and behold a circle of original Indians haranguing on the sublime perfection of the age; yet 'tis not impossible but future times may exceed us almost as much as we have exceeded them.

I would wish to extirpate the least remains of this impolitic vanity. It has a direct tendency to unbrace the nerves of invention, and is peculiarly hurtful to young colonies. A magazine can never want matter in America, if the inhabitants will do justice to their own abilities. Agriculture and manufactures owe much of their improvement in England to hints first thrown out in some of their magazines. Gentlemen whose abilities enabled them to make experiments, frequently chose that method of communication on account of its convenience. And why should not the same spirit operate in America? I have no doubt of seeing, in a little time, an American magazine full of more useful matter than I ever saw an English one: because we are not exceeded in abilities, have a more extensive field for inquiry; and whatever may be our political state, *our happiness will always depend upon ourselves.*

Something useful will always arise from exercising the invention, though perhaps, like the witch of Endor, we shall raise up a being we did not expect. We owe many of our noblest

discoveries more to accident than wisdom. In quest of a pebble we have found a diamond, and returned enriched with the treasure. Such happy accidents give additional encouragement to the making experiments; and the convenience which a magazine affords of collecting and conveying them to the public, enhances their utility. Where this opportunity is wanting, many little inventions, the forerunners of improvement, are suffered to expire on the spot that produced them; and as an elegant writer beautifully expresses on another occasion, they "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

In matters of humor and entertainment there can be no reason to apprehend a deficiency. Wit is naturally a volunteer, delights in action, and under proper discipline is capable of great execution. 'Tis a perfect master in the art of bush-fighting; and though it attacks with more subtilty than science, has often defeated a whole regiment of heavy artillery. Though I have rather exceeded the line of gravity in this description of wit, I am unwilling to dismiss it without being a little more serious. 'Tis a qualification which, like the passions, has a natural wildness that requires governing. Left to itself, it soon overflows its banks, mixes with common filth, and brings disrepute on the fountain. We have many valuable springs of it in America, which at present run purer streams than the generality of it in other countries. In France and Italy, 'tis froth highly fomented. In England it has much of the same spirit, but rather a browner complexion. European wit is one of the worst articles we can import. It has an intoxicating power with it, which debauches the very vitals of chastity, and gives a false coloring to everything it censures or defends. We soon grow fatigued with the excess, and withdraw like gluttons sickened with intemperance. On the contrary, how happily are the sallies of innocent humor calculated to amuse and sweeten the vacancy of business! We enjoy the harmless luxury without surfeiting, and strengthen the spirits by relaxing them. . . .

I consider a magazine as a kind of beehive, which both allures the swarm and provides room to store their sweets. Its division into cells gives every bee a province of his own; and though they all produce honey, yet perhaps they differ in their taste for flowers, and extract with greater dexterity from one than from another. Thus we are not all Philosophers, all Artists, nor all Poets.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY

(1796–1881)

IN THE preface to the fourth volume of his 'History of New England,' John Gorham Palfrey sets forth his conception of the significance of the work upon which he is engaged.

«The history of New England,» he writes, «is considered to be dry and unpicturesque. But by peculiar titles it deserves, beyond the record of dynastic intrigues and wars, to be known to the philosophical student of man and society, of Divine Providence, and of the progress of the race. In more stirring narratives one may read of the conflicts of furious human passions, of the baseness of men in high degree, of revolutions due to nothing worthy and issuing in nothing profitable. In the colonial history of New England, we follow the strenuous action of intelligent and honest men in building up a free, strong, enlightened, and happy State. With sagacity, promptitude, patience, and constancy, they hold their ground from age to age. Each generation trains the next in the lessons of liberty, and advances it to further attainments; and when the time comes for the result of the modest process to be disclosed, behold the establishment of the political independence of America, and the boundless spread of principles which are working for good in the politics of the world.»

JOHN G. PALFREY

Mr. Palfrey's New England ancestry must have influenced him not a little in forming this estimate of the importance of New England's development in the economy of international affairs. He himself was of a prominent Massachusetts family; his blood was rich in traditions of honor and godliness; he was an outgrowth of the soil upon which many generations had fought for the maintenance of high principles. His grandfather, Colonel William Palfrey, had been a paymaster-general in the Revolutionary army. Later he was appointed by the young Republic consul-general to France, but the vessel on which he sailed was lost at sea. John Gorham Palfrey was born at Boston in 1796. He graduated from Harvard in 1815, and in 1818 he accepted the charge of the Brattle Street Unitarian Church in his native city. The ministry was not

altogether congenial to him, and he entered gradually into other fields of activity. From 1831 to 1839 he held the Dexter professorship of Sacred Literature at Harvard; and from 1836 to 1843 he edited the North American Review. Towards the close of his editorship he was drawn into politics, or rather into the dignified and wholly worthy political life possible to a New England gentleman fifty years ago. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842; from 1844 to 1847 he was Secretary of State. The anti-slavery movement was attaining strength in the East during these years: Mr. Palfrey, who was a strong abolitionist, contributed a series of articles to the Boston Whig on the 'Progress of the Slave Power.' In 1847 he was sent to Congress as an anti-slavery Whig. Subsequently he was defeated in an election for the governorship of Massachusetts. After this defeat he devoted himself exclusively to his literary labors, taking office only once again, when from 1861 to 1866 he held the postmastership of Boston. He died at Cambridge in 1881.

Among Mr. Palfrey's minor works are his biography of his grandfather in Jared Sparks's 'Dictionary of American Biography'; his lectures on the 'Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities,' and his 'Evidences of Christianity.' His chief claim to distinction as a man of letters is founded, however, upon his 'History of New England.' The first three volumes of this important and significant work contain the record of New England's development under the Stuart dynasty. The fourth and fifth volumes bring the narrative to the year 1765.

Mr. Palfrey's merits as a historian are chiefly those of scholarship. He has drawn freely upon a large number of sources for the material of his work, and he has made organic use of this material. His historical record, while lacking in dramatic and humanistic elements, is remarkable for its clarity and dignity. It is written with the candor and sympathy of one who has become the spiritual heir to the fruits of the struggles which he describes. Through his scholarship, and through his catholic view of the significance of history, he is entitled to high rank among American historians.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT

From 'A Compendious History of New England.' Copyright 1873, by John Gorham Palfrey; 1883, by John Carver Palfrey. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

A YET worse trouble confronted the new Governor. He found a part of the people whom he was to rule in a state of distress and consternation, by reason of certain terrible manifestations during the last few weeks before his coming, attributed by them to the agency of the Devil, and of wicked men, women, and children, whom he had confederated with himself, and was using as his instruments.

The people of Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, like all other Christian people at that time and later,—at least, with extremely rare individual exceptions,—believed in the reality of a hideous crime called *witchcraft*. They thought they had Scripture for that belief, and they knew they had law for it, explicit and abundant; and with them law and Scripture were absolute authorities for the regulation of opinion and of conduct.

In a few instances, witches were believed to have appeared in the earlier years of New England. But the cases had been sporadic. The first instance of an execution for witchcraft is said to have occurred in Connecticut, soon after the settlement [1647, May 30th]; but the circumstances are not known, and the fact has been doubted. A year later, one Margaret Jones, of Charlestown in Massachusetts, and it has been said, two other women in Dorchester and Cambridge, were convicted and executed for the goblin crime. These cases appear to have excited no more attention than would have been given to the commission of any other felony, and no judicial record of them survives. A case much more observed was that of Mrs. Ann Hibbins, the widow of an immigrant of special distinction. He had been agent for the colony in England, and one of the Assistants. He had lost his property, and the melancholy and ill-temper to which his disappointed wife gave way appear to have exposed her to misconstructions and hatred; in the sequel of which she was convicted as a witch, and after some opposition on the part of the magistrates was hanged [1656, June].

With three or four exceptions,—for the evidence respecting the asserted sufferers at Dorchester and Cambridge is imperfect,—no person appears to have been punished for witchcraft in

Massachusetts, nor convicted of it, for more than sixty years after the settlement, though there had been three or four trials of other persons suspected of the crime. At the time when the question respecting the colonial charter was rapidly approaching an issue, and the public mind was in feverish agitation, the ministers sent out a paper of proposals for collecting facts concerning witchcraft [1681, May]. This brought out a work from President Mather entitled 'Illustrious Providences,' in which that influential person related numerous stories of the performances of persons leagued with the Devil [1684, January 31st].

The imagination of his restless young son was stimulated, and circumstances fed the flame. In the last year of the government of Andros [1688], a daughter, thirteen years old, of John Goodwin,—a mason living at the South End of Boston,—had a quarrel with an Irish washerwoman about some missing clothes. The woman's mother took it up, and scolded provokingly. Thereupon the wicked child, profiting, as it seems, by what she had been hearing and reading on the mysterious subject, "cried out upon her," as the phrase was, as a witch, and proceeded to act the part understood to be fit for a bewitched person; in which behavior she was presently joined by three others of the circle, one of them only four or five years old. Now they would lose their hearing, now their sight, now their speech; and sometimes all three faculties at once. They mewed like kittens; they barked like dogs. They could read fluently in Quaker books, in the 'Oxford Jests,' and in the 'Book of Common Prayer'; but not in the 'Westminster Catechism,' nor in John Cotton's 'Milk for Babes.' Cotton Mather prayed with one of them; but she lost her hearing, he says, when he began, and recovered it as soon as he finished. Four Boston ministers and one of Charlestown held a meeting, and passed a day in fasting and prayer, by which exorcism the youngest imp was "delivered." The poor woman, crazed with all this pother,—if in her right mind before,—and defending herself unskillfully in her foreign gibberish and with the volubility of her race, was interpreted as making some confession. A gossiping witness testified that six years before, she had heard another woman say that she had seen the accused come down a chimney. She was required to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English,—an approved test; but being a Catholic, she had never learned it in that language. She could recite it, after a fashion, in Latin; but she was no scholar, and made some

mistakes. The helpless wretch was convicted and sent to the gallows.

Cotton Mather took the oldest "afflicted" girl to his house, where she dexterously played upon his self-conceit to stimulate his credulity. She satisfied him that Satan regarded him as his most terrible enemy, and avoided him with especial awe. When he prayed or read in the Bible, she was seized with convulsion fits. When he called to family devotion, she would whistle, and sing, and scream, and pretend to try to strike and kick him; but her blows would be stopped before reaching his body, indicating that he was unassailable by the Evil One. Mather published an account of these transactions, with a collection of other appropriate matter. The treatise circulated not only in Massachusetts, but widely also in England, where it obtained the warm commendation of Richard Baxter; and it may be supposed to have had an important effect in producing the more disastrous delusion which followed three years after. The Goodwin children soon got well: in other words, they were tired of their atrocious foolery; and the death of their victim gave them a pretense for a return to decent behavior.

Mr. Samuel Parris was minister of a church in a part of Salem which was then called Salem Village, and which now as a separate town is known by the name of Danvers. He was a man of talents, and of repute for professional endowments, but avaricious and wrong-headed. Among his parishioners, at the time of his settlement and afterwards, there had been angry disputes about the election of a minister, which had never been composed. Neighbors and relations were embittered against each other. Elizabeth Parris, the minister's daughter, was now nine years old. A niece of his, eleven years old, lived in his family. His neighbor, Thomas Putnam, the parish clerk, had a daughter named Ann, twelve years of age. These children, with a few other young women, of whom two were as old as twenty years or thereabouts, had become possessed with a wild curiosity about the sorceries of which they had been hearing and reading, and used to hold meetings for study, if it may be so called, and practice. They learned to go through motions similar to those which had lately made the Goodwin children so famous. They forced their limbs into grotesque postures, uttered unnatural outcries, were seized with cramps and spasms, became incapable of speech and of motion. By-and-by they interrupted public worship.

Abigail Williams, Parris's niece, called aloud in church to the minister to "stand up and name his text." Ann Putnam cried out, "There is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat, as it hangs on the pin in the pulpit." The families were distressed. The neighbors were alarmed. The physicians were perplexed and baffled, and at length declared that nothing short of witchcraft was the trouble.

The families of the "afflicted children" assembled for fasting and prayer. Then the neighboring ministers were sent for, and held at Mr. Parris's house a prayer-meeting which lasted through the day. The children performed in their presence, and the result was a confirmation by the ministers of the opinion of the doctors. Of course the next inquiry was by whom the manifest witchcraft was exercised. It was presumed that the unhappy girls could give the answer. For a time they refused to do so. But at length, yielding to an importunity which it had become difficult to escape unless by an avowal of their fraud, they pronounced the names of Good, Osborn, and Tituba.

Tituba—half Indian, half negro—was a servant of Mr. Parris, brought by him from the West India Islands or the Spanish Main, where he had formerly been a merchant. Sarah Good was an old woman, miserably poor. Sarah Osborn had been prosperous in early life. She had been married twice, and her second husband was still living, but separated from her. Her reputation was not good, and for some time she had been bedridden, and in a disturbed nervous state. In the meeting-house of Salem village [March 1st], with great solemnity, and in the presence of a vast crowd, the three accused persons were arraigned before John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, of Salem, members of the Colonial Council. The "afflicted children" were confronted with them; prayer was made; and the examination proceeded with a questioning of Sarah Good, the other prisoners being for the time withdrawn.

When Good declared that she was falsely accused Hathorne "desired the children all of them to look at her; . . . and so they all did; . . . and presently they were all tormented." The prisoner was made to touch them, and then their torment ceased; the received doctrine being that by this contact the Satanic influence which had been emitted from the witch was drawn back into her. Similar proceedings were had with the other two prisoners. Tituba, whether in collusion with her young mistress.

or as was afterwards said, in consequence of having been scourged by Mr. Parris, confessed herself to be a witch, and charged Good and Osborn with being her accomplices. The evidence was then thought unexceptionable, and the three were committed to jail for trial.

Martha Corey and Rebecca Nourse were next cried out against. Both were church-members of excellent character; the latter seventy years of age. They were examined by the same magistrates, and sent to prison [March 21st — March 24th], and with them a child of Sarah Good, only four or five years old, also charged with diabolical practices. Mr. Parris preached upon the text, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Sarah Cloyse, understanding the allusion to be to Nourse, who was her sister, went out of church, and was accordingly cried out upon, examined, and committed. Elizabeth Procter was another person charged. The Deputy-Governor and five magistrates came to Salem for the examination of the two prisoners last named [April 11th]. Procter appealed to one of the children who was accusing her. "Dear child," she said, "it is not so; there is another judgment, dear child:" and presently they denounced as a witch her husband, who stood by her side [April 18th]. A week afterwards, warrants were issued for the apprehension of four other suspected persons; and a few days later [April 30th] for three others, one of whom, Philip English, was the principal merchant of Salem. On the same day, on the information of one of the possessed girls, an order was sent to Maine for the arrest of George Burroughs, formerly a candidate for the ministry at Salem Village, and now minister of Wells. The witness said that Burroughs, besides being a wizard, had killed his first two wives, and other persons whose ghosts has appeared to her and denounced him.

Charges now came in rapidly. George Jacobs, an old man, and his granddaughter, were sent to prison [May 10th]. "You tax me for a wizard," said he to the magistrates: "you may as well tax me for a buzzard; I have done no harm." They tried him with repeating the Lord's Prayer, which it was thought impossible for a witch to do. According to Parris's record, "he missed in several parts of it." His accusers persisted. "Well, burn me or hang me," said he, "I will stand in the truth of Christ; I know nothing of the matter, any more than the child that was born to-night." Among others, John Willard was now

apprehended. As a constable he had served in the arrest and custody of some of the reputed witches. But he came to see the absurdity of the thing, and was said to have uttered something to the effect that it was the magistrates that were bewitched, and those who cheered them on. Willard was forthwith cried out against as a wizard, and committed for trial [May 18th].

Affairs were in this condition when the King's Governor arrived [May 14th]. About a hundred alleged witches were now in jail, awaiting trial. Their case was one of the first matters to which his attention was called. Without authority for so doing,—for by the charter which he represented, the establishment of judicial courts was a function of the General Court,—he proceeded to institute a special commission of Oyer and Terminer, consisting of seven magistrates, first of whom was the hard, obstinate, narrow-minded Stoughton. The commissioners applied themselves to their office without delay. Their first act [June 2d] was to try Bridget Bishop, against whom an accusation twenty years old, and retracted by its author on his death-bed, had been revived. The court sentenced her to die by hanging, and she was accordingly hanged at the end of eight days. Cotton Mather, in his account of the proceedings, relates that as she passed along the street under guard, Bishop "had given a look towards the great and spacious meeting-house of Salem, and immediately a dæmon, invisibly entering the house, tore down a part of it." It may be guessed that a plank or a partition had given way under the pressure of the crowd of lookers-on collected for so extraordinary a spectacle.

At the end of another four weeks the court sat again [June 30th], and sentenced five women, two of Salem, and one each of Amesbury, Ipswich, and Topsfield, all of whom were executed, protesting their innocence [July 19th]. In respect to one of them, Rebecca Nourse, a matron eminent for piety and goodness, a verdict of acquittal was first rendered. But Stoughton sent the jury out again, reminding them that in her examination, in reference to certain witnesses against her who had confessed their own guilt, she had used the expression, "they came among us." Nourse was deaf, and did not catch what had been going on. When it was afterwards repeated to her, she said that by the *coming among us* she meant that they had been in prison together. But the jury adopted the court's interpretation of the words as signifying an acknowledgment that they had met at a witch orgy.

The Governor was disposed to grant her a pardon. But Parris, who had an ancient grudge against her, interfered and prevailed. On the last communion day before her execution, she was taken into church, and formally excommunicated by Noyes, her minister.

Of six persons tried at the next session of the court [August 5th], the Reverend George Burroughs, a graduate of Harvard College, was one. At a certain point of the proceedings the young people pretending to have suffered from him stood mute. Stoughton asked who hindered them from telling their story. "The Devil, I suppose," said Burroughs. "Why should the Devil be so careful to suppress evidence against you?" retorted the judge, and with the jury this encounter of wits told hardly against the prisoner [August 19th]. His behavior at his execution strongly impressed the spectators in his favor. "When he was upon the ladder, he made a speech for the clearing of his innocency, with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present. His prayer (which he concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer) was so well worded, and uttered with such composedness, and such (at least, seeming) fervency of spirit as was very affecting, and drew tears from many, so that it seemed to many the spectators would hinder the execution. Cotton Mather, who was present on horseback, made them a quieting harangue. The accusers said the Black Man stood and dictated to him."

In the course of the next month, in which the Governor left Boston for a short tour of inspection in the Eastern country, fifteen persons — six women in one day, and on another eight women and one man — were tried, convicted, and sentenced. Eight of them were hanged [September 9th, September 17th, September 22d, September 19th]. The brave Giles Corey, eighty years of age, being arraigned, refused to plead. He said that the whole thing was an imposture, and that it was of no use to put himself on his trial, for every trial had ended in a conviction,— which was the fact. It is shocking to relate that, suffering the penalty of the English common law for a contumacious refusal to answer,— the *peine forte et dure*,— he was pressed to death with heavy weights laid on his body. By not pleading he intended to protect the inheritance of his children, which, as he had been informed, would by a conviction of felony have been forfeit to the crown.

In the following month [October] the malady broke out in another neighborhood. One Ballard, of the town of Andover, whose wife was ill in a way that perplexed their medical friend, sent to Salem to see what light could be obtained from the witch-detectors there. A party of them came to his help, and went to work with vigor. More than fifty persons at Andover fell under accusation, some of the weaker minded of whom were brought to confess themselves guilty not only of afflicting their neighbors, but of practicing such exercises as riding on animals and on sticks through the air.

There were no executions, however, after those which have been mentioned as occurring on one day of each of four successive months. There had been twenty human victims, Corey included; besides two dogs, their accomplices in the mysterious crime. Fifty persons had obtained a pardon by confessing; a hundred and fifty were in prison awaiting trial; and charges had been made against two hundred more. The accusers were now flying at high quarries. Hezekiah Usher, known to the reader as an ancient magistrate of fair consideration, was complained of; and Mrs. Thacher, mother-in-law of Corwin, the justice who had taken the earliest examinations. Zeal in pushing forward the prosecutions began to seem dangerous; for what was to prevent an accused person from securing himself by confession, and then revenging himself on the accuser by arraigning him as a former ally?

Mrs. Hale, wife of the minister of Beverly who had been active in the prosecutions, and Dudley Bradstreet of Andover, the old Governor's son, who had granted warrants for the commitment of some thirty or forty alleged witches, were now accused. The famous name of John Allyn, Secretary of Connecticut, was uttered in whispers. There had even begun to be a muttering about Lady Phips, the Governor's wife; and Mr. Willard, then minister of the Old South Church in Boston, and afterwards head of the College, who, after yielding to the infatuation in its earliest stage, had made himself obnoxious and suspected by partially retracing his steps. People began now to be almost as wild with the fear of being charged with witchcraft, or having the charge made against their friends, as they had been with the fear of suffering from its spells. The visitation, shocking as it had been, had been local. It had been almost confined to some towns of Essex County. In other parts of the

province the public mind was calmer, or was turned in the different direction of disgust at the insane tragedies, and dread of their repetition. A person in Boston, whose name had begun to be used dangerously by the informers at Andover, instituted an action for defamation, laying his damages at a thousand pounds; a measure which, while it would probably have been ruinous to him had he made a mistake in choosing his time, was now found, at the turning of the tide, to have a wholesome effect.

After the convictions which were last mentioned, the Commission Court which had conducted the trials adjourned for two months. Thanks to the good sense of the people, it never met again. Before the time designated for its next session, the General Court of the Province assembled, and the cry of the oppressed and miserable came to their ear. The General Court superseded the Court of Special Commission, the agent of all the cruelty, by constituting a regular tribunal of supreme jurisdiction [November 25th]. When that court met at the appointed time, reason had begun to resume her sway; and the grand jury at once threw out more than half of the presentments [1693, January 3d]. They found true bills against twenty-six persons. The evidence against these was as good as any that had proved fatal in former trials; but only three of the arraigned were found guilty, and all these were pardoned. One of them may have owed her conviction to a sort of rude justice: she had before confessed herself a witch, and charged her husband, who was hanged on her information. Stoughton, who had been made Chief Justice, showed his disapprobation of the pardons by withdrawing from the bench with passionate anger [February 21st]. Phips wrote to the Lords of Trade a disingenuous letter, in which he attempted to divert from himself, chiefly at Stoughton's expense, whatever blame might be attached to the recent transactions; it even appeared to imply, what was contrary to the fact, that the executions did not begin till after his departure from Boston to the Eastern country.

The drunken fever-fit was now over, and with returning sobriety came profound contrition and disgust. A few still held out against the return of reason. There are some men who never own that they have been in the wrong, and a few men who are forever incapable of seeing it. Stoughton, with his bulldog stubbornness, that might in other times have made him a St. Dominic, continued to insist that the business had been all

right, and that the only mistake was in putting a stop to it. Cotton Mather was always infallible in his own eyes. In the year after the executions he had the satisfaction of studying another remarkable case of possession in Boston; but when it and the treatise which he wrote upon it failed to excite much attention, and it was plain that the tide had set the other way, he soon got his consent to let it run at its own pleasure, and turned his excursive activity to other objects. Saltonstall, horrified by the rigor of his colleagues, had resigned his place in the commission at an early period of the operations. When reason returned, Parris, the Salem minister, was driven from his place by the calm and decent, but irreconcilable, indignation of his parishioners. Noyes, his well-intentioned but infatuated neighbor in the First Parish, devoting the remainder of his life to peaceful and Christian service, caused his church to cancel by a formal and public act [1712] their excommunication of the blameless Mrs. Nourse, who had died his peculiar victim.

Members of some of the juries, in a written public declaration, acknowledged the fault of their wrongful verdicts, entreated forgiveness, and protested that, "according to their present minds, they would none of them do such things again, on such grounds, for the whole world; praying that this act of theirs might be accepted in way of satisfaction for their offense." A day of General Fasting was proclaimed by authority, to be observed throughout the jurisdiction, in which the people were invited to pray that "whatever mistakes on either hand had been fallen into, either by the body of this people, or by any orders of men, referring to the late tragedy raised among us by Satan and his instruments, through the awful judgment of God, he would humble them therefor, and pardon all the errors of his servants and people." On that day [1696, January 14th] Judge Sewall rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston, handed to the desk a paper acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that the Divine displeasure thereof might be stayed against the country, his family, and himself," and remained standing while it was read by the minister. To the end of his long life, the penitent and much-respected man kept every year a private day of humiliation and prayer on the same account. Twenty-eight years after, he prays in an entry in his diary in reference to the transaction, "The good and gracious God be pleased to save New England, and me and

my family!" Ann Putnam, one of the three beginners of the mischief, after thirteen years, came out of the long conflict between her conscience and her shame, with a most affecting declaration of her remorse and grief, now on record in the books of the Danvers church. Twenty years after, the General Court made grants to the heirs of the sufferers, in acknowledgment of their pecuniary losses. "Some of them [the witch accusers] proved profligate persons," says Governor Hutchinson, "abandoned to all vice; others passed their days in obscurity and contempt."

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE

(1826–1888)

A STRANGE personality, inviting a strange life, a career of curious and indeed of highly romantic interest, yet of imperfect fruitfulness — such is the summary of Palgrave's individuality, and of his sixty-two busy years of work and wandering. An assortment of mysteries, intangible and confused, hung about him while he lived. His death did not answer many significant and open personal questions. Scholar, poet, soldier, missionary-priest, traveler, lecturer, learned Orientalist and linguist, Arabian explorer, doctor, spy, secret agent, diplomatist,— Palgrave was all these; and in them all the real Palgrave appeared, to friend or to foe, chiefly in fragmentary and uncertain aspects.

WILLIAM G. PALGRAVE

The second son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the English historical writer and antiquarian, William Gifford Palgrave was born in Westminster, January 24th, 1826. He distinguished himself in belles-lettres as a Charterhouse schoolboy, and graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, when only twenty, after an exceptionally short University residence. The East had already much attracted him. Rejecting high opportunities of distinction opening to him in England through his father's powerful influences, he entered the Indian service as a lieutenant in the Eighth Bombay Regiment. His superior education, his firmness of mind, and his temperamental adaptation for Eastern military life, insured his advance in the service; but here again Palgrave's tendency to turn from anything like committing himself in a given direction, and working out his material welfare in commonplace method, seem to have affected his future. His head was already full of Oriental literature; and it is said that not a little merely through his study of such a work as 'Antar,' he felt he must meet the less familiar life and less accessible peoples of the East on another than military footing,— one far more intimate. He had, too, at this time strong religious convictions and aspirations. He entered the Roman Catholic Church, became a Jesuit in Madras, and was ordained a priest.

For the next fifteen years Palgrave was an extremely hard-worked Jesuit missioner in Southern India. In June 1853 he went to Rome. There he met with distinguished attention, though in an unobtrusive — in fact, almost a clandestine — way. It may be said that he was early a complete master of half a dozen European tongues, in addition to as many of the languages or dialects of the East. He learned a language with something like preternatural quickness; though he forgot one quite as suddenly, as soon as not needed in his affairs. In the autumn of the year that had found him in Rome, he was sent to Syria, and conducted most successfully some valuable missionary undertakings at Zahleh. He was a born proselytist. Syria and the Syrians, Arabia and the Arabians, became an open book to him. With the persecution of the Maronite Christians from the Druses, the Maronites were anxious that he should be their actual leader in the war. This, however, he declined to do, although he bestirred himself actively, quite as far as any priest could becomingly go, in the task of the practical military instruction of the dismayed Maronites. The massacre of June 1861 nearly cost him his life; in fact, he just escaped. His Syrian mission now interrupted, he became an Occidental again. He revisited Europe; lectured in Great Britain on the Syrian massacres, and was requested by Napoleon III. of France to furnish authoritative data as to them. This he did with much success, meeting with a most cordial personal interest on the Emperor's part.

So perfectly could Palgrave assume the Oriental,— especially the Arab, Syrian, or Levantine,— so complete had become his knowledge of the races of the East and of shades of Eastern character and religion, that in 1862, after his return to Syria, he undertook one of the most dangerous and adventurous tests of his genius for acting in character. Mohammedanism he had by heart. He was able to be a Mussulman among Mussulmans. He knew every shade of Islamic orthodoxy and Islamic heterodoxy; and he could quote the higgling commentators on the Koran as literally as he could cite the Most Perspicuous Book itself. The French government felt special interest at this time in learning definite particulars of the attitude toward France of Central Arabia proper, with its group of little known central tribes, and isolated towns and peoples; and France also wished to ascertain how far the finer Arabian blood stock could be procured for bettering the breed of French horses. At the same time Palgrave himself was desirous of determining whether Central Arabia offered a real and safe field for Catholic mission work. The district he was asked to traverse and to study on these errands included that portion of Arabia most out of touch with all European sounding; and more of a difficulty than that, it was one savagely fanatical in its

Mohammedan orthodoxy. It was a territory in which no European traveler would be tolerated. To visit it invited death. Palgrave accordingly began and completed his tour in disguise. He penetrated to Hofhuf, Raïd, and to other centres of Mohammedan and Wahabee religiosity, as a traveling Syrian physician. He nearly came to grief two or three times; but by his assurance and his perfect familiarity with his surroundings, he escaped more than some troublesome and passing suspicions. He even gained the actual favor of the most exclusive authorities of the Peninsula; and pursuing his explorations, drew his various conclusions with complete success, and returned with his head on his shoulders, to write one of the most fascinating records of Arabian wanderings ever penned — his 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia' (1865).

No sooner was one task of travel ended than Palgrave was ready for a new one. An Abyssinian journey occupied the summer of 1865, when he was commissioned to obtain the release of Mr. Cameron, the consul, and of other English captives, from the clutches of King Theodore. He remained in Egypt, under government instructions, till 1866; and then after a short visit to England he became the British consular representative at Soukhoum Kalé. Many years of government service, travel, and exploration followed, including wanderings (frequently in disguise) through Asia Minor, the Euphrates country, Anatolia, and Persia. He continued his consular duties by accepting posts in Manila and Bangkok, and also studied Farther India assiduously while residing in it. Finally the current of his interests and official appointments set westerly; and after consular services in the West Indies and Uruguay, he died at Montevideo in September 1888. During the latter portion of his life he became sufficiently interested in Shintoism to lapse from his Christian belief; but before his death he repudiated what had been but an imperfect apostasy, and received the last sacraments of the church of his youth and middle age. His remains were brought with affectionate care from the Uruguay city where he passed away. He is buried in Fulham.

So far as Palgrave's mind and work, and especially his exquisite knowledge of Eastern life and peoples, have a literary representation, we find it in the 'Narrative' of his risky expedition through Central Arabia; and not less clearly in one bit of fiction of astonishing brilliancy, sincerity, and vividness. This last is 'Hermann Agha.' It is to all intents a love story, withal a short and sad one. The material in this tale, wholly Oriental, and modern-Oriental as well, is slight. There is little between its covers, when we compare the slender book with the elaborate romances of less authoritative but more pretentious tale-tellers in Orientalism. But it is a transcript from the

passionate heart and the fatalistic soul of the East. The directness and emotional intensity of the story hold the reader under an irresistible spell from beginning to end. It has been said, on one or another authority, that in 'Hermann Agha' Palgrave ventured (disguised to the last) to embody a considerable autobiographic element, and reminiscences that were quite personal to himself. This can scarcely be clear to the uninitiated reader of 'Hermann Agha'; but hardly a character or passage in the tale reads like the creation of a novelist's mere fancy, however sensitive or robust.

THE NIGHT RIDE IN THE DESERT

From 'Hermann Agha'

[Hermann Agha, the narrator and hero of Palgrave's dramatic love story of Arabia, has learned that his affianced wife Zahra is being carried away into a distant part of the desert country by the Emeer Daghfel, who has the consent of Zahra's parents to a marriage with the young girl. Hermann, his friends Moharib, Aman, and Modarrib, and others, make up a small troop and hurry to overtake the bridal train. The following admirable descriptive episode is part of the chapter setting forth their romantic pursuit.]

We all left the garden together; there was plenty of occupation for every one in getting himself, his horse, his weapons, and his traveling-gear, ready for the night and the morrow. Our gathering-place was behind a dense palm grove that cut us off from the view and observation of the village; there our comrades arrived, one after another, all fully equipped, till the whole band of twelve had reassembled. The cry of the night prayers, proclaimed from the mosque roof, had long died away into silence; the last doubtful streak of sunset faded from the west, accompanied by the thin white crescent of the young moon; night still cloudless, and studded with innumerable stars, depth over depth, reigned alone. Without a word we set forth into what seemed the trackless expanse of desert, our faces between west and south,—the direction across which the Emeer Daghfel and his caravan were expected to pass.

More than ever did the caution now manifested by my companions, who were better versed than myself in adventures of the kind, impress me with a sense, not precisely of the danger, but of the seriousness of the undertaking. Two of the Benoo-Riah, —Harith and Modarrib,—whom the tacit consent of the rest designated for that duty, took the advance as scouts, riding far

out ahead into the darkness, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left, in order that timely notice might be given to the rest of us should any chance meeting or suspicious obstacle occur on the way. A third, Ja'ad es-Sabāsib himself, acted, as beseemed his name, for guide; he rode immediately in front of our main body. The rest of us held close together, at a brisk walking pace, from which we seldom allowed our beasts to vary; indeed, the horses themselves, trained to the work, seemed to comprehend the necessity of cautiousness, and stepped on warily and noiselessly.

Every man in the band was dressed alike. Though I retained, I had carefully concealed my pistols; the *litham* disguised my foreign features, and to any superficial observer, especially at night, I was merely a Bedouin of the tribe, with my sword at my side, and my lance couched, Benoo-Riah fashion, alongside of my horse's right ear. Not a single word was uttered by any one of the band, as following Ja'ad's guidance — who knew every inch of the ground, to my eyes utterly unmeaning and undistinguishable — we glided over the dry plain. At another time I might perhaps have been inclined to ask questions; but now the nearness of expectation left no room for speech. Besides, I had been long enough among the men of the desert to have learnt from them their habit of invariable silence when journeying by night. Talkative at other times, they then become absolutely mute. Nor is this silence of theirs merely a precaution due to the insecurity of the road, which renders it unadvisable for the wayfarer to give any superfluous token of his presence: it is quite as much the result of a powerful, though it may well be most often an unconscious, sympathy with the silence of nature around.

Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins and the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once worshiped Dog Star, and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze; and looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak: till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below, a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn, then vanishes.

Silent: not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight. The Wolf's Tail has not yet

shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heavens is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech. The very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared forever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us: you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice — what you will. It is none of these: it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that: it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes: they are the rapid slopes of sand-hills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert over the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.

Silent we go on; the eyes and thoughts of the Bedouins are fixed, now on the tracks,—for there are many, barely distinguishable to a few yards before them through the gloom,—now on the pebble-strewn surface beneath their horses' hoofs; at times on some bright particular star near the horizon; while occasionally they turn an uneasy glance to right or left, as though half anticipating some unfriendly figure about to start out of the gloom. Moharib rode generally alongside of Ja'ad, with whom he exchanged, but not often, signs or low whispers; Aman kept close to me. I, who had long before made a separate astral calculation for each successive night of the year (a useful amusement in my frequent journeys), and for whom almost every star has a tale to tell of so many hours elapsed since sunset, so many remaining to the dawn, continue gazing on the vault above, also thinking. Our horses' pace never varies; no new object breaks the monotonous gloom of our narrow horizon; the night seems as though it had no end; we all grow drowsy, and go on as if in an evil dream.

Aman draws forth from the loose breast-folds of his dress a small clay pipe. The elegant workmanship of the bowl, and the blue ornaments of its rim, declare it to be of Mosool manufacture. Aided more by feeling than by sight, he proceeds deliberately to fill it from a large tobacco pouch, made of cloth, once gayly embroidered, now sadly stained and tarnished; carefully arranging the yellow 'Irak tobacco (the only quality obtainable south of Bagdad, and of which we had laid in the necessary store at Showey'rat) with the coarse broken stalks undermost, and the fine dust-like leaf particles for a covering above. Next, with a single blow on the flint, he strikes a light, lays it delicately on the top, replaces the wire-work cupola over the pipe's mouth, and smokes like a man who intends to make the most of his enjoyment, and who economizes his pleasure that it may last the longer.

He is not long alone in this proceeding; for whether seeking a remedy against sleepiness, or ennui, or perhaps both, Musa'ab quickens his pace a little, and bringing his horse alongside of Aman's, asks for a light in his turn. But his pipe is not all for himself, Howeyrith claiming a share in it; whilst the negro, Shebeeb, considers his complexion sufficient warrant for taking a pull in company with Aman. I myself, though a minute before absent, or nearly so, from everything around in thought, am aroused from my revery by the pleasant smell of the smoke, and ask also for a light, which Aman gives me. All the others, Ja'ad and Moharib alone excepted, follow the example.

The night air freshens, it blows from the east. Looking round somewhat backward on our left, we see a faint yellow gauze of light, a spear-shaped ray; it is the zodiacal harbinger of the sun. It widens, it deepens,—for brighten that dull ray does not,—and the hope it permits of a nearer halt arouses us one and all from our still recurring torpor. The air grows cooler yet; the kaffeeyehs are rearranged around each chin, and the mantles—some black, some striped, some dusky red—are wrapt closer to every form.

Suddenly, almost startling in that suddenness, the morning-star flashes up, exactly in the central base of the dim eastern pyramid of nebulous outline. Sa'ad, Doheym, Musa'ab, myself—all of us instinctively look first at the pure silver drop, glistening over the dark desert marge; and then at Ja'ad, as though entreating him to notice it also, and to take the hint it gives. He rides on and makes no sign. Yet half an hour more of march; during

which time the planet of my love has risen higher and higher, with a rapidity seemingly disproportionate to the other stars; and through the doubtful twilight I see Harith and Modarrib, our night-long outriders, nearing and falling in with the rest of our party. They know we have not much farther to go. Before us a low range of sand-heaps, already tinged above with something of a reddish reflect, on which the feathery *ghada* grows in large dusky patches, points out the spot where Ja'ad had determined hours before should be our brief morning rest. Once arrived among the hillocks, Ja'ad reconnoitres them closely, then draws rein and dismounts; we all do the same; I, mechanically.

The horses are soon picketed, one close by the other; there is no fear of vicious kicking or biting among these high-bred animals. Next, leaving only the cloths that have served for saddles on their backs, we lighten them of their remaining loads: an easy task; for except two pair of small water-skins, and a few almost empty saddle-bags, more tassel than contents, there is not much to relieve them of.

Aman, thoroughly tired with the night's march, and little troubled by cares either for the future or the present, had quickly scooped away the soft cool sand into a comfortable hollow, arranged a heap of it for a pillow, and in half a minute lay there asleep and motionless like one dead. The other Benoo-Riahees did the same. Ja'ad and Moharib first made up for their previous abstinence by smoking each a half-filled pipe, then followed the general example. For a few minutes longer I sat, the unbidden watchman of the party, looking at them; sighed; looked again; soon I felt my ideas growing confused, and hastily clearing away in my turn somewhat of the sand, took my saddle-bags, folded them, laid them under my head, and almost instantly fell into dreamless slumber.

My sleep could not have lasted a full hour when with a shiver, so freshly blew the easterly breeze of the morning, I awoke. Rising I drew round me the woolen cloak which had fallen away on one side, leaving me partly uncovered in my uneasy though heavy sleep, and sat up. I looked about me, first at my comrades: they all lay yet slumbering, every one his spear stuck into the sand at his head, rolled up in their cloaks, some one way, some another; then at the narrow belt of sand-hills, among which he had alighted in the gloaming. They circled us in at forty or fifty yards distant on every side. The clear rays

of the early sun entered the hollow here and there through gaps between the hillocks; but on most points they were still shut out, and the level light silvered rather than gilded the sand margin around. Except my own, not an eye was open, not a limb stirred; the very horses were silent and motionless as their masters.

"Am I nearer to or further than ever from my hopes?" said I to myself, as I gazed at the pure blue sky above me, the heaped-up sand below, the tufted *ghada* on the slopes, the sleeping men, and the patient, drooping horses; "and to what purpose is all this? Fool! and a fool's errand! No: anyhow, love is love, and life life; better to attempt and lose than never to attempt at all. Poor Moharib, too! on a venture not his own. I wonder what his presentiments betoken; I feel none. No hint of to-day's future or to-morrow's. And *she* meanwhile — where is she at this very moment? near or far? and does she expect me now? Has she any information of our intent? any guess? and how shall I find her when we meet? But shall we indeed meet? and how? If this attempt fail, what remains? Lucky fellows," thought I, with a look on the heavy-breathing Aman and Harith where they lay side by side. "They at least have all the excitement of the enterprise without any of the distressful anxieties; or rather, without that one great, miserable anxiety, What is the end?"

THE LAST MEETING

From 'Hermann Agha'

[The pursuit accomplished, Hermann Agha reaches at night the encampment of his rival, who is carrying away Zahra. As Hermann and his followers purpose an immediate attack and rescue, the young lover audaciously decides to steal to the tent in which his betrothed is lodged, to have a first interview with her, and perhaps to bring about by stealth an immediate flight, to the avoidance of a battle.]

We reached the hollow. Not a sound was heard. Had the encampment been twenty miles away the quiet could not have been more complete. Softly we dismounted,— Moharib, Harith, Aman, and I; gave our horses and our spears in charge of Doheym and Ja'ad; took off our cloaks and laid them on the sand; and in our undergarments, with no arms but sword and knife, prepared ourselves for the decisive attempt.

I did not think, I had no leisure to think, as we clambered up the loose bank, half earth, half sand; the position required the fullest attention every moment: an incautious movement, a slip, a sound, and the whole encampment would be on foot, to the forfeit not of my life, not of all our lives only,—that I should have reckoned a light thing,—but of my love also. One by one we reached the summit: before us stood the tents, just visible in dark outline; all around was open shadow; no moving figure broke its stillness, no voice or cry anywhere; nor did any light appear at first in the tents. The entire absence of precaution showed how unexpected was our visit: so far was well; my courage rose, my hope also.

Following the plan we had agreed on, we laid ourselves flat on the sand, and so dragged ourselves forward on and on, hardly lifting our heads a little to look round from time to time, till we found ourselves near the front tent furthest on the left. No one had stirred without, and the tent itself was silent as a grave. Round it, and round the tent that stood next behind it, we crawled slowly on, stopping now and then, and carefully avoiding the getting entangled among the pegs and outstretched ropes. Above all, we gave the widest berth possible to what appeared in the darkness like four or five blackish mounds on the sand, and which were in fact guards, wrapped up in their cloaks; and fortunately for us, fast asleep.

When he had arrived at the outside corner of the encampment, Harith stopped, and remained crouched on the ground where the shade was deepest; it was his place of watch. Twenty or twenty-five paces further on, Aman at my order did the same. Moharib accompanied me till, having fairly turned the camp, we came close behind Zahra's tent, in which I now observed for the first time that a light was burning. Here Moharib also stretched himself flat on his face, to await me when I should issue forth from among the curtains.

And now, as if on purpose to second our undertaking, arrived unsought-for the most efficacious help that we could have desired to our concealment. While crossing the sandy patch, I had felt on my face a light puff of air, unusually damp and chill. Looking up, I perceived a vapory wreath, as of thin smoke, blown along the ground. It was the mist; and accustomed to the desert and its phenomena, I knew that in less than half an hour more the dense autumn fog would have set in, veiling earth and every-

thing on it till sunrise. This time, however, the change in the atmosphere was quicker than usual; so that before I had got behind the tent range, the thickness of the air would hardly have allowed any object to be seen at a few yards' distance, even had it been daylight. As it was, the darkness was complete.

Creeping forward, I gradually loosened one of the side pegs that made the tent-wall between the ropes fast to the ground. Through the opened chink a yellow ray of light shot forth into the fog; the whole tent seemed to be lighted up within. Hastily I reclosed the space, while a sudden thrill of dread ran through me: some maid, some slave might be watching. Or what if I had been mistaken in the tent itself? What if not she but others were there? Still there was no help for it now; the time of deliberation had gone by: proceed I must and I would, whatever the consequences.

Once more I raised the goat's-hair hangings, and peeped in. I could see the light itself, a lamp placed on the floor in front, and burning: but nothing moved; no sound was heard. I crawled further on my hands and knees, till the whole interior of the tent came into view. It was partly covered with red strips of curtain, and the ground itself was covered with carpets. Near the light a low couch, formed by two mattresses one upon the other, had been spread; some one lay on it;—O God! *she* lay there!

The stillness of the night, the hour, the tent, of her sleep, her presence, her very unconsciousness, awed, overpowered me. For a moment I forgot my own purpose, everything. To venture in seemed profanation; to arouse her, brutal, impious. Yet how had I come, and for what? Then in sudden view all that had been since that last night of meeting at Diar-Bekr stood distinct before me; more yet, I saw my comrades on their watch outside, the horses in the hollow; I saw the morrow's sun shine bright on our haven of refuge, on our security of happiness. Self-possessed and resolute again, I armed myself with the conscience of pure love, with the memory and assurance of hers, and entered.

Letting the hangings drop behind me, I rose to my feet; my sword was unsheathed, my knife and dagger were ready in my belt; my pistols, more likely to prove dangerous than useful at this stage of the enterprise, I had left below with my horse. Then, barefoot and on tiptoe, I gently approached the mattress

couch. It was covered all over with a thin sheet of silken gauze; upon this a second somewhat thicker covering, also of silk, had been cast: and there, her head on a silken rose-colored pillow, she lay, quiet as a child.

I can see her now,—thus continued Hermann, gazing fixedly on the air before him, and speaking not as though to his friend but to some one far off,—I can see her even now. She was robed from head to foot in a light white dress, part silk, part cotton, and ungirdled; she rested half turning to her right side; her long black hair, loosened from its bands, spread in heavy masses of glossy waviness, some on her pillow, some on her naked arm and shoulder, ebony on ivory; one arm was folded under her head, the other hung loosely over the edge of the mattress, till the finger-tips almost touched the carpet. Her face was pale,—paler, I thought, than before; but her breathing came low, calm, and even, and she smiled in her sleep.

Standing thus by her side, I remained awhile without movement, and almost without breath. I could have been happy so to remain for ever. To be with her, even though she neither stirred nor spoke, was Paradise: I needed neither sign nor speech to tell me her thoughts; I knew them to be all of love for me,—love not rash nor hasty, but pure, deep, unaltered, unalterable as the stars in heaven. It was enough: could this last, I had no more to seek. But a slight noise outside the tent, as if of some one walking about the camp, roused me to the sense of where I was, and what was next to be done. I must awaken her; yet how could I do so without startling or alarming her?

Kneeling softly by the couch, I took in mine the hand that even in sleep seemed as if offered to me, gently raised it to my lips, and kissed it. She slumbered quietly on. I pressed her fingers, and kissed them again and yet again with increasing warmth and earnestness. Then at last becoming conscious, she made a slight movement, opened her eyes, and awoke.

"What! you, Ahmed!" she said, half rising from the bed: "I was just now dreaming about you. Is it really you? and how came you here?—who is with you?—are you alone?" These words she accompanied with a look of love full as intense as my own; but not unmixed with anxiety, as she glanced quickly round the tent.

"Dearest Zahra! sister! my heart! my life!" I whispered, and at once caught her in my arms. For a moment she rested in

my embrace; then recollecting herself, the place, the time, drew herself free again.

"Did you not expect me, Zahra?" I added; "had you no foreknowledge, no anticipation, of this meeting? or could you think that I should so easily resign you to another?"

The tears stood in her eyes. "Not so," she answered; "but I thought, I had intended, that the risk should be all my own. I knew you were on our track, but did not imagine you so near; none else in the caravan guessed anything. You have anticipated me by a night, one night only; and — O God! — at what peril to yourself! Are you aware that sixty chosen swordsmen of Benoo-Sheyban are at this moment around the tent? O Ahmed! O my brother! What have you ventured? Where are you come?"

In a few words, as few as possible, I strove to allay her fears. I explained all to her: told her of the measures we had taken, the preparations we had made, the horse waiting, the arms ready to escort and defend her; and implored her to avail herself of them without delay.

Calmly she listened; then, blushing deeply, "It is well, my brother," she said; "I am ready." Thus saying, she caught up her girdle from the couch, and began to gather her loosened garments about her, and to fasten them for the journey. No sign of hesitation now appeared, hardly even of haste. Her eye was bright, but steady; her color heightened; her hand free from tremor.

But even as she stooped to gather up her veil from the pillow on which she had laid it, and prepared to cast it over her head, she suddenly started, hearkened, raised herself upright, stood still an instant, and then, putting her hand on my arm, whispered, "We are betrayed: listen!"

Before she had finished speaking I heard a rustle outside, a sound of steps, as of three or four persons, barefoot and cautious in their advance, coming towards the front of the tent. I looked at Zahra: she had now turned deadly pale; her eyes were fixed on the curtained entrance: yet in her look I read no fear, only settled, almost desperate resolution. My face was, I do not doubt, paler even than hers; my blood chilled in my veins. Instinctively we each made to the other a sign for silence — a sign indeed superfluous in such circumstances — and remained attentive to the noise without. The steps drew nearer; we could even distinguish the murmur of voices, apparently as of several people

talking together in an undertone, though not the words themselves. When just before the entrance of the tent, the footfall ceased; silence followed. The curtains which formed the door were drawn together, one a little overlapping the other, so as to preclude all view from the outside; but they were in no way fastened within; and to have attempted thus to close them at that moment would have been worse than useless.

Zahra and I threw our arms, she round me, I round her; and our lips met in the mute assurance that whatever was to be the fate of one should also be the fate of the other. But she blushed more deeply than ever, crimson-red. I could see that by the light of the lamp which we longed to, but at that moment dared not, extinguish. Its ray fell on the door-hangings, outside which stood those whom their entire silence, more eloquent then than words, proclaimed to be listeners and spies. Who they were, and what precisely had brought them there, and with what intent they waited, we could not tell.

Half a minute — it could not have been more — passed thus in breathless stillness; it was a long half-minute to Zahra and me. At last we heard a sort of movement taking place in the group without: it seemed as though they first made a step or two forwards; then returned again, talking all the while among themselves in the same undertone; then slowly moved away towards the line of tents in front. No further sound was heard: all was hushed. Zahra and I loosed our hold, and stood looking at each other. How much had been guessed, how much actually detected, I could not tell; she however knew.

"Fly, Ahmed," she whispered; "fly! That was the Emeer himself. They are on the alert: you are almost discovered; in a few minutes more the alarm will be given throughout the camp. For your life, fly!"

I stood there like one entranced; the horror of that moment had numbed me, brain and limb. And how could I go? Her voice, her face, her presence were, God knows, all on earth to me. How then could I leave them to save a life valueless to me without them?

"In God's name," she urged, "haste. Your only hope, brother, lies in getting away from here quickly and unperceived; in the darkness you can yet manage it: tell me, how is it outside?"

"Thick mist," I answered; "it was coming on before I reached the tent."

"Thank God!" she said with a half-sob of relief, and a tone the like of which I never heard before or after: "that it is has saved you; that has prevented your companions from being discovered. Dearest Ahmed," she continued, kissing me in her earnestness, "as you love me, for my sake, for your own sake, for both of us, fly,—it is the only chance left."

"Fly, Zahra! Zahra, my life!" I answered, almost with a laugh; "fly, and leave you here behind? Never!"

"As you have any love for me, Ahmed," she replied in a low, hurried, choking voice; "as you would not expose me to certain dishonor and death; as you hope ever to meet me again; —O Ahmed! my brother, my only love! it is their reluctance alone to shame me by their haste while yet a doubt remains, that has screened you thus far; but they will return. Alone, I shall be able to extricate myself; I shall have time and means: but you—oh, save yourself, my love—save me!"

"Dearest Zahra," replied I, pressing her to my breast, "and you—what will you do?"

"Fear not for me," she answered, her eye sparkling as she spoke. "I am Sheykh Asa'ad's daughter; and all the Emeers in Arabia, with all Sheyban to aid, cannot detain me a prisoner, or put force on my will. God lives, and we shall meet again; till then take and keep this token." She drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to me. "By this ring, and God to witness, I am yours, Ahmed, yours only, yours forever. Now ask no more: fly."

"One kiss, Zahra." One—many; she was in tears; then, forcing a smile to give me courage,—"Under the protection of the best Protector," she said, "to Him I commit you in pledge: Ahmed, brother, love, go in safety."

What could I do but obey? As I slipped out between the curtains, I gave one backward look: I saw her face turned towards me, her eye fixed on me with an expression that not even in death can I forget; it was love stronger than any death. An instant more, and I was without the tent. That moment the light within it disappeared.

Hermann dropped his voice, and put his hand up to his face. As he did so, the moonlight glittered on an emerald, set in a gold ring, on the little finger. Tantawee looked at it.

"That is the ring, I suppose, Ahmed Beg," he said. "I have often noticed it before; and she, I hope, will see it yet again one

day, and know it for your sake; so take heart, brother,—perhaps the day is nearer than you think."

"She will recognize it on me," answered Hermann in a low sad voice, "either alive or dead; it will remain with me to the last, though if there be hope in it, I know not." Then he added, "She has no like token from me: I did not then think of offering any; nor did she ask; there was no need."

Issuing from the tent, I came at once into the dense mist; through its pitchy darkness no shape could be discerned at ten yards of distance. Instinctively, for I was scarcely aware of my own movements, I crept to where Moharib lay crouched on the ground, and touched him; he looked up, half rose, and followed. Passing Aman and Harith, we roused them too in their turn; there was no time for question or explanation then; all knew that something had gone wrong, but no one said a word. Nor was there yet any sign around us that our attempt had been perceived; no one seemed to be on the alert or moving. I began almost to hope that the sounds heard while in the tent might have been imaginary, or at least that suspicion, if awakened, had by this time been quieted again.

But only a few paces before we reached the brink of the hollow, something dark started up between it and us, and I felt myself touched by a hand. I leaped to my feet; and while I did so a blow was aimed at me, I think with a knife. It missed its intent, but ripped my sleeve open from shoulder to elbow, and slightly scratched my arm. At the same moment Harith's sword came down on the head of the figure now close beside me; it uttered a cry and fell.

Instantly that cry was repeated and echoed on every side, as if the whole night had burst out at once into voice and fury. We ran towards the hollow. When on its verge, I turned to look back a moment; and even through the thick mist could see the hurry and confusion of dark shapes; while the shout, "Sheyban!" "Help, Sheyban!" "Help, Rabee'ah!" rose behind, around, coming nearer and nearer, mixed with the tramp of feet. "Quick! quick!" exclaimed Harith: we rolled down rather than descended into the hollow; there stood Ja'ad and Doheym. ready by the horses, who, conscious of danger, neighed and stamped violently; but before we could mount and ride, the enemy was upon us.

FREDERIK PALUDAN-MÜLLER

(1809–1876)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

AMONG the Danish poets who made their appearance in literature during the closing period of Oehlenschläger's life, and who carried on the poetical tradition that his half-century of unremitting activity had so firmly established, Frederik Paludan-Müller is the most important. A son of the Bishop of Aarhus, he was born at Kjerteminde, February 7th, 1809 (that *annus mirabilis* of literary chronology), and was educated at Odense and Copenhagen. His life was singularly uneventful; being, after the flush of youth was over, almost that of a recluse. A journey of two years abroad, undertaken in 1838–40, upon the occasion of his marriage, offers the one conspicuous interruption to the monotonous story of his external career. The greater part of his life was spent in Copenhagen, and in his quiet country home at Fredensborg; and it was at the latter place that he died, on the 28th of December, 1876.

PALUDAN-MÜLLER

What this life, so externally uneventful, must have been, viewed from within, may be faintly surmised when we examine the long list of Paludan-Müller's writings in verse and prose. They include poems of many sorts, plays and tales; and are astonishing in their variety, their imaginative exuberance, their free rich fantasy, and the technical virtuosity of their execution. They move, for the most part, in an ideal world of the poet's own creation; or rather of his own assimilation from the storehouse of mythology and literary tradition, since creative power in the highest sense may hardly be accorded him. The one noteworthy exception to the prevalent and persistent idealism of his work as a whole is to be found in 'Adam Homo,' the poem which is usually reckoned his masterpiece. In this work, which stands about midway in his career, he came down from the clouds in which his youthful fancy had disported itself, and took a firm grasp

of the realities of modern society and the every-day world. The composition of this remarkable poem was, however, little more than an episode in his activity; and having done with it, his imagination once more took refuge upon the early higher plane. It is to be noted however that, Antæus-like, he had gained strength from his contact with earth; and that the works of the later period are distinguished from those of the earlier by an even finer idealism, a deeper sense of spiritual beauty, and a more marked degree of formal excellence.

The works of Paludan-Müller's first period include 'Fire Romanzer' (Four Romances); 'Kjærlighed ved Hoffet' (Love at Court), a five-act comedy in verse and prose, inspired by Shakespeare and Gozzi; 'Dandserinden' (The Dancing Girl), a long poem in eight-line stanzas; 'Luft og Jord; eller Eventyr i Skoven' (Air and Earth; or A Forest Tale), a second romantic comedy; and the poems 'Amor og Psyche,' 'Zuleimas Flugt' (Zuleima's Flight), 'Alf og Rose,' and 'Venus.' These works were published between 1832 and 1841, and are characterized by delicate fancy, tender melancholy, a sweetness that is almost cloying, and an almost Swinburnian mastery of metrical form. They won for the poet a high place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen; but their readers were hardly prepared for the abrupt change in both the manner and the matter of the poet that was displayed in 'Adam Homo,' the work that next followed.

No European poet of the thirties could hope entirely to escape from the Byronic influence, and traces of that influence are perceptible in some of the earlier works above mentioned. In reading 'Adam Homo' (begun in 1841 and completed in 1848), it is impossible not to think of Byron, and particularly of 'Don Juan,' nearly all the time. The work is in *ottava rima*, and is by far the longest of Paludan-Müller's poems. The author set himself the task of showing, says Dr. Brandes, «how a man of the masses, having neither the best nor the poorest of endowments, a man from youth up as full of ideal hopes and resolutions as any of his betters, can so demean himself as to squander his entire intellectual inheritance, forgetting the prayers of childhood and the aspirations of youth, and finally wrecking his life after the fashion of the veriest Philistine.» Adam Homo (how typical the name!) enters upon life as a naïve and ardent youth, carrying with him our best sympathies; he develops into a character so despicable that even the author cannot treat him fairly, and he ends in the slough of sheer stupidity. The story of his career is a brilliant but painful performance, in which episodes of satirical bitterness alternate with tender and graceful scenes. It is a work of powerful grasp, of minute ethical observation, and of so deep and subtle an irony that its readers find it difficult to realize that it can be the work of the poet of 'Amor og Psyche' and 'Kalanus.'

The purely poetic genius of the author, thus held in abeyance for a time, soon reasserted itself in the series of noble works that mark the closing years of his life. Even the composition of 'Adam Homo' was interrupted long enough for the production of such ideal works as 'Tithon' and 'Abels Död' (The Death of Abel). In 1854 the splendid powers of the poet, now fully ripened, burst forth in the drama of 'Kalanus,' which deals with the familiar story of the Indian mystic who thought to discern in Alexander the Great the reincarnation of Brahma; and who, undeceived, and learning that his deity is but a man, immolated himself upon a funeral pyre. Other works dating from the author's later period are the poems 'Ahasuerus,' 'Kain,' 'Pygmalion,' and 'Adonis,' the lyrical drama 'Paradiset,' the prose play 'Tiderne Skifte' (The Times Change), the prose tale 'Ungdomskilden' (The Fountain of Youth), and the three-volume novel 'Ivar Lykkes Historie' (The Story of Ivar Lykke). The standard edition of his poetical writings fills eight volumes, and no other Danish poet since Oehlenschläger has made so weighty a contribution to the national literature.

HYMN TO THE SUN

From 'Kalanus'

HAIL to thee in thy uprising bright,
Sun, of all believing souls adored;
Conqueror by thy flaming splendor poured
Over all the darkness of the night.
Welcome, heaven's great watchman, to our sight;
Brahma's servant, to thy master proffer
This our prayer, which here our lips do offer,
And our praise of his eternal might.

Wake the tired heart from slothful sleep
And dispel the shadows of the soul.
As thou dost upon thy pathway roll,
Bear us also upward from the deep.
Be our minds uplifted that they keep
Thee in view, while ever mounting higher
Toward the light to which our souls aspire
From the gloom in which on earth they creep.

Translation of William Morton Payne.

ADAM AND HIS MOTHER

From 'Adam Homo'

Is it a dream? A dream — ah no, for there
She sits, and fondles him with tender hand,
Her gaze revealing all a mother's care,
And all a mother's love,— the twofold band
That, aye unbroken, every wrench can bear,
Until the invalid, at length unmanned
By shame and sorrow, yet supremely blest,
Sank, as in boyhood, on that sacred breast.

"Thou here! — and wherefore?" scarcely words are needed
To solve the secret,— for her watchful eye
Each step of his career had closely heeded,
And through his letters clearly could descry,
Veiled though they were, the dangers he should fly;
So, by affection's wings upborne she speeded
From the last rites beside a father's grave,
Her darling's life and soul alike to save.

"But" — thus she stopped his questions with a smile —
"Spend not thy strength in further words, for rest
Is what thou lackest — so sleep on a while."
She smoothed his pillow while she spoke, and pressed
Her lips on his in the old childish style, —
Then left him to fulfill her sweet behest,
And take his way through Dreamland's mazes, folden
In clouds no longer black, but rosy-golden.

O reader, if thou ever hast been near
Destruction's brink, experience must have taught thee,
When Providence from such dread peril caught thee,
How sweet a thing existence is; how dear
The life to which that friendly arm has brought thee
Back from the verge of death; — I need not fear
But thou wilt know the blessedness that lapped
Our hero's spirit, thus in slumber wrapped.

For thine own heart has then all gladly tasted
The fairest fruit of time, when from its grave —
Where earthly elements their booty crave —
The new-born soul once more has upward hasted
To heaven, where its wings so worn and wasted
Fresh in immortal life and beauty wave;
When, bird-like, soaring on replumaged pinions,
It suns itself again in God's dominions.

After earth's bondage, what emancipation!
After earth's midnight, what a glorious morn!
After the agonizing aspiration
Breathed for deliverance, lo! the spirit borne
Above its prison-house to contemplation
Of all the former life it led forlorn!
How poor each earthly pleasure in our eyes,
Contrasted with the new-found Paradise!

And from this Paradise a ray descended
Now into Adam's heart, as by degrees
It gathered something of the ancient ease,
While from the Tree of Life that o'er him bended —
Bough fair as those the eye of boyhood sees
Ere dimmed by manhood's scales — the fruit extended
Within his grasp he plucked, and found it give
New vigor to his soul, new power to live.

Whole hours beside the window he would sit,
And follow with his gaze along the sky
The clouds that o'er its azure chanced to flit,
Or on the street would mark the passer-by.
The world lay fresh before him, and from it
He drew enjoyment, as in infancy;
If but at night a neighbor's lamp were gleaming,
With childlike interest he watched it beaming.

For all creation now appeared quite other
Than it to him had ever been before;
Men, as of old, were enemies no more,
But taught by love, he saw in each a brother;
Like music from some far celestial shore
Thrilled through his soul the accents of his mother;
Till at their tones the spectres of the past
Fell back, and melted in thin air at last.

He saw each arrow aimed against his weal
Glance harmless by when her embrace was round him,
And that sweet voice of hers would fondly steal
Into his soul, and break the spell that bound him:
So, step by step, the state in which she found him
Changed for the better; he began to feel,
To speak, to act anew, and from their tomb
Youth's blasted hopes commenced again to bloom.

At day's declining, often arm in arm
They paced the floor, and then the son confessed
Old sins and errors, while the mother pressed
Kind lessons home to him in accents warm.
She plied religion, not to strike alarm
Into his heart, but rather yield him rest;
And only strove to gently heal the spirit
Too long in strange and sickly torpor buried.

But when the lamp was lit at eventide,
Before the harpsichord she sat, and swept
Its keys to songs whose spirit-echoes kept
The listener fettered to the player's side.
Or else their voices would accordant glide
Into sweet childlike duets, strains that wept
And smiled by turns through all their varied plan,—
So thus one night the twofold music ran:—

World! for aye from me depart!
And thy joys to others offer;
Fairer flowers than thou canst proffer
Blossom now within my heart.
All thy roses, beauty-molded,
When I plucked them, faded fast,
And the thorn each leaf enfolded
Into me in torture passed.

Winter overwhelmed my soul;
In its icy grasp I shivered;
Aspen-like I bent and quivered
When I heard its tempests roll.
Then to dust in anguish smitten
Sank the brow I bore so high,—
On it branded, lightning-written,
That dread sentence, «Thou must die.»

Hope renews its blossoms fair,
As the spring-blooms earth are covering,
While the joyous birds are hovering
In the odor-laden air.
At the moment they were praising
All that richest life of May,
I my soul was also raising
From the dust in which it lay.

In solitude how droops the soul!
A branch dissevered from the bole,
And tossed aside to perish;
It is the spirit's vital breath,
In sun and storm, in life and death,
All-clasping love to cherish.

The bees from flower to flower that roam,—
I saw them, when they wandered home,
Construct their cells in union;
The ants beneath the hillocks, too,
Are bound by harmony as true,
And labor in communion.

In heaven's vault I also saw
The stars fulfill eternal law
Accordant with each other;
Not for themselves alone they shine,
But every orb by rule divine
Irradiates his brother.

Be thine that starlike brother-mind!
To God and man thy spirit bind
In earthly joy and sorrow;
Then on His people here below
Will burst ere long in golden glow
His own celestial morrow!

In grove and glen, on hill and lea,
Each blade of grass, each stately tree,
Alike for dew is calling;
No freshness fills the summer air,
No blessed influence is there,
Without the dew-bath falling.

But vapors gather thick and fast,
Until the azure sky at last
In darkness is enshrouded;
Then breaks the tempest in its force,
And lightnings take their lurid course
Athwart the zenith clouded.

O morning prayer, the soul's sweet dew!
Thou canst alone its power renew,
And free it from its sadness;

Upwafted by our souls on high,
And homewards sent with God's reply,
That breathes celestial gladness.

Then trust no more the joys of earth!
So soon succeeded by the dearth
Of all that cheers and blesses;
Drenched with the dew that heaven bestows,
Will bloom and blossom like a rose
The spirit's wildernesses.

Oft our hopes are doomed to die in sorrow,
Oft our seed-time knows no harvest-morrow,
What the worm has spared the storms destroy;
Vainly looking earthward for assistance,
Man drags on the burden of existence,
Left—how early!—by his dream of joy.

Whence, then, comfort in our time of anguish?
Skyward lift the eyes that droop and languish;
God alone gives consolation birth;
Deep in him the well of life is streaming,
Well of blessedness, forever teeming,
Vast enough for heaven and for earth.

Soon shall dawn the festal morn resplendent,
When the fullness of the Lord transcendent
Pours itself in rivers all abroad;
Then shall every fount of joy be springing,
Every soul be hallelujahs singing,
High and lowly, bathed alike in God!

Translation of J. J., in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, 1865.

EMILIA PARDO-BAZAN

(1852–)

AMONG European defendants and exponents of the modern realistic school, Emilia Pardo-Bazán is conspicuous. She is not only a strong and subtle advocate of the methods of Zola, Turgénieff, and other French and Russian realists, she is true to their creed in her own novels to the point of masculinity. As a rule the disciples of realism are booted and spurred. The quality itself implies a total absence of feminine evasions of the actual and the inevitable. There is no hint in it of the oblique vision of gentle blue eyes. It is therefore all the more surprising that Señora Pardo-Bazán, a woman, with veins full of romantic Spanish blood, should prove a singularly perfect exponent of her chosen creed.

EMILIA PARDO-BAZÁN

She was born in 1852, in Coruña, Spain, of a noble and ancient family. At a very early age she was brought into friendly relations with books, by being allowed to browse at will in her father's library. Her marriage in 1868 to Don José Quiroga put an end to her systematic education under tutors; but she was to receive later the more liberal education of travel and independent study. The political exile of her father enabled her to travel through France and Italy, perfecting her knowledge of the French and Italian language and literature. After her return to Spain, she devoted herself to the study of German, and of philosophy and history; thus preparing herself for the cosmopolitan office of critic, and laying the foundations of the culture necessary for the novelist. Her artistic creed had not been formulated when she was attracted by the writings of her own countrymen,—Valera, Galdós, and Alarcón. These novelists were realists in so far as they depicted the life and manners with which they were most familiar. The idea came to the young Señora that she also might write a novel which did not require romantic grandiloquence and lofty flights of the imagination, but merely fidelity to facts. Shortly after the publication of her first novel, her new-born recognition of the requirements of realism was enlarged by acquaintance with

the works of Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt, and Daudet. Henceforth her conceptions of her art were well defined; and she became unwavering in her obedience to them. Of her novels, 'The Swan of Vilamorta' is perhaps the most perfect expression of her artistic tenets. It is difficult to believe that it could have been written by a woman. In its merciless adherence to facts, in its pitiless logic, in its conscientious portrayal of unlovely types of character, it might have come from the brain of a clever man of the world, turned novelist for truth's sake. The hero of the book, the Swan, is a young would-be poet of the sentimental type, who is inclined in the cause of romance to make love to other men's wives. The tragedy of the book, if the arid reproduction of ugly happenings can be called tragedy, centres itself less about the callow hero than about a woman who loves him with an abandonment of passion,—a schoolmistress of thirty-six, pitted with small-pox, hampered with a deformed child. Until the boy-poet comes into her life, she is content to teach, that she may provide this child with comforts. Afterwards all is changed. Her little hoard of money dwindles away to give dainty suppers to the man she loves; to keep him in the proper clothes, of which his unappreciative father deprives him; to enable him to visit a Spanish grandee, towards whose wife he cherishes a Werther-like devotion. Finally she mortgages her fresh little cottage, and puts her crippled child out to work, that she may provide him with the funds necessary for the publication of his poems. These are not only a drug in the market, but they fail to win for him the love of the grandee's lady, now a marriageable widow. He sails to America, leaving behind him the schoolmistress, destitute both of love and money. Neither her omelets, her anisette cordials, nor her little loans, can compel his gratitude. She takes poison, and dies.

Pardo-Bazán's other novels—'The Angular Stone,' 'A Christian Woman,' 'Morrina,' 'A Wedding Journey'—are written in the same uncompromising spirit of faithfulness to the actualities of life. Their scenes are laid in Spain: their characters are those with which their author is familiar. Evidences of her imaginative faculty, and of her capacity for poetry, are not wanting in them; but she keeps her latent romanticism strictly in check. She continually sacrifices her sex to her art. The result is worth the sacrifice.

The same qualities which give to her distinction as a novelist, make of her a luminous and sympathetic critic. Moreover, the reader finds in her criticisms the charm which is sometimes lacking in her novels, where the strength has driven out the sweetness. Her work on 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature' is written with a certain easy brilliancy, which almost disguises its solid merits. Pardo-Bazán brings to her critical tasks a rare equipment, philosophical breadth of

thought, the ability to understand the interdependence of national life and national literature, the power of feeling the pulse of the times in the stray novel or poem. In her life of St. Francis of Assisi she studies the age which produced him, after the manner of the modern biographer. Whatever the nature of her work, whether history, biography, or pure criticism, she is always conscious of that ethereal atmosphere about persons and things, those emanations from a million lives, which collectively are called the time-spirit. Her defense of realism, in her essay 'The Burning Question,' springs as much from her intuition concerning the nature of the *zeitgeist* as from her intellectual appreciation of the reasonableness of the realistic school.

Aside from the worth of her contribution to the literature of modern Europe, Emilia Pardo-Bazán merits distinction as being a Spanish woman who has demonstrated to her countrymen, in the face of national tradition, the most significant fact uncovered in this century,—the power of women to learn, to understand, and to create.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

From 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature.' Copyright 1890, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE reign of terror was short but tragic. We have seen that the active Nihilists were a few hundred inexperienced youths without position or social influence, armed only with leaflets and tracts. This handful of boys furiously threw down the gauntlet of defiance at the government, when they saw themselves pursued. Resolved to risk their heads (and with such sincerity that almost all the associates who bound themselves to execute what they called "the people's will" have died in prison or on the scaffold), they adopted as their watchword "man for man." When the sanguinary reprisals fell upon Russia from one end to the other, the frightened people imagined an immense army of terrorists—rich, strong, and in command of untold resources—covering the empire. In reality, the twenty offenses committed from 1878 to 1882, the mines discovered under the two capitals, the explosions in the station at Moscow and in the palace at St. Petersburg, the many assassinations, and the marvelous organization which could get them performed with circumstances so dramatic, and create a mysterious terror against which the power of the government was broken in pieces,—all this was the work of a few dozens of men and women seemingly endowed

with ubiquitousness, so rapid and unceasing their journeys, and so varied the disguises, names, and stratagems they made use of to bewilder and confound the police. It was whispered that millions of money were sent in from abroad; that there were members of the Czar's family implicated in the conspiracy; that there was an unknown chief, living in a distant country, who managed the threads of a terrible executive committee, which passed judgment in the dark, and whose decrees were carried out instantly. Yet there were only a few enthusiastic students,—a few young girls ready to perform any service, like the heroine of Turgénieff's 'Shadows'; a few thousand rubles, each contributing his share; and after all, a handful of determined people, who, to use the words of Leroy-Beaulieu, had made a covenant with death. For a strong will, like intelligence or inspiration, is the patrimony of a few; and so, just as ten or twelve artist heads can modify the æsthetic tendency of an age, six or eight intrepid conspirators are enough to stir up an immense empire.

After Karakozof's attempt upon the life of the Czar (the first spark of discontent), the government augmented the police and endowed Muravief, who was nicknamed "the Hangman," with dictatorial powers. In 1871 the first notable political trial was held upon persons affiliated with a secret society. Persecutions for political offenses are a great mistake. Maltreatment only inspires sympathy. After a few such trials the doors had to be closed; the public had become deeply interested in the accused, who declared their doctrines in a style only comparable to the acts of the early Christian martyrs. Who could fail to be moved at the sight of a young woman like Sophia Bardina, rising modestly and explaining, before an audience tremulous with compassion, her revolutionary ideas concerning society, the family, anarchy, property, and law? Power is almost always blind and stupid in the first moments of revolutionary disturbances. In Russia, men risked life and security as often by acts of charity toward conspirators as by conspiracy itself. In Odessa, which was commanded by General Todleben, the little blond heads of two children appeared between the prison bars; they were the children of a poor wretch who had dropped five rubles into a collection for political exiles, and these two little ones were sentenced to the deserts of Siberia with their father. And the poet Mikailof chides the revolutionaries with the words: "Why not let your indignation speak, my brothers? Why is love silent? Is

our horrible misfortune worthy of nothing more than a vain tribute of tears? Has your hatred no power to threaten and to wound?»

The party then armed itself, ready to vindicate its political rights by means of terror. The executive committee of the revolutionary Socialists — if in truth such a committee existed or was anything more than a triumvirate — favored this idea. Spies and fugitives were quickly executed. The era of sanguinary Nihilism was opened by a woman, the Charlotte Corday of Nihilism,— Vera Zasulitch. She read in a newspaper that a political prisoner had been whipped, contrary to law,— for corporal punishment had been already abolished,— and for no worse cause than a refusal to salute General Trepof; she immediately went and fired a revolver at his accuser. The jury acquitted her, and her friends seized her as she was coming out of court, and spirited her away lest she should fall into the hands of the police; the Emperor thereupon decreed that henceforth political prisoners should not be tried by jury. Shortly after this the substitute of the imperial deputy at Kief was fired upon in the street; suspicion fell upon a student; all the others mutinied; sixteen of them were sent into exile. As they were passing through Moscow, their fellow-students there broke from the lecture halls and came to blows with the police. Some days later the rector of the University of Kief, who had endeavored to keep clear of the affair, was found dead upon the stairs; and again later, Heyking, an officer of the *gendarmerie*, was mortally stabbed in a crowded street. The clandestine press declared this to have been done by order of the executive committee; and it was not long before the chief of secret police of St. Petersburg received a very polite notice of his death sentence, which was accomplished by another dagger; and the clandestine paper, Land and Liberty, said by way of comment, «The measure is filled, and we gave warning of it.»

Months passed without any new assassinations; but in February 1879, Prince Krapotkine, governor of Karkof, fell by the hand of a masked man, who fired two shots and fled; and no trace of him was to be found, though sentence of death against him was announced upon the walls of all the large towns of Russia. The brother of Prince Krapotkine was a furious revolutionary, and conducted a Socialist paper in Geneva at that time. In March it fell to the turn of Colonel Knoup of the *gendarmerie*,

who was assassinated in his own house; and beside him was found a paper with these words: "By order of the Executive Committee. So will we do to all tyrants and their accomplices." A pretty Nihilist girl killed a man at a ball: it was at first thought to be a love affair, but it was afterward found out that the murderess did the deed by order of the executive committee, or whatever the hidden power was which inspired such acts. On the 25th of this same March a plot against the life of the new chief of police, General Drenteln, was frustrated; and the walls of the town then flamed with a notice that revolutionary justice was about to fall upon one hundred and eighty persons. It rained crimes,—against the governor of Kief; against Captain Hubbenet; against Pietrowsky, chief of police, who was riddled with wounds in his own room; and lastly, on the 14th of April, Solovief attempted the life of the Czar, firing five shots, none of which took effect. On being caught, the would-be assassin swallowed a dose of poison; but his suicide was also unsuccessful.

Solovief, however, had reached the heights of Nihilism: he had dared to touch the sacred person of the Czar. He was the ideal Nihilist: he had renounced his profession, determined to "go with the people," and became a locksmith, wearing the artisan's dress; he was married "mystically," and by "free grace" or "free will," and it was said that he was a member of the terrible executive committee. He suffered death on the gallows with serenity and composure, and without naming his accomplices. Land and Liberty approved his acts by saying, "We should be as ready to kill as to die; the day has come when assassination must be counted as a political motor." From that day Alexander II. was a doomed man; and his fatal moment was not far off. The revolutionaries were determined to strike the government with terror, and to prove to the people that the sacred Emperor was a man like any other, and that no supernatural charm shielded his life. At the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880 two lugubrious warnings were forced upon the Emperor: first the mine which wrecked the imperial train, and then the explosion which threw the dining-room of the palace in ruins,—which catastrophe he saw with his own eyes. About this time the office of a surreptitious paper was attacked, the editors and printers of which defended themselves desperately: alarmed by this significant event, the Emperor intrusted to Loris Melikof,

who was a Liberal, an almost omnipotent dictatorship. The conciliatory measures of Melikof somewhat calmed the public mind; but just as the Czar had convened a meeting for the consideration of reforms solicited by the general opinion, his own sentence was carried out by bombs.

It is worthy of note that both parties (the conservative and the revolutionary) cast in each other's face the accusation of having been the first to inflict the death penalty, which was contrary to Russian custom and law. If Russia does not deserve quite so appropriately as Spain to be called the country of *vice versas*, it is nevertheless worth while to note how she long ago solved the great juridical problem upon which we are still employing tongue and pen so busily. Not only is capital punishment unknown to the Russian penal code, but since 1872 even perpetual confinement has been abolished,—twenty years being the maximum of imprisonment; and this even to-day is only inflicted upon political criminals, who are always treated there with greater severity than other delinquents. Before the celebrated Italian criminalist lawyer, Beccaria, ever wrote on the subject, the Czarina Elisabeth Petrowna had issued an edict suppressing capital punishment. The terrible Muscovite whip probably equaled the gibbet; but aside from the fact that it had been seldom used, it was abolished by Nicholas I. If we judge of a country by its penal laws, Russia stands at the head of European civilization. The Russians were so unaccustomed to the sight of the scaffold, that when the first one for the conspirators was to be built, there were no workmen to be found who knew how to construct it.

Translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS AT HOME

From 'The Swan of Vilamorta.' Copyright 1891, by the Cassell Publishing Co.

WHILE she distributed their tasks among the children, saying to one, "Take care to make this hem straight;" to another, "Make this seam even, the stitch smaller;" to a third, "Use your handkerchief instead of your dress;" and to still another, "Sit still, child; don't move your feet,"—Leocadia cast a glance from time to time toward the plaza, in the hope of seeing Segundo pass by. But no Segundo was to be seen. The flies settled themselves to sleep, buzzing, on the ceiling; the heat

abated; the afternoon came, and the children went away. Leocadia felt a profound sadness take possession of her; and without waiting to put the house in order, she went to her room and threw herself on the bed.

The glass door was pushed gently open, and some one entered softly.

"Mamma," said the intruder in a low voice.

The schoolmistress did not answer.

"Mamma, mamma," repeated the hunchback in a louder voice. "Mamma!" he shouted at last.

"Is that you? What do you want?"

"Are you ill?"

"No, child."

"As you went to bed—"

"I have a slight headache. There, leave me in peace."

Minguitos turned round and walked in silence toward the door. As her eyes fell on the protuberance of his back, a sharp pang pierced the heart of the schoolmistress. How many tears that hump had cost her in other days! She raised herself on her elbow.

"Minguitos!" she called.

"What is it, mamma?"

"Don't go away. How do you feel to-day? Have you any pain?"

"I feel pretty well, mamma. Only my chest hurts me."

"Let me see; come here."

Leocadia sat up in the bed, and taking the child's head between her hands, looked at him with a mother's hungry look. Minguitos's face was long and of a melancholy cast; the prominent lower jaw was in keeping with the twisted and misshapen body, that reminded one of a building shaken out of shape by an earthquake or a tree twisted by a hurricane. Minguitos's deformity was not congenital. He had always been sickly, indeed; and it had always been remarked that his head seemed too heavy for his body, and that his legs seemed too frail to support him. Leocadia recalled one by one the incidents of his childhood. At five years old the boy had met with an accident, —a fall down the stairs: from that day he lost all his liveliness; he walked little, and never ran. He contracted a habit of sitting Turkish fashion, playing marbles, for hours at a time. If he rose, his legs soon warned him to sit down again. When he stood, his movements were vacillating and awkward. When he

was quiet he felt no pain; but when he turned any part of his body, he experienced slight pains in the spinal column. The trouble increased with time; the boy complained of a feeling as if an iron band were compressing his chest. Then his mother, now thoroughly alarmed, consulted a famous physician, the best in Orense. He prescribed frictions with iodine, large doses of phosphates of lime, and sea-bathing. Leocadia hastened with the boy to a little seaport. After taking two or three baths, the trouble increased: he could not bend his body; his spinal column was rigid, and it was only when he was in a horizontal position that he felt any relief from his now severe pains. Sores appeared on his skin; and one morning when Leocadia begged him with tears to straighten himself, and tried to lift him up by the arms, he uttered a horrible cry.

"I am broken in two, mamma — I am broken in two," he repeated with anguish; while his mother with trembling fingers sought to find what had caused his cry.

It was true! The backbone had bent outward, forming an angle on a level with his shoulder-blades; the softened vertebræ had sunk; and *cifosis*, the hump,—the indelible mark of irremediable calamity,—was to deform henceforth this child who was dearer to her than her life. The schoolmistress had had a moment of animal and supreme anguish, the anguish of the wild beast that sees its young mutilated. She had uttered shriek after shriek, cursing the doctor, cursing herself, tearing her hair and digging her nails into her flesh. Afterward tears had come, and she had showered kisses, delirious but soothing and sweet, on the boy; and her grief took a resigned form. During nine years Leocadia had had no other thought than to watch over her little cripple by night and by day; sheltering him in her love, amusing with ingenious inventions the idle hours of his sedentary childhood.

A thousand incidents of this time recurred to Leocadia's memory. The boy suffered from obstinate dyspnœa, due to the pressure of the sunken vertebræ on the respiratory organs; and his mother would get up in the middle of the night, and go in her bare feet to listen to his breathing and to raise his pillows. As these recollections came to her mind, Leocadia felt her heart melt, and something stir within her like the remains of a great love,— the warm ashes of an immense fire,— and she experienced

the unconscious reaction of maternity; the irresistible impulse which makes a mother see in her grown-up son only the infant she has nursed and protected,—to whom she would have given her blood, if it had been necessary, instead of milk. And uttering a cry of love, pressing her feverish lips passionately to the pallid temples of the hunchback, she said, falling back naturally into the caressing expressions of the dialect:—

"Malpocadiño, who loves you? Say, who loves you dearly? Who?"

"You don't love me, mamma. You don't love me," the boy returned, half smiling, leaning his head with delight on the bosom that had sheltered his sad childhood. The mother, meantime, wildly kissed his hair, his neck, his eyes, as if to make up for lost time; lavishing upon him the honeyed words with which infants are beguiled,—words profaned in hours of passion,—which overflowed in the pure channel of maternal love.

"My treasure—my king—my glory."

At last the hunchback felt a tear fall on his cheek. Delicious assuagement! At first the tears were large and round, scorching almost; but soon they came in a gentle shower, and then ceased altogether; and there remained where they had fallen only a grateful sense of coolness. Passionate phrases rushed simultaneously from the lips of mother and son.

"Do you love me dearly, dearly, dearly? As much as your whole life?"

"As much, my life, my treasure."

"Will you always love me?"

"Always, always, my joy."

"Will you do something to please me, mamma? I want to ask you—"

"What?"

"A favor. Don't turn your face away!"

The hunchback observed that his mother's form suddenly grew stiff and rigid as a bar of iron. He no longer felt the sweet warmth of her moist eyelids, and the gentle contact of her wet lashes on his cheek. In a voice that had a metallic sound Leocadia asked her son,—

"And what is the favor you want? Let me hear it."

Minguitos murmured without bitterness, with resignation:—

"Nothing, mamma, nothing. I was only in jest."

« But what was the favor you were going to ask me? »

« Nothing, nothing, indeed. »

« No, you wanted to ask something, » persisted the schoolmistress, seizing the pretext to give vent to her anger. « Otherwise you are very deceitful and very sly. You keep everything hidden in your breast. Those are the lessons Flores teaches you: do you think I don't notice it? »

Saying this, she pushed the boy away from her, and sprang from the bed. In the hall outside, almost at the same moment, was heard a firm and youthful step. Leocadia trembled, and turning to Minguitos, stammered: —

« Go, go to Flores. Leave me alone. I do not feel well, and you make me worse. »

Segundo's brow was clouded; and as soon as the joy of seeing him had subsided, Leocadia was seized with the desire to restore him to good-humor. She waited patiently for a fitting opportunity, however, and when this came, throwing her arms around his neck, she began with the complaint: Where had he kept himself? Why had he stayed away so long? The poet unburdened himself of his grievances. It was intolerable to follow in the train of a great man. And allowing himself to be carried away by the pleasure of speaking of what occupied his mind, he described Don Victoriano and the radicals; satirized Agonde's reception of his guests, and his manner of entertaining them; spoke of the hopes he founded in the protection of the ex-minister, giving them as a reason for the necessity of paying court to Don Victoriano. Leocadia fixed her dog-like look on Segundo's countenance.

« And the Señora and the girl — what are they like? »

Segundo half closed his eyes, the better to contemplate an attractive and charming image that presented itself to his mental vision, and to reflect that in the existence of Nieves he played no part whatsoever, — it being manifest folly for him to think of Señora de Comba, who did not think of him. This reflection, natural and simple enough, aroused his anger. There was awakened within him a keen longing for the unattainable, — that insensate and unbridled desire with which the likeness of a beautiful woman dead for centuries may inspire some dreamer in a museum.

« But answer me — are those ladies handsome? » the schoolmistress asked again.

"The mother, yes," answered Segundo, speaking with the careless frankness of one who is secure of his auditor. "Her hair is fair, and her eyes are blue — a light blue that makes one think of the verses of Becquer."

And he began to recite: —

"'Tu pupila es azul, y cuando ries
Su claridad suave me recuerda —'"

Leocadia listened to him at first with eyes cast down; afterward with her face turned away from him. When he had finished the poem she said in an altered voice, with feigned calmness: —

"They will invite you to go there."

"Where?"

"To Las Vides, of course. I hear they intend to have a great deal of company."

"Yes; they have given me a pressing invitation, but I shall not go. Uncle Clodio insists upon it that I ought to cultivate the friendship of Don Victoriano, so that he may be of use to me in Madrid, and help me to get a position there. But, child, to go and play a sorry part is not to my liking. This suit is the best I have, and it is in last year's fashion. If they play tresillo or give tips to the servants — and it is impossible to make my father understand this — and I shall not try to do so; God forbid. So that they shall not catch a sight of me in Las Vides."

When she heard what his intentions were, Leocadia's countenance cleared up, and rising, radiant with happiness, she ran to the kitchen. Flores was washing plates and cups and saucers by the light of a lamp, knocking them angerly together, and rubbing savagely.

"The coffee-pot — did you clean it?"

"Presently, presently," responded the old woman. "Any one would think that one was made of wood, that one is never to get tired — that one can do things flying."

"Give it to me; I will clean it. Put more wood on the fire: it is going out and the beefsteak will be spoiled." And so saying, Leocadia washed the coffee-pot, cleaning the filter with a knitting-needle, and put some fresh water down to boil in a new saucepan, throwing more wood on the fire.

"Yes, heap on wood," growled Flores, "as we get it for nothing!"

Leocadia, who was slicing some potatoes for the beefsteak, paid no attention to her. When she had cut up as many as she judged necessary, she washed her hands hastily in the jar of the drain, full of dirty water, on whose surface floated large patches of grease. She then hurried to the parlor where Segundo was waiting for her, and soon afterward Flores brought in the supper, which they ate, seated at a small side-table. By the time they had got to the coffee Segundo began to be more communicative. This coffee was what Leocadia most prided herself on. She had bought a set of English china, an imitation lacquer-box, a *vermeil* sugar-tongs, and two small silver spoons; and she always placed on the table with the coffee a liquor-stand, supplied with cumin, rum, and anisette. At the third glass of cumin, seeing the poet amiable and propitious, Leocadia put her arm around his neck. He drew back brusquely, noticing with strong repulsion the odor of cooking and of parsley with which the garments of the schoolmistress were impregnated.

At this moment precisely, Minguitos, after letting his shoes drop on the floor, was drawing the coverlet around him with a sigh. Flores, seated on a low chair, began to recite the rosary. The sick child required, to put him to sleep, the monotonous murmur of the husky voice which had lulled him to rest, ever since his mother had ceased to keep him company at bedtime. The Ave Marias and Gloria Patris, mumbled rather than pronounced, little by little dulled thought; and by the time the litany was reached, sleep had stolen over him, and half-unconscious, it was with difficulty he made the responses to the barbarous phrases of the old woman: "Juana celi — Ora pro nobis — Sal-es-enfermorum — nobis — Refajos pecadorum — bis — Consolate flitorum — sss — "

The only response was the labored, restless, uneven breathing that came through the sleeping boy's half-closed lips. Flores softly put out the tallow candle, took off her shoes in order to make no noise, and stole out gently, feeling her way along the dining-room wall. From the moment in which Minguitos fell asleep there was no more rattling of dishes in the kitchen.

Translated from the Spanish by Mary J. Serrano.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM: «GOING TO THE PEOPLE»

From 'Russia: Its People and Its Literature.' Copyright 1890, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

IT REQUIRES more courage to do what Russians call *going to the people*, than to bear exile or the gallows. In our society, which boasts of its democracy, the very equalization of classes has strengthened the individual instinct of difference; and especially the aristocrats of mind — the writers and thinkers — have become terribly nervous, finicky, and inimical to the plebeian smell, to the extent that even novels which describe the common people with sincerity and truth displease the public taste. Yet the Nihilists, a select company from the point of view of intellectual culture, go, like apostles, in search of the poor in spirit, the ignorant and the humble. The sons of families belonging to the highest classes, alumni of universities, leave fine clothes and books, dress like peasants, and mix with factory hands, so as to know them and to teach them; young ladies of fine education return from a foreign tour, and accept with the utmost contentment situations as cooks in manufacturers' houses, so as to be able to study the labor question in their workshops. We find very curious instances of this in Turgénief's novel 'Virgin Soil.' The heroine Mariana, a Nihilist, in order to learn how the people live, and to *simplify herself* (this is a sacramental term), helps a poor peasant woman in her domestic duties. Here we have the way of the world reversed: the educated learns of the ignorant, and in all that the peasant woman does or says, the young lady finds a crumb of grace and wisdom. «We do not wish to teach the people,» she explains: «we wish to serve them.» «To serve them?» replies the woman, with hard practicality; «well, the best way to serve them is to teach them.» Equally fruitless are the efforts of Mariana's «fictitious husband,» or «husband by free grace,» as the peasant woman calls him,— the poet and dreamer Nedjanof, who thinks himself a Nihilist, but in the bottom of his soul has the aristocratic instincts of the artist. Here is the passage where he presents himself to Mariana dressed in workmen's clothes:—

«Mariana uttered an exclamation of surprise. At first she did not know him. He wore an old caftan of yellowish drill, short-waisted, and buttoned with small buttons; his hair was combed in the Russian

style, with the part in the middle; a blue kerchief was tied around his neck; he held in his hand an old cap with a torn visor, and his feet were shod with undressed calfskin.»

Mariana's first act on seeing him in this guise is to tell him that he is indeed ugly; after which disagreeable piece of information, and a shudder of repugnance at the smell of his greasy cap and dirty sleeves, they provide themselves with pamphlets and socialist proclamations, and start out on their Odyssey among the people, hoping to meet with ineffable sufferings. He would be no less glad than she of a heroic sacrifice, but he is not content with a grotesque farce; and the girl is indignant when Solomine, her professor in nihilism, tells her that her duty actually compels her to wash the children of the poor, to teach them the alphabet, and to give medicine to the sick. «That is for Sisters of Charity,» she exclaims, inadvertently recognizing a truth: the Catholic faith contains all ways of loving one's neighbor, and none can ever be invented that it has not foreseen. But the human type of the novel is Nedjanof, although the Nihilists have sought to deny it. There is one very sad and real scene in which he returns drunk from one of his propagandist excursions, because the peasants whom he was haranguing compelled him to drink as much as they. The poor fellow drinks and drinks, but he might as well have thrown himself upon a file of bayonets. He comes home befuddled with *vodka*, or perhaps more so with the disgust and nausea which the brutish and malodorous people produced in him. He had never fully believed in the work to which he had consecrated himself: now it is no longer skepticism, it is invincible disgust that takes hold upon his soul, urging him to despair and suicide. The lament of his lost revolutionary faith is contained in the little poem entitled 'Dreaming,' which I give literally as follows:—

«It was long since I had seen my birthplace, but I found it not at all changed. The deathlike sleep, intellectual inertia, roofless houses, ruined walls, mire and stench, scarcity and misery, the insolent looks of the oppressed peasants,—all the same! Only in sleeping, we have outstripped Europe, Asia, and the whole world. Never did my dear compatriots sleep a sleep so terrible!

«Everything sleeps: wherever I turn, in the fields, in the cities, in carriages, in sleighs, day and night, sitting or walking; the merchant and the functionary, and the watchman in the tower, all sleep in the

cold or in the heat! The accused snores and the judge dozes; the peasants sleep the sleep of death; asleep they sow and reap and grind the corn; father, mother, and children sleep! The oppressed and the oppressor sleep equally well!

"Only the gin-shop is awake, with eyes ever open!

"And hugging to her breast a jug of fire-water, her face to the Pole, her feet to the Caucasus, thus sleeps and dreams on forever our Mother, Holy Russia!"

To all Nihilist intents and purposes, particularly to those of a political character, the masses are apparently asleep. Many eloquent anecdotes refer to their indifference. A young lady propagandist, who served as cook on a farm, confesses that the peasants spitefully accused her of taking bread from the poor. In order to get them to take their pamphlets and leaflets the Nihilists present them as religious tracts, adorning the covers with texts of Scripture and pious mottoes and signs. Only by making good use of the antiquated idea of distribution (of goods) have they any chance of success; it is of no use to talk of autonomous federations, or to attack the Emperor, who has the people on his side.

The active Nihilists are always young people; and this is reason enough why they are not completely discouraged by the sterility of their efforts. Old age abhors fruitless endeavors; and, better appreciating the value of life, will not waste it in tiresome experiments. And this contrast between the ages, like that between the seasons, is nowhere so sharp as in Russia; nowhere else is the difference of opinions and feelings between two generations so marked. Some one has called nihilism a disease of childhood, like measles or diphtheria; perhaps this is not altogether erroneous, not only as regards individuals, but also as regards society, for vehemence and furious radicalism are the fruit of historical inexperience,—of the political youth of a nation. The precursor of nihilism, Herzen, said, with his brilliant imagery and vigor of expression, that the Russia of the future lay with a few insignificant and obscure young folks, who could easily hide between the earth and the soles of the autocrat's boots; and the poet Mikailof, who was sentenced to hard labor in 1861, and subsequently died under the lash, exclaimed to the students: "Even in the darkness of the dungeon I shall preserve sacredly in my heart of hearts the incomparable faith that I have ingrafted upon the new generation."

It is sad to see youth decrepit and weary from birth, without enthusiasm or ambition for anything. It is more natural that the sap should overflow; that a longing for strife and sacrifice, even though foolish and vain, should arise in its heart. This truth cannot be too often repeated: to be enthusiastic, to be full of life, is not ridiculous; but our pusillanimous doctrine of disapproval is ridiculous indeed, especially in life's early years,—as ridiculous as baldness at twenty, or wrinkles and palsy at thirty. Besides, we must recognize something more than youthful ardor in nihilism, and that is, sympathetic disinterestedness. The path of nihilism does not lead to brilliant position or destiny: it may lead to Siberia or to the gibbet.

Translation of Fanny Hale Gardiner.

GIUSEPPE PARINI

(1729–1799)

SETTEMBRINI, in his history of Italian literature, chooses Parini as the purest type of the satirist which his country has. Giuseppe Giusti, whose field is the same as that of Parini, and who is hardly his inferior, has written his eulogy in a glowing biography.

Parini was born in 1729, at Bosisio on the Lake of Pusiano. His parents had a small farm; but observing Giuseppe's abilities, they sent him to Milan to study under the Barnabites in the Accademia Arcimboldi. Here he was obliged to support himself by copying manuscripts. In 1752 he published under the pseudonym "Ripano Eupilino" a volume of poems, which procured his election to the Accademia dei Transformati at Milan, and to that of the Arcadi at Rome. He became a tutor in the family of the Borromei and in that of the Serbelloni, and attained still further prominence through success in two controversies,—one with Alessandro Bandiera, the other with Onofrio Branda. He now began to utilize in the composition of a satire the knowledge which he had gained of aristocratic life. 'Il Matino' (Morning) and 'Il Meriggio' (Noon), which were published in 1763 and 1765, mark a distinct advance in the form of blank verse in Italy, and consist in ironical instructions to a young nobleman as to the way to spend his mornings and middays. This satire established Parini's popularity and influence. Count Firmian, the Austrian plenipotentiary, who had been one of his patrons in the publication of the first volume of poems, now secured his appointment as professor of *belles-lettres* in the academy of Brera. Here with ardent enthusiasm he set forth the beauties of the classics, and was little by little recognized as the most powerful living exponent of letters and arts. At the time of the French occupation of Milan, Parini was appointed by Napoleon municipal magistrate of that city. The poet, however, soon retired to his literary pursuits, aware that the much-vaunted liberty of the day was made a means for securing private ends rather than for the public advancement. On the return of the Austrians he found his well-being threatened; but he was then seventy years of age, blind and infirm, and in 1799, before dangers could mature, he died. Despite the success of his career, he died as poor as at its commencement. He exerted a distinct influence for good, however, on a generation prostrated by the corruptions

of the past, but in which there could yet be felt a restless discontent with itself. He brought his satire 'Il Giorno' (Day) to a close by 'Il Vespro' (Evening) and 'Il Notte' (Night); but these were not yet published at the time of his death. 'Il Notte,' indeed, remained unfinished; and so many and such varying draughts did he leave of this poem, that one scarcely knows what the ultimate result of his labors would have been.

The motive of Parini's satires was not to ridicule the idiosyncrasies of his contemporaries: he attacked the whole corruption of his times. It was not to the mere theories of an individual conscience that he gave voice: he proclaimed the principles held by the whole moral world. His temperament was that of the student rather than of the genius; his productions the result of thought rather than of inspiration. He was a tireless reviser; and his form both of satire and of lyric is elegant and elaborate, but lacking in the charm of spontaneity. He is, for a satirist, peculiarly deficient in sparkle and in humor; but the high moral purpose of his work is strengthened by a grim pride and by uncompromising scorn.

[The following translations are from 'Modern Italian Poets,' copyright 1887, by William D. Howells; and are reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.]

THE TOILET OF AN EXQUISITE

From 'The Day'

At last the labor of the learned comb
Is finished, and the elegant artist strews
With lightly shaken hand a powdery mist
To whiten ere their time thy youthful locks.

. . . . . .

Now take heart,
And in the bosom of that whirling cloud
Plunge fearlessly. O brave! O mighty! Thus
Appeared thine ancestor through smoke and fire
Of battle, when his country's trembling gods
His sword avenged, and shattered the fierce foe
And put to flight. But he, his visage stained
With dust and smoke, and smirched with gore and sweat,
His hair torn and tossed wild, came from the strife
A terrible vision, even to compatriots
His hand had rescued; milder thou by far,

And fairer to behold, in white array
Shalt issue presently to bless the eyes
Of thy fond country, which the mighty arm
Of thy forefather and thy heavenly smile
Equally keep content and prosperous. . . .
Let purple gaiters clasp thine ankles fine
In noble leather, that no dust or mire
Blemish thy foot; down from thy shoulders flow
Loosely a tunic fair, thy shapely arms
Cased in its closely fitting sleeves, whose borders
Of crimson or of azure velvet let
The heliotrope's color tinge. Thy slender throat
Encircle with a soft and gauzy band. . . .
Thy watch already
Bids thee haste to go. Oh me, how fair
The arsenal of tiny charms that hang
With a harmonious tinkling from its chain!
What hangs not there of fairy carriages
And fairy steeds so marvelously feigned
In gold that every charger seems alive? . . .
Let thy right hand be pressed against thy side
Beneath thy waistcoat, and the other hand
Upon thy snowy linen rest, and hide
Next to thy heart; let the breast rise sublime,
The shoulders broaden both, and bend toward her
Thy pliant neck; then at the corners close
Thy lips a little, pointed in the middle
Somewhat; and from thy mouth thus set exhale
A murmur inaudible. Meanwhile her right
Let her have given, and now softly drop
On the warm ivory a double kiss.
Seat thyself then, and with one hand draw closer
Thy chair to hers, while every tongue is stilled.
Thou only, bending slightly over, with her
Exchange in whisper secret nothings, which
Ye both accompany with mutual smiles
And covert glances that betray — or seem
At least your tender passion to betray.

THE LADY'S LAP-DOG

From 'The Day'

SHE recalls the day—
Alas, the cruel day!—what time her lap-dog,
Her beauteous lap-dog, darling of the Graces,
Sporting in youthful gayety, impressed
The light mark of her ivory tooth upon
The rude foot of a menial; he, with bold
And sacrilegious toe, flung her away.
Over and over thrice she rolled, and thrice
Rumpled her silken coat, and thrice inhaled
With tender nostril the thick, choking dust.
Then raised imploring cries, and "Help, help, help!"
She seemed to call, while from the gilded vaults
Compassionate Echo answered her again,
And from their cloistral basements in dismay
The servants rushed, and from the upper rooms
The pallid maidens trembling flew: all came.
Thy lady's face was with reviving essence
Sprinkled, and she awakened from her swoon.
Anger and grief convulsed her still; she cast
A lightning glance upon the guilty menial,
And thrice with languid voice she called her pet,
Who rushed to her embrace and seemed to invoke
Vengeance with her shrill tenor. And revenge
Thou hadst, fair poodle, darling of the Graces.
The guilty menial trembled, and with eyes
Downcast received his doom. Naught him availed
His twenty years' desert; naught him availed
His zeal in secret services; for him
In vain were prayer and promise: forth he went,
Spoiled of the livery that till now had made him
Enviable with the vulgar. And in vain
He hoped another lord: the tender dames
Were horror-struck at his atrocious crime,
And loathed the author. The false wretch succumbed
With all his squalid brood, and in the streets,
With his lean wife in tatters at his side,
Vainly lamented to the passer-by.

THE AFTERNOON CALL

From 'The Day'

And now the ardent friends to greet each other
Impatient fly, and pressing breast to breast
They tenderly embrace, and with alternate kisses
Their cheeks resound; then clasping hands, they drop
Plummet-like down upon the sofa, both
Together. Seated thus, one flings a phrase,
Subtle and pointed, at the other's heart,
Hinting of certain things that rumor tells,
And in her turn the other with a sting
Assails. The lovely face of one is flushed
With beauteous anger, and the other bites
Her pretty lips a little; evermore
At every instant waxes violent
The anxious agitation of the fans.
So in the age of Turpin, if two knights
Illustrious and well cased in mail encountered
Upon the way, each cavalier aspired
To prove the valor of the other in arms,
And after greetings courteous and fair,
They lowered their lances and their chargers dashed
Ferociously together; then they flung
The splintered fragments of their spears aside,
And, fired with generous fury, drew their huge
Two-handed swords and rushed upon each other!
But in the distance through a savage wood
The clamor of a messenger is heard,
Who comes full gallop to recall the one
Unto King Charles, and th' other to the camp
Of the young Agramante. Dare thou, too,
Dare thou, invincible youth, to expose the curls
And the toupet, so exquisitely dressed
This very morning, to the deadly shock
Of the infuriate fans; to new emprises
Thy fair invite, and thus the extreme effects
Of their periculous enmity suspend.

GILBERT PARKER

(1861–)

GILBERT PARKER belongs to the rising generation of novelists who seem inclined to depart from the morbid realism of certain jaundiced schools of modern writers, and to revive the tenets of Scott and Thackeray, of Cooper and Dickens. Through them the historical romance is being brought again into prominence. This form of fiction is well adapted for the exercise of Mr. Parker's literary talent, which is objective and impersonal; and for the manifestation of his belief that men are primarily lovers and fighters, and that life itself revolves about the pivots of love and war. In all of his tales, whether historical or not, there is the element of strife, and the element of the strong human affections. He perceives that the dramatic possibilities of these two elements are endless. His historical novels, 'The Trail of the Sword' and 'The Seats of the Mighty,' are of the time of the French and Indian wars, and involve many incidents of that period. In them, as in all but the greatest novels of the same class, the delineation of character is somewhat subordinated to the development of the plot and the setting forth of the historical background; yet Mr. Parker is too much of an artist to be merely a good story-teller. For this reason he is most successful in writing of people with whom he has come into sympathetic contact, and of localities with which he is familiar. It is this intimacy which gives charm to his tales of modern Canadian life.

He himself was born in Canada in 1861; his father being an English officer in the Artillery, who had come to the country with Sir John Colburn. From his childhood Mr. Parker was devoted to reading and study; and it may have been his early enthusiasm for Shakespeare which developed the strong dramatic quality discernible in his novels. His parents wishing him to enter the church, he began theological studies at the University of Toronto; he became a lecturer in Trinity College, and continued to hold this position until, his health failing, he was ordered to the South Sea. In Australia he resumed his lectures: the reputation gained by them influenced the editor of a Sydney newspaper to invite him to write a series of articles on his impressions of the country. From that time he gave himself up to literary work: his talents as a novelist could not long remain hidden. The editor of the London Illustrated News engaged him to write a

serial story; he became known in England, and then in America,— the reading public recognizing him not only as a writer of strength and imagination, but as one whose genius had manifested itself most clearly in a new field. Mr. Parker is at his best in the stories published originally in various magazines, and now collected under the title 'Pierre and His People.' The scene of these tales is a country little known to the outside world,— that vast region extending from Quebec in the east to British Columbia in the west, and from the Cypress Hills in the south to the Coppermine River in the north; the great wilderness of the Hudson's Bay Company. Living on the edges of this dimly known land from boyhood, its mystery and its romantic possibilities must have early impressed the creator of Pierre. In a prefatory note to the book he says:—

«Until 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company — first granted its charter by King Charles II. — practically ruled that vast region stretching from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the Arctic Ocean: a handful of adventurous men intrenched in forts and posts, yet trading with, and most peacefully conquering, many savage tribes. Once the sole master of the North, the H. B. C. (as it is familiarly called) is reverenced by the Indians and half-breeds as much as, if not more than, the government established at Ottawa. It has had its forts within the Arctic Circle; it has successfully exploited a country larger than the United States. The Red River Valley, the Saskatchewan Valley, and British Columbia, are now belted by a great railway and given to the plow; but in the far north, life is much the same as it was a hundred years ago. There the trapper, clerk, trader, and factor are cast in the mold of another century, though possessing the acuter energies of this. The *voyageur* and *coureur de bois* still exist, though generally under less picturesque names.

«The bare story of the hardy and wonderful career of the adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay,— of whom Prince Rupert was once chiefest,— and the life of the prairies, may be found in histories and books of travel; but their romances, the near narratives of individual lives, have waited the telling. In this book I have tried to feel my way towards the heart of that life.»

Mr. Parker has been entirely successful in his endeavor. What Bret Harte did for the California of '49 he has done for this region of the north, with its picturesque, heterogeneous population, and its untrammeled life. Pierre is a half-breed, a strange mixture of saint and savage, a wanderer over the purple stretches of the prairies, an incarnation indeed of the spirit of the region,— primitive, restless, bearing with ill grace the superimposed yoke of civilization. Pierre's people are for the most part like him,— brothers and sisters to the sun and moon, to the wild mountains and the boundless plains. He moves in and out among them, participating more in the tragedies than in the comedies of their lives. Over all the stories of himself

and his brethren there is the half-earthly light of romance, softening the records of bloodshed, giving a tenderer grace to wild loves, and a deeper pathos to obscure deaths; through them all sweeps the wind of the prairie itself, fresh, invigorating, laden with outdoor scents and with outdoor sounds. The refreshment of nature itself is part of the charm of these tales.

In 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac,' a fascinating bit of comedy, Gilbert Parker has told the story of a lost Napoleon; a youth around whom clings the magic, elusive atmosphere of a great name and a great lost cause. The scent of the Imperial violets is always about him. He comes into the little Canadian village of Pontiac, and into the hearts of a simple people turning ever back to France, and to overwhelming traditions of the past. He dies at last for his ideal; not knowing that he is indeed what he personates, the son of the Napoleon of St. Helena.

The other stories of Mr. Parker's—'Mrs. Facchion,' 'An Unpardonable Liar,' 'The Translation of a Savage,' 'An Unpardonable Sin,' and 'The Trespasser'—while not showing the power and originality of 'Pierre' and 'Valmond,' are yet well written, and wholesome in spirit. Their author deserves no little commendation for adhering to an ideal of beautiful and vigorous romance, in an age of literature which has confounded the work of the scavenger with realistic treatment.

THE PATROL OF THE CYPRESS HILLS

From 'Pierre and His People.' Copyright 1894, by Stone & Kimball

"He's too ha'sh," said old Alexander Windsor, as he shut the creaking door of the store after a vanishing figure, and turned to the big iron stove with outstretched hands; hands that were cold both summer and winter. He was of lean and frigid make.

"Sergeant Fones is too ha'sh," he repeated, as he pulled out the damper and cleaned away the ashes with the iron poker.

Pretty Pierre blew a quick, straight column of cigarette smoke into the air, tilted his chair back, and said, "I do not know what you mean by 'ha'sh,' but he is the Devil. Eh, well, there was more than one devil made sometime in the Northwest." He laughed softly.

"That gives you a chance in history, Pretty Pierre," said a voice from behind a pile of woolen goods and buffalo skins in the centre of the floor. The owner of the voice then walked to

the window. He scratched some frost from the pane, and looked out to where the trooper in dogskin coat, and gauntlets, and cap, was mounting his broncho. The old man came and stood near the young man,—the owner of the voice,—and said again, "He is too ha'sh."

"*Harsh* you mean, father," added the other.

"Yes, *harsh* you mean, Old Brown Windsor,—quite harsh," said Pierre.

Alexander Windsor, storekeeper and general dealer, was sometimes called "Old Brown Windsor" and sometimes "Old Aleck," to distinguish him from his son, who was known as "Young Aleck."

As the old man walked back again to the stove to warm his hands, Young Aleck continued, "He does his duty: that's all. If he doesn't wear kid gloves while at it, it's his choice. He doesn't go beyond his duty. You can bank on that. It'd be hard to exceed that way out here."

"True, Young Aleck, so true; but then he wears gloves of iron, of ice. That is not good. Sometime the glove will be too hard and cold on a man's shoulder, and then—! Well, I should like to be there," said Pierre, showing his white teeth.

Old Aleck shivered, and held his fingers where the stove was red-hot.

The young man did not hear this speech; he was watching Sergeant Fones as he rode toward the Big Divide. Presently he said, "He's going towards Humphrey's place. I—" He stopped, bent his brows, caught one corner of his slight mustache between his teeth, and did not stir a muscle until the Sergeant had passed over the Divide.

Old Aleck was meanwhile dilating upon his theme before a passive listener. But Pierre was only passive outwardly. Besides hearkening to the father's complaints he was closely watching the son. Pierre was clever, and a good actor. He had learned the power of reserve and outward immobility. The Indian in him helped him there. He had heard what Young Aleck had just muttered; but to the man of the cold fingers he said, "You keep good whisky in spite of the law and the iron glove, Old Aleck." To the young man, "And you can drink it so free, eh, Young Aleck?" The half-breed looked out of the corners of his eyes at the young man, but he did not raise the peak of his fur cap in doing so, and his glances askance were not seen.

Young Aleck had been writing something with his finger-nail on the frost of the pane, over and over again. When Pierre spoke to him thus he scratched out the word he had written, with what seemed unnecessary force. But in one corner it remained: "Mab——"

Pierre added, "That is what they say at Humphrey's ranch."

"Who says that at Humphrey's?—Pierre, you lie!" was the sharp and threatening reply. The significance of this last statement had been often attested on the prairies by the piercing emphasis of a six-chambered revolver. It was evident that Young Aleck was in earnest. Pierre's eyes glowed in the shadow, but he idly replied:—

"I do not remember quite who said it. Well, *mon ami*, perhaps I lie; perhaps. Sometimes we dream things, and these dreams are true. You call it a lie: *bien!* Sergeant Fones, he dreams perhaps Old Aleck sells whisky against the law to men you call whisky runners, sometimes to Indians and half-breeds—half-breeds like Pretty Pierre. That was a dream of Sergeant Fones; but you see he believes it true. It is good sport, eh? Will you not take—what is it?—a silent partner? Yes; a silent partner, Old Aleck. Pretty Pierre has spare time, a little to make money for his friends and for himself, eh?"

When did not Pierre have time to spare? He was a gambler. Unlike the majority of half-breeds, he had a pronounced French manner, nonchalant and debonair. The Indian in him gave him coolness and nerve. His cheeks had a tinge of delicate red under their whiteness, like those of a woman. That was why he was called Pretty Pierre. The country had, however, felt a kind of weird menace in the name. It was used to snakes whose rattle gave notice of approach or signal of danger. But Pretty Pierre was like the death-adder, small and beautiful, silent and deadly. At one time he had made a secret of his trade, or thought he was doing so. In those days he was often to be seen at David Humphrey's home, and often in talk with Mab Humphrey; but it was there one night that the man who was ha'sh gave him his true character, with much candor and no comment.

Afterwards Pierre was not seen at Humphrey's ranch. Men prophesied that he would have revenge some day on Sergeant Fones; but he did not show anything on which this opinion could

be based. He took no umbrage at being called Pretty Pierre the gambler. But for all that he was possessed of a devil.

Young Aleck had inherited some money through his dead mother from his grandfather, a Hudson's Bay factor. He had been in the East for some years, and when he came back he brought his "little pile" and an impressionable heart with him. The former, Pretty Pierre and his friends set about to win; the latter, Mab Humphrey won without the trying. Yet Mab gave Young Aleck as much as he gave her. More. Because her love sprang from a simple, earnest, and uncontaminated life. Her purity and affection were being played against Pierre's designs and Young Aleck's weakness. With Aleck cards and liquor went together. Pierre seldom drank.

But what of Sergeant Fones? If the man that knew him best — the Commandant — had been asked for his history, the reply would have been: "Five years in the Service, rigid disciplinarian, best non-commissioned officer on the Patrol of the Cypress Hills." That was all the Commandant knew.

A soldier-policeman's life on the frontier is rough, solitary, and severe. Active duty and responsibility are all that makes it endurable. To few is it fascinating. A free and thoughtful nature would however find much in it, in spite of great hardships, to give interest and even pleasure. The sense of breadth and vastness, and the inspiration of pure air, could be a very gospel of strength, beauty, and courage, to such a one — for a time. But was Sergeant Fones such a one? The Commandant's scornful reply to a question of the kind would have been: "He is the best soldier on the Patrol."

And so, with hard gallops here and there after the refugees of crime or misfortune, or both, who fled before them like deer among the passes of the hills, and like deer at bay, often fought like demons to the death; with border watchings, and protection and care and vigilance of the Indians; with hurried marches at sunrise, the thermometer at fifty degrees below zero often in winter, and open camps beneath the stars, and no camp at all, as often as not, winter and summer; with rough barrack fun and parade and drill and guard of prisoners; and with chances now and then to pay homage to a woman's face,— the Mounted Force grew full of the Spirit of the West and became brown, valiant, and hardy, with wind and weather. Perhaps some of them

longed to touch, oftener than they did, the hands of children, and to consider more the faces of women,—for hearts are hearts even under a belted coat of red on the Fiftieth Parallel,—but men of nerve do not blazon their feelings.

No one would have accused Sergeant Fones of having a heart. Men of keen discernment would have seen in him the little Bismarck of the Mounted Police. His name carried farther on the Cypress Hills Patrol than any other; and yet his officers could never say that he exceeded his duty or enlarged upon the orders he received. He had no sympathy with crime. Others of the force might wink at it; but his mind appeared to sit severely upright upon the cold platform of Penalty, in beholding breaches of the Statutes. He would not have rained upon the unjust as the just if he had had the directing of the heavens. As private Gellatly put it: "Sergeant Fones has the fear o' God in his heart, and the law of the land across his saddle, and the newest breech-loading at that!" He was part of the great machine of Order, the servant of Justice, the sentinel in the vestibule of Martial Law. His interpretation of duty worked upward as downward. Officers and privates were acted on by the force known as Sergeant Fones. Some people, like Old Brown Windsor, spoke hardly and openly of this force. There were three people who never did,—Pretty Pierre, Young Aleck, and Mab Humphrey. Pierre hated him; Young Aleck admired in him a quality lying dormant in himself,—decision; Mab Humphrey spoke unkindly of no one. Besides— But no!

What was Sergeant Fones's country? No one knew. Where had he come from? No one asked him more than once. He could talk French with Pierre,—a kind of French that sometimes made the undertone of red in the Frenchman's cheeks darker. He had been heard to speak German to a German prisoner; and once when a gang of Italians were making trouble on a line of railway under construction, he arrested the leader, and in a few swift, sharp words in the language of the rioters settled the business. He had no accent that betrayed his nationality.

He had been recommended for a commission. The officer in command had hinted that the sergeant might get a Christmas present. The officer had further said, "And if it was something that both you and the patrol would be the better for, you couldn't object, sergeant." But the sergeant only saluted, looking steadily into the eyes of the officer. That was his reply.

Private Gellatly, standing without, heard Sergeant Fones say, as he passed into the open air, and slowly bared his forehead to the winter sun:—

"Exactly."

And Private Gellatly cried with revolt in his voice, "Divils me own, the word that a't to have been full o' joy was like the clip of a rifle breech."

Justice in a new country is administered with promptitude and vigor, or else not administered at all. Where an officer of the Mounted Police Soldiery has all the powers of a magistrate, the law's delay and the insolence of office has little space in which to work. One of the commonest slips of virtue in the Canadian West was selling whisky contrary to the law of prohibition which prevailed. Whisky runners were land smugglers. Old Brown Windsor had somehow got the reputation of being connected with the whisky runners; not a very respectable business, and thought to be dangerous. Whisky runners were inclined to resent intrusion of their privacy, with a touch of that biting inhospitableness which a moonlighter of Kentucky uses toward an inquisitive, unsympathetic marshal. On the Cypress Hills Patrol, however, the erring servants of Bacchus were having a hard time of it. Vigilance never slept there in the days of which these lines bear record. Old Brown Windsor had, in words, freely espoused the cause of the sinful. To the careless spectator it seemed a charitable siding with the suffering; a proof that the old man's heart was not so cold as his hands. Sergeant Fones thought differently; and his mission had just been to warn the storekeeper that there was menacing evidence gathering against him, and that his friendship with Golden Feather, the Indian chief, had better cease at once. Sergeant Fones had a way of putting things. Old Brown Windsor endeavored for a moment to be sarcastic. This was the brief dialogue in the domain of sarcasm:—

"I s'pose you just lit round in a friendly sort of way, hopin' that I'd kenoodle with you later."

"Exactly."

There was an unpleasant click to the word. The old man's hands got colder. He had nothing more to say.

Before leaving, the sergeant said something quietly and quickly to Young Aleck. Pierre observed, but could not hear. Young Aleck was uneasy; Pierre was perplexed. The sergeant

turned at the door, and said in French, "What are your chances for a Merry Christmas at Pardon's Drive, Pretty Pierre?" Pierre said nothing. He shrugged his shoulders, and as the door closed, muttered, "*Il est le Diable.*" And he meant it. What should Sergeant Fones know of that intended meeting at Pardon's Drive on Christmas day? And if he knew, what then? It was not against the law to play euchre. Still it perplexed Pierre. Before the Windsors, father and son, however, he was, as we have seen, playfully cool.

After quitting Old Brown Windsor's store, Sergeant Fones urged his stout broncho to a quicker pace than usual. The broncho was, like himself, wasteful of neither action nor affection. The sergeant had caught him wild and independent, had brought him in, broken him, and taught him obedience. They understood each other; perhaps they loved each other. But about that, even Private Gellatly had views in common with the general sentiment as to the character of Sergeant Fones. The private remarked once on this point, "Sarpints alive! the heels of the one and the law of the other is the love of them. They'll weather together like the Divil and Death."

The sergeant was brooding; that was not like him. He was hesitating; that was less like him. He turned his broncho round as if to cross the Big Divide and to go back to Windsor's store; but he changed his mind again, and rode on toward David Humphrey's ranch. He sat as if he had been born in the saddle. His was a face for the artist,—strong and clear, and having a dominant expression of force. The eyes were deep-set and watchful. A kind of disdain might be traced in the curve of the short upper lip, to which the mustache was clipped close—a good fit, like his coat. The disdain was more marked this morning.

The first part of his ride had been seen by Young Aleck, the second part by Mab Humphrey. Her first thought on seeing him was one of apprehension for Young Aleck and those of Young Aleck's name. She knew that people spoke of her lover as a ne'er-do-weel; and that they associated his name freely with that of Pretty Pierre and his gang. She had a dread of Pierre; and only the night before, she had determined to make one last great effort to save Aleck, and if he would not be saved—strange that, thinking it all over again, as she watched the figure on horseback coming nearer, her mind should swerve to what she had

heard of Sergeant Fones's expected promotion. Then she fell to wondering if any one had ever given him a real Christmas present; if he had any friends at all; if life meant anything more to him than carrying the law of the land across his saddle. Again he suddenly came to her in a new thought, free from apprehension, and as the champion of her cause to defeat the half-breed and his gang, and save Aleck from present danger or future perils.

She was such a woman as prairies nurture,—in spirit broad and thoughtful and full of energy; not so deep as the mountain woman, not so imaginative, but with more persistency, more daring. Youth to her was a warmth, a glory. She hated excess and lawlessness, but she could understand it. She felt sometimes as if she must go far away into the unpeopled spaces, and shriek out her soul to the stars from the fullness of too much life. She supposed men had feelings of that kind too, but that they fell to playing cards and drinking instead of crying to the stars. Still, she preferred her way.

Once Sergeant Fones, on leaving the house, said grimly after his fashion, "Not Mab but Ariadne—excuse a soldier's bluntness. . . . Good-by!" and with a brusque salute he had ridden away. What he meant she did not know and could not ask. The thought instantly came to her mind: Not Sergeant Fones; but—who? She wondered if Ariadne was born on the prairie. What knew she of the girl who helped Theseus, her lover, to slay the Minotaur? What guessed she of the Slopes of Naxos? How old was Ariadne? Twenty?—For that was Mab's age. Was Ariadne beautiful?—She ran her fingers loosely through her short brown hair, waving softly about her Greek-shaped head, and reasoned that Ariadne must have been presentable or Sergeant Fones would not have made the comparison. She hoped Ariadne could ride well, for *she* could.

But how white the world looked this morning! and how proud and brilliant the sky! Nothing in the plane of vision but waves of snow stretching to the Cypress Hills; far to the left a solitary house, with its tin roof flashing back the sun, and to the right the Big Divide. It was an old-fashioned winter, not one in which bare ground and sharp winds make life outdoors inhospitable. Snow is hospitable—clean, impacted snow; restful and silent. But there is one spot in the area of white, on which Mab's eyes are fixed now, with something different in them

from what had been there. Again it was a memory with which Sergeant Fones was associated. One day in the summer just past she had watched him and his company put away to rest, under the cool sod where many another lay in silent company, a prairie wanderer,—some outcast from a better life gone by. Afterwards, in her home, she saw the sergeant stand at the window, looking out toward the spot where the waves in the sea of grass were more regular and greener than elsewhere, and were surmounted by a high cross. She said to him,—for she of all was never shy of his stern ways,—

"Why is the grass always greenest *there*, Sergeant Fones?"

He knew what she meant, and slowly said, "It is the Barracks of the Free."

She had no views of life save those of duty and work and natural joy and loving a ne'er-do-weel, and she said, "I do not understand that."

And the sergeant replied, "*Free among the Dead, like unto them that are wounded and lie in the grave, who are out of remembrance.*"

But Mab said again, "I do not understand that either."

The sergeant did not at once reply. He stepped to the door and gave a short command to some one without, and in a moment his company was mounted in line: handsome, dashing fellows; one the son of an English nobleman, one the brother of an eminent Canadian politician, one related to a celebrated English dramatist. He ran his eye along the line, then turned to Mab, raised his cap with machine-like precision, and said, "No, I suppose you do not understand *that*. Keep Aleck Windsor from Pretty Pierre and his gang. Good-by."

Then he mounted and rode away. Every other man in the company looked back to where the girl stood in the doorway; he did not. Private Gellatly said with a shake of the head, as she was lost to view, "Devils bestir me, what a widdy she'll make!" It was understood that Aleck Windsor and Mab Humphrey were to be married on the coming New Year's Day. What connection was there between the words of Sergeant Fones and those of Private Gellatly? None, perhaps.

Mab thinks upon that day as she looks out, this December morning, and sees Sergeant Fones dismounting at the door. David Humphrey, who is outside, offers to put up the sergeant's horse; but he says, "No, if you'll hold him just a moment, Mr.

Humphrey, I'll ask for a drink of something warm, and move on Miss Mab is inside, I suppose?"

"She'll give you a drink of the *best* to be had on your patrol, sergeant," was the laughing reply.

"Thanks for that, but tea or coffee is good enough for me," said the sergeant. Entering, the coffee was soon in the hand of the hardy soldier. Once he paused in his drinking and scanned Mab's face closely. Most people would have said the sergeant had an affair of the law in hand, and was searching the face of a criminal; but most people are not good at interpretation. Mab was speaking to the chore-girl at the same time and did not see the look. If she could have defined her thoughts when she, in turn, glanced into the sergeant's face a moment afterwards, she would have said, "Austerity fills this man. Isolation marks him for its own." In the eyes were only purpose, decision, and command. Was that the look that had been fixed upon her face a moment ago? It must have been. His features had not changed a breath. Mab began their talk.

"They say you are to get a Christmas present of promotion, Sergeant Fones."

"I have not seen it gazetted," he answered enigmatically.

"You and your friends will be glad of it."

"I like the service."

"You will have more freedom with a commission."

He made no reply, but rose and walked to the window, and looked out across the snow, drawing on his gauntlets as he did so.

She saw that he was looking where the grass in summer was the greenest!

He turned and said:—

"I am going to barracks now. I suppose young Aleck will be in quarters here on Christmas Day, Miss Mab?"

"I think so," and she blushed.

"Did he say he would be here?"

"Yes."

"Exactly."

He looked toward the coffee. Then:—

"Thank you. . . . Good-by."

"Sergeant—"

"Miss Mab—"

"Will you not come to us on Christmas Day?"

His eyelids closed swiftly and opened again.

"I shall be on duty."

"And promoted?"

"Perhaps."

"And merry and happy?"—she smiled to herself to think of Sergeant Fones being merry and happy.

"Exactly."

The word suited him.

He paused a moment with his fingers on the latch, and turned round as if to speak; pulled off his gauntlet, and then as quickly put it on again. Had he meant to offer his hand in good-by? He had never been seen to take the hand of any one except with the might of the law visible in steel.

He opened the door with the right hand, but turned round as he stepped out, so that the left held it while he faced the warmth of the room and the face of the girl.

The door closed.

Mounted, and having said good-by to Mr. Humphrey, he turned toward the house, raised his cap with soldierly brusqueness, and rode away in the direction of the barracks.

The girl did not watch him. She was thinking of Young Aleck, and of Christmas Day, now near. The sergeant did not look back.

Meantime the party at Windsor's store was broken up. Pretty Pierre and Young Aleck had talked together, and the old man had heard his son say:—

"Remember, Pierre, it is for the last time."

Then they talked after this fashion:—

"Ah, I know, *mon ami;* for the last time! Eh, *bien!* You will spend Christmas Day with us too— No! You surely will not leave us on the day of good fortune? Where better can you take your pleasure—for the last time? One day is not enough for farewell. Two, *three;* that is the magic number. You will, eh?—no? Well, well, you will come to-morrow—and—eh, *mon ami*, where do you go the next day? Oh, *pardon*, I forgot, you spend the Christmas Day—I know. And the day of the New Year? Ah, Young Aleck, that is what they say,—the Devil for the Devil's luck. So!"

"Stop that, Pierre." There was fierceness in the tone. "I spend the Christmas Day where you don't, and as I like, and the rest doesn't concern you. I drink with you, I play with you—*bien!* As you say yourself, *bien!* isn't that enough?"

"*Pardon!* We will not quarrel. No: we spend not the Christmas Day after the same fashion, quite; then, to-morrow at Pardon's Drive! Adieu!"

Pretty Pierre went out of one door, a malediction between his white teeth, and Aleck went out of another door with a malediction upon his gloomy lips. But both maledictions were leveled at the same person. Poor Aleck!

"Poor Aleck!" That is the way we sometimes think of a good nature gone awry; one that has learned to say cruel maledictions to itself, and against which demons hurl their maledictions too. Alas for the ne'er-do-weel!

That night a stalwart figure passed from David Humphrey's door, carrying with him the warm atmosphere of a good woman's love. The chilly outer air of the world seemed not to touch him, Love's curtains were drawn so close. Had one stood within "the Hunter's Room," as it was called, a little while before, one would have seen a man's head bowed before a woman, and her hand smoothing back the hair from the handsome brow where dissipation had drawn some deep lines. Presently the hand raised the head until the eyes of the woman looked full into the eyes of the man.

"You will not go to Pardon's Drive again, will you, Aleck?"

"Never again after Christmas Day, Mab. But I must go to-morrow. I have given my word."

"I know. To meet Pretty Pierre and all the rest, and for what? O Aleck, isn't the suspicion about your father enough, but you must put this on me as well?"

"My father must suffer for his wrong-doing if he does wrong, and I for mine."

There was a moment's silence. He bowed his head again.

"And I have done wrong to us both. Forgive me, Mab."

She leaned over and fondled his hair. "I forgive you, Aleck."

A thousand new thoughts were thrilling through him. Yet this man had given his word to do that for which he must ask forgiveness of the woman he loved. But to Pretty Pierre, forgiven or unforgiven, he would keep his word. She understood it better than most of those who read this brief record can. Every sphere has its code of honor and duty peculiar to itself.

"You will come to me on Christmas morning, Aleck?"

"I will come on Christmas morning."

"And no more after that of Pretty Pierre?"

"And no more of Pretty Pierre."

She trusted him; but neither could reckon with unknown forces.

Sergeant Fones, sitting in the barracks in talk with Private Gellatly, said at that moment in a swift silence:—

"Exactly."

Pretty Pierre, at Pardon's Drive, drinking a glass of brandy at that moment, said to the ceiling:—

"No more of Pretty Pierre after to-morrow night, monsieur! *Bien!* If it is for the last time, then it is for the last time. So . . . so!"

He smiled. His teeth were amazingly white.

The stalwart figure strode on under the stars, the white night a lens for visions of days of rejoicing to come. All evil was far from him. The dolorous tide rolled back in this hour from his life, and he reveled in the light of a new day.

"When I've played my last card to-morrow night with Pretty Pierre, I'll begin the world again," he whispered.

And Sergeant Fones in the barracks said just then, in response to a further remark of Private Gellatly:—

"Exactly."

Young Aleck is singing now:—

"Out from your vineland come
Into the prairies wild;
Here will we make our home,—
Father, mother, and child;
Come, my love, to our home,—
Father, mother, and child,
Father, mother, and ——"

He fell to thinking again—"and child—and child,"—it was in his ears and in his heart.

But Pretty Pierre was singing softly to himself in the room at Pardon's Drive:—

"Three good friends with the wine at night—
Vive la compagnie!
Two good friends when the sun grows bright—
Vive la compagnie!
Vive la, vive la, vive la mort!
Vive la, vive la, vive la mort!
Three good friends, *two* good friends—
Vive la compagnie!"

What did it mean?

Private Gellatly was cousin to Idaho Jack, and Idaho Jack disliked Pretty Pierre, though he had been one of the gang. The cousins had seen each other lately, and Private Gellatly had had a talk with the man who was ha'sh. It may be that others besides Pierre had an idea of what it meant.

In the house at Pardon's Drive the next night sat eight men, of whom three were Pretty Pierre, Young Aleck, and Idaho Jack. Young Aleck's face was flushed with bad liquor and the worse excitement of play. This was one of the unreckoned forces. Was this the man that sang the tender song under the stars last night? Pretty Pierre's face was less pretty than usual: the cheeks were pallid, the eyes were hard and cold. Once he looked at his partner as if to say, "Not yet." Idaho Jack saw the look: he glanced at his watch; it was eleven o'clock. At that moment the door opened, and Sergeant Fones entered. All started to their feet, most with curses on their lips; but Sergeant Fones never seemed to hear anything that could make a feature of his face alter. Pierre's hand was on his hip, as if feeling for something. Sergeant Fones saw that; but he walked to where Aleck stood, with his unplayed cards still in his hand, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said, "Come with me."

"Why should I go with you?"—this with a drunken man's bravado.

"You are my prisoner."

Pierre stepped forward. "What is his crime?" he exclaimed.

"How does that concern you, Pretty Pierre?"

"He is my friend."

"Is he your friend, Aleck?"

What was there in the eyes of Sergeant Fones that forced the reply,—"To-night, yes; to-morrow, no"?

"Exactly. It is near to-morrow; come."

Aleck was led towards the door. Once more Pierre's hand went to his hip; but he was looking at the prisoner, not at the sergeant. The sergeant saw, and his fingers were at his belt. He opened the door. Aleck passed out. He followed. Two horses were tied to a post. With difficulty Aleck was mounted. Once on the way, his brain began slowly to clear; but he grew painfully cold. It was a bitter night. How bitter it might have been for the ne'er-do-weel let the words of Idaho Jack, spoken in a long hour's talk next day with Old Brown Windsor, show.

«Pretty Pierre, after the two were gone, said, with a shiver of curses,—'Another hour and it would have been done and no one to blame. He was ready for trouble. His money was nearly finished. A little quarrel easily made, the door would open, and he would pass out. His horse would be gone, he could not come back; he would walk. The air is cold, quite, quite cold; and the snow is a soft bed. He would sleep well and sound, having seen Pretty Pierre for the last time. And now—!'» The rest was French and furtive.

From that hour Idaho Jack and Pretty Pierre parted company.

Riding from Pardon's Drive, Young Aleck noticed at last that they were not going toward the barracks.

He said, «Why do you arrest me?»

The sergeant replied:—«You will know that soon enough. You are now going to your own home. To-morrow you will keep your word and go to David Humphrey's place; the next day I will come for you. Which do you choose: to ride with me to-night to the barracks and know why you are arrested, or go unknowing, as I bid you, and keep your word with the girl?»

Through Aleck's fevered brain there ran the words of the song he sang before:—

«Out from your vineland come
Into the prairies wild;
Here will we make our home,—
Father, mother, and child.»

He could have but one answer.

At the door of his home the sergeant left him with the words, «Remember you are on parole.»

Aleck noticed, as the sergeant rode away, that the face of the sky had changed, and slight gusts of wind had come up. At any other time his mind would have dwelt upon the fact. It did not do so now.

Christmas Day came. People said that the fiercest night since the blizzard day of 1863 had been passed. But the morning was clear and beautiful. The sun came up like a great flower expanding. First the yellow, then the purple, then the red, and then a mighty shield of roses. The world was a blanket of drift, and down, and glistening silver.

Mab Humphrey greeted her lover with such a smile as only springs to a thankful woman's lips. He had given his word and had kept it; and the path of the future seemed surer.

He was a prisoner on parole; still that did not depress him. Plans for coming days were talked of, and the laughter of many voices filled the house. The ne'er-do-weel was clothed and in his right mind. In the Hunter's Room the noblest trophy was the heart of a repentant prodigal.

In the barracks that morning a gazetted notice was posted, announcing, with such technical language as is the custom, that Sergeant Fones was promoted to be a lieutenant in the Mounted Police Force of the Northwest Territory. When the officer in command sent for him he could not be found. But he was found that morning; and when Private Gellatly, with a warm hand, touching the glove of "iron and ice,"—that, indeed, now,—said, "Sergeant Fones, you are promoted, God help you!" he gave no sign. Motionless, stern, erect, he sat there upon his horse, beside a stunted larch-tree. The broncho seemed to understand, for he did not stir, and had not done so for hours;—they could tell that. The bridle rein was still in the frigid fingers, and a smile was upon the face.

A smile upon the face of Sergeant Fones.

Perhaps he smiled because he was going to the Barracks of the Free.

"*Free among the Dead, like unto them that are wounded and lie in the grave, that are out of remembrance.*"

In the wild night he had lost his way, though but a few miles from the barracks.

He had done his duty rigidly in that sphere of life where he had lived so much alone among his many comrades. Had he exceeded his duty once in arresting Young Aleck?

When, the next day, Sergeant Fones lay in the barracks, over him the flag for which he had sworn to do honest service, and his promotion papers in his quiet hand, the two who loved each other stood beside him for many a throbbing minute. And one said to herself silently, "I felt sometimes—" but no more words did she say even to herself.

Old Aleck came in, and walked to where the sergeant slept, wrapped close in that white frosted coverlet which man wears but once. He stood for a moment silent, his fingers numbly clasped.

Private Gellatly spoke softly: "Angels betide me, it's little we knew the great of him till he wint away; the pride, and the law — and the love of him."

In the tragedy that faced them this Christmas morning, one at least had seen "the love of him." Perhaps the broncho had known it before.

Old Aleck laid a palm upon the hand he had never touched when it had life. "He's — too — ha'sh," he said, slowly.

Private Gellatly looked up wonderingly.

But the old man's eyes were wet.

VALMOND

From 'When Valmond Came to Pontiac.' Copyright 1895, by Stone & Kimball

On one corner stood the house of Monsieur Garon the avocat; on another, the shop of the Little Chemist; on another, the office of Medallion the auctioneer; and on the last, the Hotel Louis Quinze. The chief characteristics of Monsieur Garon's house were its brass door-knobs, and the verdant luxuriance of the vines that climbed its sides; of the Little Chemist's shop, the perfect whiteness of the building, the rolls of sober wall-paper, and the bottles of colored water in the shop windows; of Medallion's, the stoop that surrounded three sides of the building, and the notices of sales tacked up, pasted up, on the front; of the Hotel Louis Quinze, the deep dormer windows, its solid timbers, and the veranda that gave its front distinction; — for this veranda had been the pride of several generations of landlords, and its heavy carving and bulky grace were worth even more admiration than Pontiac gave to it.

The square which the two roads and the four corners made was on week-days the rendezvous of Pontiac and the whole parish; on Sunday mornings the rendezvous was shifted to the large church on the hillside, beside which was the house of the curé, Monsieur Fabre. Traveling towards the south, out of the silken haze of a midsummer day, you would come in time to the hills of Maine; north, to the city of Quebec and the River St. Lawrence; east, to the ocean; and west, to the Great Lakes and the land of the English. Over this bright province Britain

raised her flag; but only Medallion and a few others loved it for its own sake, or saluted it in the English tongue.

In the drab velvet dust of these four corners were gathered, one night of July a generation ago, the children of the village and many of their elders. All the events of that epoch were dated from the evening of this day. Another day of note the parish cherished, but it was merely a grave fulfillment of the first.

Upon the veranda stoop of the Louis Quinze stood a man of apparently about twenty-eight years of age. When you came to study him closely, some sense of time and experience in his look told you that he might be thirty-eight, though his few gray hairs seemed but to emphasize a certain youthfulness in him. His eye was full, singularly clear, almost benign; at one moment it gave the impression of resolution, at another it suggested the wayward abstraction of the dreamer. He was well figured, with a hand of peculiar whiteness, suggesting in its breadth more the man of action than of meditation. But it was a contradiction, for as you saw it rise and fall, you were struck by its dramatic delicacy; as it rested on the railing of the veranda, by its latent power. You faced incongruity everywhere. His dress was bizarre, his face almost classical, the brow clear and strong, the profile good to the mouth, where there showed a combination of sensuousness and adventure. Yet in the face there was an elusive sadness, strangely out of keeping with the long linen coat, frilled shirt, the flowered waistcoat, lavender trousers, boots of enameled leather, and straw hat with white linen streamers. It was a whimsical picture.

At the moment that the curé and Medallion the auctioneer came down the street together towards the Louis Quinze, talking amiably, this singular gentleman was throwing out hot pennies with a large spoon from a tray in his hand, calling on the children to gather them, in French which was not the French of Pontiac—or Quebec; and this fact the curé was quick to detect, as Monsieur Garon the avocat, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, had done some moments before. The stranger seemed only conscious of his act of liberality and the children before him. There was a naturalness in his enjoyment which was almost boy-like; a naïve sort of exultation seemed to possess him.

He laughed softly to see the children toss the pennies from hand to hand, blowing to cool them; the riotous yet half timorous

scramble for them, and burnt fingers thrust into hot blithe mouths. And when he saw a fat little lad of five crowded out of the way by his elders, he stepped down with a quick word of sympathy, put a half-dozen pennies in the child's pocket, snatched him up and kissed him, and then returned to the veranda, where were gathered the landlord, the miller, and Monsieur De la Rivière the young Seigneur. But the most intent spectator of the scene was Parpon the dwarf, who sat grotesquely crouched upon the wide ledge of a window.

Tray after tray of pennies was brought out and emptied, till at last the stranger paused, handed the spoon to the landlord, drew out a fine white handkerchief, dusted his fingers, standing silent for a moment and smiling upon the crowd.

It was at this point that some young villager called, in profuse compliment, "Three cheers for the Prince!"

The stranger threw an accent of pose into his manner, his eye lighted, his chin came up, he dropped one hand negligently on his hip, and waved the other in acknowledgment. Presently he beckoned, and from the hotel were brought out four great pitchers of wine and a dozen tin cups; and sending the garçon around with one, the landlord with another, he motioned Parpon the dwarf to bear a hand. Parpon shot out a quick, half resentful look at him; but meeting a warm, friendly eye, he took the pitcher and went among the elders, while the stranger himself courteously drank with the young men of the village, who, like many wiser folk, thus yielded to the charm of mystery. To every one he said a hearty thing, and sometimes touched his greeting off with a bit of poetry or a rhetorical phrase. These dramatic extravagances served him well, for he was among a race of story-tellers and crude poets.

Parpon, uncouth and furtive, moved through the crowd, dispensing as much irony as wine:—

"Three bucks we come to a pretty inn:
'Hostess,' say we, 'have you red wine?'
Brave! Brave!
'Hostess,' say we, 'have you red wine?'
Bravement!
Our feet are sore and our crops are dry,
Bravement!"

This he hummed to Monsieur Garon the avocat, in a tone all silver; for he had that one gift of Heaven as recompense for his

deformity,—his long arms, big head, and short stature,—a voice which gave you a shiver of delight and pain all at once. It had in it mystery and the incomprehensible. This drinking song, lilted just above his breath, touched some antique memory in the avocat; and he nodded kindly at the dwarf, though he refused the wine.

"Ah, M'sieu' le Curé," said Parpon, ducking his head to avoid the hand that Medallion would have laid on it, "we're going to be somebody now in Pontiac, bless the Lord! We're simple folk, but we're not neglected. He wears a king's ribbon on his breast, M'sieu' le Curé!"

This was true. Fastened by a gold bar to the stranger's breast was the crimson ribbon of an order.

The Curé smiled at Parpon's words, and looked curiously and gravely at the stranger. Tall Medallion, the auctioneer, took a glass of the wine, and lifting it, said, "Who shall I drink to, Parpon, my dear? What is he?"

"Ten to one, a dauphin or a fool," answered Parpon with a laugh like the note of an organ. "Drink to both, long legs." Then he trotted away to the Little Chemist.

"Hush, my brother," said he, and he drew the other's ear down to his mouth. "Now there'll be plenty of work for you. We're going to be gay in Pontiac. We'll come to you with our spoiled stomachs."

He edged round the circle, and back to where the miller his master, and the young Seigneur stood.

"Make more fine flour, old man," said he to the miller: "pâtés are the thing now." Then, to Monsieur De la Rivière, "There's nothing like hot pennies and wine to make the world love you. But it's too late, too late for my young Seigneur!" he added in mockery, and again he began to hum in a sort of amiable derision:—

"My little tender heart,
O gai, vive le roi!
My little tender heart,
O gai, vive le roi!
'Tis for a grand baron,
Vive le roi, la reine;
'Tis for a grand baron,
Vive Napoléon!"

With the last two lines the words swelled out far louder than was the dwarf's intention; for few save Medallion and Monsieur

De la Rivière had ever heard him sing. His concert house was the Rock of Red Pigeons,—his favorite haunt, his other home, where, it was said, he met the Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills, and had gay hours with them. And this was a matter of awe to the timid *habitants*.

At the words "*Vive Napoléon!*" a hand touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw the stranger looking at him intently, his eyes alight.

"Sing it," he said softly, yet with an air of command. Parpon hesitated, shrank back.

"Sing it," he persisted; and the request was taken up by others, till Parpon's face flushed with a sort of pleasurable defiance. The stranger stooped and whispered something in his ear. There was a moment's pause, in which the dwarf looked into the other's eyes with an intense curiosity, or incredulity,—and then Medallion lifted the little man onto the railing of the veranda, and over the heads and into the hearts of the people there passed, in a divine voice, a song known to many, yet coming as a new revelation to them all.

"My mother promised it,
O gai, vive le roi!
My mother promised it,
O gai, vive le roi!
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive le roi, la reine;
To a gentleman of the king,
Vive Napoléon!"

This was chanted lightly, airily, with a sweetness almost absurd, coming as it did from so uncouth a musician. The last verses had a touch of pathos, droll yet searching:—

"Oh, say, where goes your love,
O gai, vive le roi?
Oh, say, where goes your love,
O gai, vive le roi?
He rides on a white horse,
Vive le roi, la reine;
He wears a silver sword,
Vive Napoléon!

"Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi!

Oh, grand to the war he goes,
O gai, vive le roi!
Gold and silver he will bring,
Vive le roi, la reine;
And eke the daughter of a king—
Vive Napoléon!"

The crowd, women and men, youths and maidens, enthusiastically repeated again and again the last line and the refrain, "*Vive le roi, la reine! Vive Napoléon!*"

Meanwhile the stranger stood, now looking at the singer with eager eyes, now searching the faces of the people, keen to see the effect upon them. His glance found the curé, the avocat, and the auctioneer, and his eyes steadied successively to Medallion's humorous look, to the curé's puzzled questioning, to the avocat's birdlike curiosity. It was plain they were not antagonistic; (why should they be?) and he—was there any reason why he should care whether or no they were for him or against him?

True, he had entered the village in the dead of night, with much luggage and many packages; had aroused the people at the Louis Quinze; the driver who had brought him departing gayly, before daybreak, because of the gifts of gold given him above his wage. True, this singular gentleman had taken three rooms in the little hotel, had paid the landlord in advance, and had then gone to bed, leaving word that he was not to be waked till three o'clock the next afternoon. True, the landlord could not by any hint or indirection discover from whence this midnight visitor came. But if a gentleman paid his way, and was generous and polite, and minded his own business, wherefore should people busy themselves about him? When he appeared on the veranda of the inn with the hot pennies, not a half-dozen people in the village had known aught of his presence in Pontiac. The children came first to scorch their fingers and fill their pockets; and after them the idle young men, and the *habitants* in general.

The song done, the stranger, having shaken Parpon by the hand, and again whispered in his ear, stepped forward. The last light of the setting sun was reflected from the red roof of the Little Chemist's shop, upon the quaint figure and eloquent face, which had in it something of the gentleman, something of the comedian. The alert Medallion himself did not realize the

comedian in it till the white hand was waved grandiloquently over the heads of the crowd. Then something in the gesture corresponded with something in the face, and the auctioneer had a nut which he could not crack for many a day. The voice was musical,—as fine in speaking almost as the dwarf's in singing,—and the attention of the children was caught by the warm, vibrating tones. He addressed himself to them.

"My children," he said, "my name is—Valmond! We have begun well; let us be better friends. I have come from far off to be one of you, to stay with you for a while—who knows how long—how long?" He placed a finger meditatively on his lips, sending a sort of mystery into his look and bearing. "You are French, and so am I. You are playing on the shores of life, and so am I. You are beginning to think and dream, and so am I. We are only children till we begin to make our dreams our life. So I am one with you; for only now do I step from dream to action. My children, you shall be my brothers, and together we will sow the seed of action and reap the grain; we will make a happy garden of flowers, and violets shall bloom everywhere out of our dream,—everywhere. Violets, my children; pluck the wild violets and bring them to me, and I will give you silver for them, and I will love you. Never forget," he added with a swelling voice, "that you owe your first duty to your mothers, and afterward to your country, and to the spirit of France. I see afar"—he looked toward the setting sun, and stretched out his arm dramatically, yet such was the impressiveness of his voice and person that not even the young Seigneur or Medallion smiled—"I see afar," he repeated, "the glory of our dreams fulfilled, after toil, and struggle, and loss; and I call upon you now to unfurl the white banner of justice, and liberty, and the restoration!"

The good women who listened guessed little of what he meant by the fantastic sermon; but they wiped their eyes in sympathy, and gathered their children to them, and said, "Poor gentleman, poor gentleman!" and took him instantly to their hearts. The men were mystified; but wine and rhetoric had fired them, and they cheered him—no one knew why. The curé, as he turned to leave with Monsieur Garon, shook his head in bewilderment; but even he did not smile, for the man's eloquence had impressed him. And more than once he looked back at the dispersing crowd and the picturesque figure posing on the

veranda. The avocat was thinking deeply, and as in the dusk he left the curé at his own door, all that he ventured was: "Singular, a most singular person!"

"We shall see, we shall see," said the curé abstractedly, and they said good-night. Medallion joined the Little Chemist in his shop door, and watched the *habitants* scatter, till only Parpon and the stranger were left. Presently these two faced each other, and without a word passed into the hotel together.

"H'm, h'm," said Medallion into space, drumming the door-jamb with his fingers, "which is it, my Parpon — a dauphin, or a fool?"

He and the Little Chemist talked long, their eyes upon the window opposite, inside which Monsieur Valmond and the dwarf were talking. Up the dusty street wandered fitfully the refrain:

"To a gentleman of the king,
Vive Napoléon!"

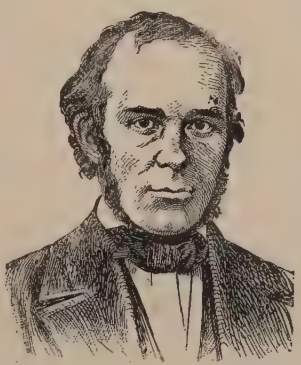
And once they dimly saw Monsieur Valmond come to the open window and stretch out his hand, as if in greeting to the song and the singer.

THEODORE PARKER

(1810–1860)

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

THEODORE PARKER was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, August 24th, 1810; the eleventh and youngest child of John and Hannah (Stearns) Parker. His grandfather, John Parker, commanded the company of militia on Lexington Green, April 19th, 1775; and said to his men as the British soldiers were approaching, «Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.» A certain fighting temper in Parker rooted back into this family tradition, and was nourished by the circumstance that his father's carpenter-shop was the belfry from which the summons to the farmer folk rang out on that eventful day. From his father, who was both carpenter and farmer, he inherited a strong and active mind, and a disposition «not to take things for granted»; from his mother his finer and more sympathetic qualities. Speaking of Daniel Webster's mother, and thinking of his own, he wrote: «When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter and condensed the summer's sun into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets.»



THEODORE PARKER

He was still a mere boy when he resolved upon a life of study and the work of a minister. His first book — ultimately one of some twenty thousand volumes and pamphlets — was a Latin dictionary, which he earned by picking berries in the Lexington pastures. One of his rarest books had long eluded him, when he finally got upon its scent in a Southern paper sent to him that he might have the benefit of some abusive article upon his antislavery course. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, and for four years kept pace with the studies there, while still working on the farm or engaged in teaching school. Harvard might well give him the degree A. M. in 1840; for by that

time he was master of a dozen languages, with a good smattering of half a dozen more. He entered the Divinity School in 1834, midway of the course, and was graduated in 1836. His first settlement was in West Roxbury, Massachusetts; which, though a suburb of Boston, was then so much of a farming village that the young preacher, always soundly practical, found in 'The Temptations of Milkmen' an appropriate subject for a sermon. During his Roxbury ministry he was translating De Wette's 'Introduction to the Old Testament'; but his great acquisitions in the way of learning never burdened him in his pulpit work. Even when he waxed philosophical, he translated his philosophy into the vernacular speech.

Whatever the natural tendencies of Parker's mind, it is unquestionable that they were much affected by the Transcendental movement of which Emerson was the New England coryphæus, and which found its inspirations from abroad in Coleridge and Carlyle rather than in the great German idealists. So far as Parker's Transcendentalism had any German stamp on it, it was that of Jacobi. It was certainly not that of Kant, whose God and immortality were not even inferences of the moral law, but good working hypotheses. Parker proclaimed the soul's direct consciousness of all three of these great objects of belief. But it may well be questioned whether he was not a philosopher more by accident than by any natural bent, and whether his Transcendentalism was not rather a crude expression of the robust and joyous faith of his own believing soul than any doctrine of universals, carefully thought out. It is impossible to read him widely and not feel that in what is inductive and scientific in his thinking, much more than in what is deductive and metaphysical, we have the natural gesture of his mind. No one ever reveled in facts more joyously than he, or had more of a stomach for statistics which his digestion of them could not match.

When Emerson gave his famous Divinity School address in July 1838, Parker was there to hear it with a quick-beating heart; and walking home that night, he resolved to keep silence no longer on the matters which that address made a subject of general discussion in the Unitarian churches. When, in 1839, Professor Andrews Norton animadverted on Emerson's address as 'The Latest Form of Infidelity,' and George Ripley, of Brook Farm distinction, took Norton in hand, Parker also took part in the controversy, but, with becoming modesty, in an anonymous pamphlet. Anonymity was not, however, the habit of his life; though frequently resorted to when, as a notorious heretic, he feared to injure some good cause by having his connection with it known. On May 19th, 1841, he was engaged to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. Charles Shackford, in South Boston. He took for his subject 'The Transient and Permanent in

Christianity,' and the sermon proved to be one of three of the most epoch-making in the history of American Unitarianism; Emerson's address a second, Channing's "Baltimore sermon" of 1819 the third. The doctrine preached was, that the moral and religious teachings of Jesus were permanent elements in Christianity, and that the miraculous element was transient. There was no denial that miracles had been associated with the origin of Christianity; only that they are necessary to its modern acceptance and support. But the conservative Unitarians contended that Christianity must be accepted because of the New Testament miracles, or it was no Christianity at all. Whereupon a controversy arose of great violence and bitterness. Without being formally excluded from the Unitarian body, Parker was shut out from all the prominent Unitarian pulpits; the ministers venturing to exchange with him being punished for their temerity by the secession from their societies of many "gentlemen of property and standing," or by the entire loss of their positions. Thereupon certain persons came together, and voted "that Theodore Parker have a chance to be heard in Boston"; and he had it, giving in the form of lectures his 'Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion,'—the book which is at once the best expression of his theological mind and of his literary methods. In 1845 he began preaching every Sunday in Boston, without surrendering his Roxbury parish; but in 1846, finding this double work too arduous, he concentrated his energies on his Boston pulpit; first at the Melodeon and afterward at the Music Hall, preaching to a congregation much larger than any other in the city. This continued until 1859, when his health broke down. He went to the West Indies, and there wrote an elaborate account of his ministry, which is one of the most impressive and affecting of his many publications. From the West Indies he went to Europe, and died in Florence, May 10th, 1860. His body is buried there in the English cemetery.

It was much easier for Parker to give up the traditional supports of religion, because he was naturally a believer of uncommon spontaneity. For all his denials, his piety was so warm and glad that it put to shame the colder temper of the Unitarians who could not endure his heresies. These were more pronounced as he went on. From denying the permanent necessity for the miraculous, he passed to a denial of its historical evidence, anticipating the position of Huxley and Matthew Arnold: in proportion to the divergence from our habitual experience, alleged facts must have more evidence to establish them, and the New Testament miracles do not meet this requisition. His published sermons do not in their aggregation give a just impression of his preaching in its proportionate character. They represent it as more controversial and occasional than it was.

His 'Ten Sermons on Religion' is the volume most representative of his average strain; while for the tenderness of his piety one must see his 'Prayers,' caught as they sped to heaven by some loving friend, and the meditations of his 'Journal' as they appear in the ill-made but invaluable 'Life and Correspondence,' written and edited by John Weiss. The 'Life' by Frothingham is much better written, but far less rich as an expression of Parker's wonderful range of knowledge, thought, religious sentiment, and passionate engrossment in political affairs.

It is in the last of these particulars that a great many persons who conceive of Parker as believing quite too little or too much, find ample justification for the warmest eulogy. Think as they may of his theological opinions, or of the invectives which he launched at those of the traditional stripe, they cannot but perceive that he was one of the greatest leaders in the antislavery conflict, intimately associated with Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Chase, John Brown, and others who were profoundly engaged in that conflict. On the best of terms with the abolitionists, and always welcome and willing to speak on their platform, he could not withhold himself from the political organization which, avowedly powerless for the destruction of slavery, sternly resolved upon its territorial limitation. This antislavery work was of itself sufficient to exhaust the energy of a much stronger man than Parker ever was. He was in constant correspondence with the great party leaders, advising them with an authority which they could not resent, such were its mass and weight. His lyceum lectures tended to the slavery question with an irresistible gravitation. He was moreover one of the principal managers of the "underground railroad," among the first to know of any fugitive slave newly arrived in Boston, and one of the most active in such measures as were necessary to put him out of reach of harm. In Faneuil Hall he openly demanded armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law in behalf of Anthony Burns, and put to vote the question when it should begin. For this offense he was indicted; but greatly to his disappointment, was not brought to trial. He had, however, the satisfaction of publishing the 'Defense' he had prepared. He did not wait till great men died to prepare his sermon on their characters. His sermon on Daniel Webster was from three to four hours long, and it drew its waters from the whole area of our political history. He promised his hearers that they should not sit uneasily in their chairs; and except for the unqualified admirers of Webster, his promise was made good.

Parker was much more an orator than a writer; and his published writings, with few exceptions, reflect two lights that flare upon the public stage. They are diffuse in matter, and loosely articulated in

their form, in spite of the mechanical arrangement of their parts. What gives to them their greatest charm is a certain vivid homeliness of phrase, shaping itself upon the facts of nature and of our human life. Luther nor Latimer excelled him here. He wrote some beautiful hymns and other poems; but the best of his poetry will not be found in these, but in passages of his sermons, that go very near the tenderest joys and simplest tragedies of our experience. Not only was he so human that nothing human was foreign to him, but his sympathy was as keen as Wordsworth's with all natural things, and something of nature's wide inclusiveness and generous toleration was characteristic of his sympathy with universal life. It is suggestive of the homeliness of his affections that ninety-one of his words out of every hundred were Saxon, to eighty-five of Webster's, and seventy-four of Sumner's; though in the range of his reading and scholarship he was incomparably inferior to either of these men. In praising another for "words so deep that a child could understand them," he was unconsciously giving a most apt description of his own.

John White Chadwick.

MISTAKES ABOUT JESUS: HIS RECEPTION AND INFLUENCE

From 'A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion'

We often err in our estimate of this man. The image comes to us, not of that lowly one: the carpenter of Nazareth; the companion of the rudest men; hard-handed and poorly clad; not having where to lay his head; "who would gladly have stayed his morning appetite on wild figs, between Bethany and Jerusalem;" hunted by his enemies; stoned out of a city, and fleeing for his life. We take the fancy of poets and painters: a man clothed in purple and fine linen, obsequiously attended by polished disciples, who watched every movement of his lips, impatient for the oracle to speak. We conceive of a man who was never in doubt, nor fear; whose course was all marked out before him, so that he could not err. But such it was not, if the writers tell truly. Did he say, I came to fulfill the Law and the Prophets, and it is easier for Heaven and Earth to pass, than for one jot or tittle of the Law to fail? Then he must have doubted, and thought often and with a throbbing heart, before he could say, I am not come to bring peace, but a sword; to kindle

a fire, and would God it were kindled! — many times before the fullness of peace dwelt in him, and he could say, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship in spirit and in truth. We do not conceive of that sickness of soul which must have come at the coldness of the wise men, the heartlessness of the worldly, at the stupidity and selfishness of the disciples. We do not think how that heart, so great, so finely tuned and delicately touched, must have been pained to feel there was no other heart to give an answering beat. We know not the long and bitter agony that went before the triumph cry of faith, I am not alone, for the Father is with me; we do not heed that faintness of soul which comes of hope deferred, of aspirations all unshared by men,—a bitter mockery the only human reply, the oft-repeated echo, to his prayer of faith. We find it difficult to keep unstained our decent robe of goodness when we herd only with the good, and shun the kennel where sin and misery, parent and child, are huddled with their rags; we do not appreciate that strong and healthy pureness of soul which dwelt daily with iniquity, sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and yet with such cleanness of life as made even sin ashamed of its ugliness, but hopeful to amend. Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race; decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love. The Christian world, aghast at such awful beauty in the flesh, transfixed with wonder as such a spirit rises in his heavenly flight, veils its face and says, It is a God. Such thoughts are not for men. Such life betrays the God. And is it not the Divine which the flesh enshrouds? to speak in figures, the brightness of his glory; the express image of his person; the clear resemblance of the all-beautiful; the likeness of God in which man is made? But alas for us, we read our lesson backward: make a God of our brother, who should be our model. So the new-fledged eaglets may see the parent bird, slow rising at first with laborious efforts, then cleaving the air with sharp and steady wing, and soaring through the clouds, with eye undazzled, to meet the sun; they may say, We can only pray to the strong pinion. But anon their wings shall grow, and flutter impatient for congenial skies, and their parent's example guide them on. But men are still so sunk in sloth, so blind and deaf with sensuality and sin, they will not

KISS OF JUDAS

From a Painting by Ary Scheffer

see the greatness of man in him who, falling back on the inspiration God imparts, asks no aid of mortal men, but stands alone, serene in awful loveliness, not fearing the roar of the street, the hiss of the temple, the contempt of his townsmen, the coldness of this disciple, the treachery of that; who still bore up, had freest communion when all alone; was deserted, never forsaken; betrayed, but still safe; crucified, but all the more triumphant. This was the last victory of the soul; the highest type of man. Blessed be God that so much manliness has been lived out, and stands there yet, a lasting monument to mark how high the tides of Divine life have risen in the world of man. It bids us take courage, and be glad; for what man has done, he may do.

Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.
There every virtue set his triumph seal;
Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace,
In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,
And stamp Perfection on a mortal face.
Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes
That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.*

The doctrine he taught was the Father's, not his; the personal will did not mingle its motes with the pure religious light of Truth; it fell through him as through void space, not colored, not bent aside. Here was the greatest soul of all the sons of men; one before whom the majestic mind of Grecian sages and of Hebrew seers must veil its face. His perfect obedience made him free. So complete was it that but a single will dwelt in him and God, and he could say, I and the Father are one. For this reason his teaching was absolute. God's word was in him. Try him as we try other teachers. They deliver their word, find a few waiting for the consolation, who accept the new tidings, follow the new method, and soon go beyond their teacher, though less mighty minds than he. Such is the case with each founder of a school in philosophy, each sect in religion. Though humble men, we see what Socrates and Luther never saw. But

* This poem is by Parker.

eighteen centuries have passed since the sun of humanity rose so high in Jesus: what man, what sect, what church has mastered his thought, comprehended his method, and so fully applied it to life? Let the world answer in its cry of anguish. Men have parted his raiment among them; cast lots for his seamless coat: but that spirit which toiled so manfully in a world of sin and death, which did and suffered, and overcame the world,—is that found, possessed, understood? Nay, is it sought for and recommended by any of our churches?

But no excellence of aim, no sublimity of achievement, could screen him from distress and suffering. The fate of all Saviors was his,—despised and rejected of men. His father's children "did not believe in him"; his townsmen "were offended at him," and said "Whence hath he this wisdom? Is not this the son of Joseph the carpenter?" Those learned scribes who came all the way from Jerusalem to entangle him in his talk could see only this, "He hath Beelzebub." "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" asked a conservative. Some said, "He is a good man." "Ay," said others, "but he speaketh against the Temple." The sharp-eyed Pharisees saw nothing marvelous in the case. Why not? They were looking for signs and wonders in the heavens; not Sermons on the Mount, and a "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees": they looked for the Son of David, a king, to rule over men's bodies; not the son of a peasant-girl, born in a stable; the companion of fishermen; the friend of publicans and sinners, who spoke to the outcast, brought in the lost sheep; and so ruled in the soul, his kingdom not of this world. They said, "He is a Galilean, and of course no prophet." If he called men away from the senses to the soul, they said, "He is beside himself." "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" asked some one who thought that settled the matter. When he said, if a man live by God's law, "he shall never see death," they exclaimed, those precious shepherds of the people, "Now we know thou hast a devil, and art mad. Abraham is dead, and the prophets! Art thou greater than our father Abraham? Who are you, sir?" What a faithful report would Scribes and Pharisees and Doctors of the Law have made of the Sermon on the Mount; what omissions and redundancies would they not have found in it; what blasphemy against Moses and the Law, and the Ark of the Covenant, and the Urim and the Thummim, and the Meat-offering and the New-moons; what

neglect to mention the phylacteries and the shew-bread, and the Levite and the priest, and the tithes, and the other great essentials of religion; what "infidelity" must these pious souls have detected! How must they have classed him with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the mythological Tom Paines of old time; with the men of Sodom and Gomorrah! The popular praise of the young Nazarene, with his divine life and lip of fire; the popular shout, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" was no doubt "a stench in the nostrils of the righteous." "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Find *faith?* He comes to bring it. It is only by crucified redeemers that the world is saved. Prophets are doomed to be stoned; apostles to be sawn asunder. The world knoweth its own, and loveth them. Even so let it be; the stoned prophet is not without his reward. The balance of God is even.

Yet there were men who heard the new word. Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere, and produce its hundredfold. Some kept his sayings and pondered them in their heart. Others heard them gladly. Did priests and Levites stop their ears? Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before them. Those blessed women whose hearts God has sown deepest with the Orient pearl of faith; they who ministered to him in his wants, washed his feet with tears of penitence, and wiped them with the hairs of their head, —was it in vain he spoke to them? Alas for the anointed priest, the child of Levi, the son of Aaron,—men who shut up inspiration in old books, and believed God was asleep,—they stumbled in darkness, and fell into the ditch. But doubtless there was many a tear-stained face that brightened like fires new stirred as Truth spoke out of Jesus's lips. His word swayed the multitude as pendent vines swing in the summer wind; as the Spirit of God moved on the waters of chaos, and said, Let there be light, and there was light. No doubt many a rude fisherman of Gennesareth heard his words with a heart bounding and scarce able to keep in his bosom, went home a new man with a legion of angels in his breast, and from that day lived a life divine and beautiful.

No doubt, on the other hand, Rabbi Kozeb Ben Shatan, when he heard of this eloquent Nazarene and his Sermon on the Mount, said to his disciples in private at Jerusalem:—This

new doctrine will not injure us, prudent and educated men: we know that men may worship as well out of the Temple as in it; a burnt-offering is nothing; the ritual of no value; the Sabbath like any other day; the Law faulty in many things, offensive in some, and no more from God than other laws equally good. We know that the priesthood is a human affair, originated and managed like other human affairs. We may confess all this to ourselves, but what is the use of telling it? The people wish to be deceived: let them. The Pharisee will conduct wisely like a Pharisee — for he sees the eternal fitness of things — even if these doctrines should be proclaimed. But this people who know not the law, what will become of them? Simon Peter, James, and John, those poor unlettered fishermen on the lake of Galilee, to whom we gave a farthing and a priestly blessing in our summer excursion, — what will become of them when told that every word of the Law did not come straight out of the mouth of Jehovah, and the ritual is nothing! They will go over to the flesh and the Devil, and be lost. It is true that the Law and the Prophets are well summed up in one word, Love God and man. But never let us sanction the saying: it would ruin the seed of Abraham, keep back the kingdom of God, and "destroy our usefulness." Thus went it at Jerusalem. The new word was "blasphemy," the new prophet an "infidel," "beside himself," "had a devil." But at Galilee things took a shape somewhat different; one which blind guides could not foresee. The common people, not knowing the Law, counted him a prophet come up from the dead, and heard him gladly. Yes, thousands of men, and women also, with hearts in their bosoms, gathered in the field and pressed about him in the city and the desert place, forgetful of hunger and thirst, and were fed to the full with his words, so deep a child could understand them; James and John leave all to follow him who had the word of eternal life; and when that young carpenter asks Peter, Whom sayest thou that I am? it has been revealed to that poor unlettered fisherman, not by flesh and blood, but by the word of the Lord; and he can say, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. The Pharisee went his way, and preached a doctrine that he knew was false; the fisherman also went his way, but which to the flesh and the Devil?

We cannot tell, no man can tell, the feelings which the large free doctrines of absolute religion awakened when heard for the

first time. There must have been many a Simeon waiting for the consolation; many a Mary longing for the better part; many a soul in cabins and cottages and stately dwellings, that caught glimpses of the same truth, as God's light shone through some crevice which Piety made in that wall Prejudice and Superstition had built up betwixt man and God; men who scarce dared to trust that revelation,—"too good to be true,"—such was their awe of Moses, their reverence for the priest. To them the word of Jesus must have sounded divine; like the music of their home sung out in the sky, and heard in a distant land: beguiling toil of its weariness, pain of its sting, affliction of despair. There must have been men sick of forms which had lost their meaning, pained with the open secret of sacerdotal hypocrisy, hungering and thirsting after the truth, yet whom error and prejudice and priestcraft had blinded so that they dared not think as men, nor look on the sunlight God shed upon the mind.

But see what a work it has wrought. Men could not hold the word in their bosoms; it would not be still. No doubt they sought,—those rude disciples,—after their teacher's death, to quiet the matter and say nothing about it: they had nerves that quivered at the touch of steel; wives and children whom it was hard to leave behind to the world's uncertain sympathy; respectable friends it may be, who said the old Law did very well. Let well enough alone. The people must be deceived a little. The world can never be much mended. No doubt Truth stood on one side, and Ease on the other; it has often been so. Perhaps the disciples went to the old synagogue more sedulous than before; paid tithes; kept the new-moons; were sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice; made low bows to the Levite, sought his savory conversation, and kept the rules a priest gave George Fox. But it would not do. There was too much truth to be hid. Even selfish Simon Peter has a cloven tongue of fire in his mouth, and he and the disciples go to their work, the new word swelling in their laboring heart.

Then came the strangest contest the world ever saw. On the one side is all the strength of the world,—the Jews with their records from the hand of Moses, David, and Esaias; supernatural records that go back to the birth of time; their Law derived from Jehovah, attested by miracles, upheld by prophets, defended by priests, children of Levi, sons of Aaron, the Law which was to last forever; the Temple, forty and seven years in being built,

its splendid ceremonies, its beautiful gate and golden porch; there was the wealth of the powerful; the pride, the self-interest, the prejudice of the priestly class; the indifference of the worldly; the hatred of the wicked; the scorn of the learned; the contempt of the great. On the same side were the Greeks, with their chaos of religion, full of mingled beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, piety and lust, still more confounded by the deep mysteries of the priest, the cunning speculations of the sophist, the awful sublimity of the sage, by the sweet music of the philosopher and moralist and poet, who spoke and sung of man and God in strains so sweet and touching; there were rites in public; solemn and pompous ceremonies, processions, festivals, temples, games to captivate that wondrous people; there were secret mysteries, to charm the curious and attract the thoughtful; Greece, with her arts, her science, her heroes and her gods, her Muse voluptuous and sweet. There too was Rome, the queen of nations, and conqueror of the world, who sat on her seven-hilled throne, and cast her net eastward and southward and northward and westward, over tower and city and realm and empire, and drew them to herself,—a giant's spoil; with a religion haughty and insolent, that looked down on the divinities of Greece and Egypt, of "Ormus and the Ind," and gave them a shelter in her capacious robe; Rome, with her practiced skill; Rome, with her eloquence; Rome, with her pride; Rome, with her arms, hot from the conquest of a thousand kings. On the same side are all the institutions of all the world: its fables, wealth, armies, pride, its folly and its sin.

On the other hand are a few Jewish fishermen, untaught, rude, and vulgar; not free from gross errors; despised at home, and not known abroad; collected together in the name of a young carpenter, who died on the gallows, and whom they declared to be risen from the dead; men with no ritual, no learning, no books, no brass in their purse, no philosophy in their mind, no eloquence on their tongue. A Roman skeptic might tell how soon these fanatics would fall out and destroy themselves, after serving as a terror to the maids and sport to the boys of a Jewish hamlet; and so that "detestable superstition" come to an end! A priest of Jerusalem, with his oracular gossip, could tell how long the Sanhedrim would suffer them to go at large, in the name of "that deceiver," whose body "they stole away by night"! Alas for what man calls great; the pride of prejudice;

the boast of power! These fishermen of Galilee have a truth the world has not, so they are stronger than the world. Ten weak men may chain down a giant: but no combination of errors can make a truth or put it down; no army of the ignorant equal one man that has the Word of Life. Besides, all the truth in Judea, Greece, Rome, was an auxiliary to favor the new doctrine.

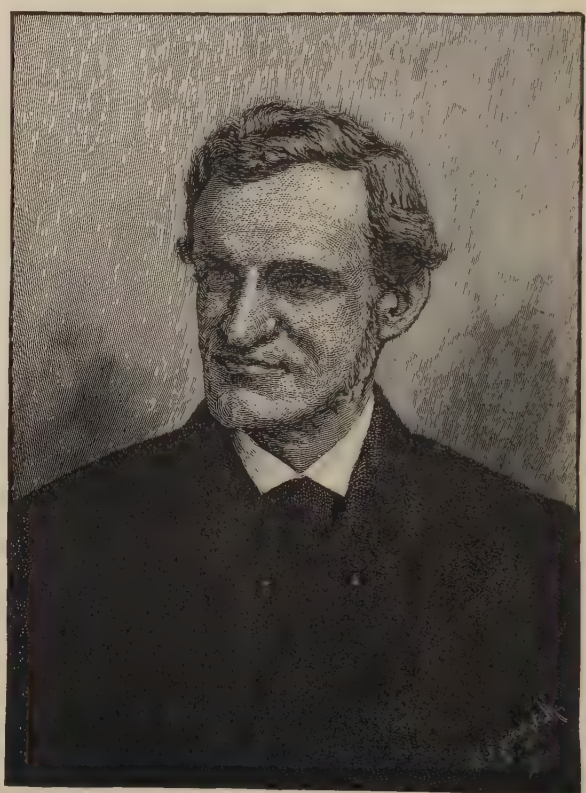
The first preachers of Christianity had false notions on many points; they were full of Jewish fables and technicalities; thought the world would soon end, and Jesus come back "with power and great glory." Peter would now and then lie to serve his turn; Paul was passionate, often one-sided; Barnabas and Mark could not agree. There was something of furious enthusiasm in all these come-outers. James roars like a fanatic radical at the rich man. But spite of the follies or limitations of these earnest and manly Jews, a religious fire burned in their hearts; the Word of God grew and prevailed. The new doctrine passes from its low beginnings on the Galilean lake, step by step, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Rome, till it ascends the throne of the world, and kings and empires lie prostrate at its feet. But alas, as it spreads, it is corrupted also. Judaism, paganism, idolatry, mingle their feculent scum with the living stream, and trouble the water of life.

Christianity came to the world in the darkness of the nations; they had outgrown their old form, and looked for a new. They stood in the shadow of darkness, fearing to look back nor daring to look forward; they groped after God. Christianity came to the nations as a beam of light shot into chaos; a strain of sweet music — so silvery and soft we know not we are listening — to him who wanders on amid the uncertain gloom, and charms him to the light, to the River of God and Tree of Life. It was the fulfillment of the prophecy of holy hearts. It is human religion, human morality, and above all things reveals the greatness of man.

It is sometimes feared that Christianity is in danger; that its days are numbered. Of the Christianity of the church, no doubt it is true. That child of many fathers cannot die too soon. It cumbers the ground. But the Christianity of Christ, absolute religion, absolute morality, cannot perish: never till love, goodness, devotion, faith, reason, fail from the heart of man; never till God melts away and vanishes, and nothing takes the place

of the All-in-All. Religion can no more be separated from the race than thought and feeling; nor absolute religion die out more than wisdom perish from among men. Man's words, thoughts, churches, fail and pass off like clouds from the sky that leave no track behind. But God's word can never change. It shines perennial like the stars. Its testimony is in man's heart. None can outgrow it; none destroy. For eighteen hundred years the Christianity of Christ has been in the world to warn and encourage. Violence and cunning, allies of sin, have opposed it. Every weapon learning could snatch from the arsenals of the past, or science devise anew, or pride and cruelty and wit invent, has been used by mistaken man to destroy this fabric. Not a stone has fallen from the heavenly arch of real religion; not a loop-hole been found where a shot could enter. But alas, vain doctrines, follies, absurdities without count, have been plied against the temple of God, marring its beauteous shape. That Christianity continues to live — spite of the traditions, fables, doctrines wrapped about it — is proof enough of its truth. Reason never warred against love of God and man, never with the Christianity of Christ, but always with that of the church. There is much destructive work still to be done, which scoffers will attempt.

Can man destroy absolute religion? He cannot with all the arts and armies of the world destroy the pigment that colors an emmet's eye. He may obscure the truth to his own mind. But it shines forever unchanged. So boys of a summer's day throw dust above their heads to blind the sun; they only hide it from their blinded eyes.



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

(1823–1893)

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, on what is now Allston Street, then called Somerset Place, on September 16th, 1823. His father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a member of an old colonial family that came from Sidmouth in Devonshire, England. His mother was a direct descendant of John Cotton of Plymouth. At Chauncey Hall School, in Boston, he was prepared for college; and in 1840 he entered Harvard as a freshman. In 1844 he took his degree of B. A., after a course of some distinction, particularly in history. His first book, 'The Oregon Trail,' appeared in 1849. In 1851 he issued 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac.' His one work of fiction, 'Vassall Morton,' was published in 1856. In 1865 came 'The Pioneers of France in the New World,' the first of the series 'France and England in North America.' The rest of the series appeared as follows:—'The Jesuits in North America,' in 1867; 'La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West,' in 1869; 'The Old Régime in Canada,' in 1874; 'Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.,' in 1877; 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' in 1884, concluding the series, but leaving an important period untreated. This gap was filled by 'A Half-Century of Conflict,' issued in 1892.

In 1866 his hobby of horticulture, which made beautiful his home at Jamaica Plain, had found expression in a practical little work called 'The Book of Roses.' He died on the 8th of November, 1893.

In Parkman's life the great events are the choice of his life work, the preparation for it, its execution, and its triumphant accomplishment. In spite of obstacles which would have daunted any one less than heroic in resolution, the career of Francis Parkman may be regarded as an ideal type of what a man of letters should aspire to. Singularly fortunate in finding a theme exactly fitted to his genius, yet so vast as to require a lifetime for its treatment, he was given length of days in which to see the triumphant completion of his task.

The story of the struggle of France and England in the New World was—when as a youth Parkman discerned its importance and marked it for his pen—perhaps the one theme of truly epic proportions then remaining untouched by the historian. It is no wonder

that the eager and ambitious boy was possessed by it from the moment when it presented itself to his imagination. It is no wonder that he jealously kept his design a secret, lest others should awake to its fascination and forestall him. The subject had many advantages besides that of sheer greatness. Its setting was one reasonably accessible to a New-Englander, and he could therefore resolve to know his landscapes and his backgrounds all at first hand. It afforded an endlessly shifting succession of adventure and incident, whence he could count upon making his narrative interesting from page to page. The material from which to spin the story existed in peculiar abundance: its period being one when the pen was busy, when annals and chronicles were much in vogue, and when men of action often found time to keep voluminous records. Parkman knew that in libraries of Rome, Paris, Quebec, Boston, Halifax, in archive offices and cloistered corners, lurked manuscripts innumerable, from which the tale he planned to tell might be patiently unraveled. He knew that inexhaustible treasure-house of North American history, the Jesuit Relations.

The magnitude and significance of the subject which he chose can hardly be exaggerated. That struggle which ended upon the Plains of Abraham was going on all over the world. It was to decide a vaster question than the dominance of the New World, that France and England throughout the course of two centuries were ever at each other's throats. The question at issue, fought out upon the Ganges as well as upon the St. Lawrence, was whether the English or the French stock should replenish the waste places of the earth. The subject to which Parkman set himself was the duel for world-empire. The result of this duel not only secured the supremacy of English institutions, ideals, and speech on this continent, but established beyond cavil England's place as the colonizer of the world.

Born with a passion for adventure, for the life of the wilderness, for the companionship of wild nature and half-wild man, Parkman thus found awaiting him a great historical subject for the sympathetic handling of which this passion was essential. History as a rule is largely a matter of courts, and cities, and action working at the centres of civilization. But the history of the struggle of France and England in North America is a tale of elemental impulses, of forests and frontiers, of adventurous rivalries on the shadowy outskirts of life. It moved in primitive conditions, such as the academic student is apt to look upon with the cool eyes of the observer, rather than with the vital comprehension of one who has played his part among them. In his delighted wanderings as a boy over the Middlesex Fells, in the long backwoods excursions with canoeing, fishing,

shooting, that occupied his college vacations, Parkman was fitting himself, at first unconsciously and afterwards doubtless of set purpose, for one side of his great enterprise. In the vehement delight, moreover, which he took in action, in feats of athletics, and in all strenuous outdoor effort, he still further widened his sympathies for the comprehension of a story of incessant effort of the same description.

His tastes as a student at college led his reading in the direction best fitted to further his own aim. Romance and history appealed to him with almost equal force; and the task on which he was soon to enter was one which required for its execution a right blending of imagination with exact observation and severe deduction. The incidents of the story whose magic was to be revealed by his pen were full of romantic color, and of appeal to the heroic emotions. No one could write of them adequately who was not himself thrilled by them. At the same time the broad view was necessary, that events might be seen and set down in their just proportions; the analytic sense was necessary, that relevant might be separated from irrelevant details; the philosophic temper was necessary, that the torrential flow of the story might not carry the narrator off his feet; and above all, the capacious grasp was necessary, that an Indian raid on the Richelieu, or a brush between rival traders on the St. Clair, might be duly related to the great world-drama in which Indian and fur-trader alike were unconscious players. Not only had Parkman these qualities by native endowment, but his studies and discipline were such as to develop them. Yet other gifts were needed, to make his equipment complete. The command of an adequate prose style was indispensable if he would have his work fit to endure. And for prose expression he had a natural aptitude, which he cultivated assiduously by composition, and by study of the masters of English. An unrestricted catholicity of sympathy and judgment was equally indispensable, if he would do even justice between mutually destructive ideals, warring creeds, and races grappling for life and death. He could see the man behind all accidents of color, creed, or speech; and so his characters live. The savage from his wigwam, the black-robed scholar from his cloister, the cavalier from the salons of Versailles, the soldier from camp or foray,—each has some point of contact with Parkman's sympathies, and is therefore presented from within, is recreated rather than depicted on his page.

After Parkman had finished his arts course at Harvard, he studied law purely as a means of fitting himself for dealing with the constitutional questions which, as he realized, would confront him in the course of his proposed work. After two years of the law, his next step was to study the Indians as they were before the contact with civilization changed them. To find such Indians, in 1846, it was

necessary to seek the Dakota and other wild tribes of the Far West. In that year he set out from St. Louis, with his cousin and comrade Quincy Shaw, and followed the track of the great migration then setting toward the Pacific coast. For some weeks he lived in the lodge of a Dakota chief. His hosts were exactly suited to his purpose. As he wrote afterwards:—"Neither their manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. . . . They fought with the weapons that their fathers fought with, and wore the same garments of skins." This trip, which lasted five months, gave him just that kind of first-hand knowledge which he desired. It bore immediate fruit in that fascinating book of travel, 'The Oregon Trail.' But the hardships and exposure which he endured on the expedition undermined a constitution never robust; and from this period date the beginnings of that ill-health with which the whole of his after life was to be a heroic struggle.

It is one of the marvels of Parkman's career that he was able to make so light of obstacles which most men would have accounted insurmountable. Works requiring the most prolonged, arduous, and minute research for their preparation, he wrote when his eyes were almost useless. Works requiring continuously sustained thought, he wrought to completion when often unable to work in any way for more than fifteen minutes at a time. During these long years of almost incessant ill-health, his achievements were just of the kind that fate seemed most determined to forbid.

When three fourths of his great task was done, Parkman began to fear that he might not live to complete it. After finishing the story of Frontenac, therefore, he passed over a period of fifty years and entered upon the composition of those volumes which were to sum up and crown the whole,—the volumes dealing with Montcalm and Wolfe. With the completion of these, however, and under the stimulus of the acclaim which greeted them, he entered on a new lease of productive vigor; and with the two volumes called 'A Half-Century of Conflict' he filled in the perfect outline of his life's work. This was in 1892, just long enough before his death to let the chorus of the world's praise come to his ears, and assure him of the fullness of his triumph.

Parkman's style shows a steady growth in mastery from the 'Conspiracy of Pontiac' to the 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' which latter work marks the zenith of his powers. Vividness and clarity are qualities of his writing from the first. But the picturesque affluence which characterizes his earlier volumes sometimes lacks that simplicity which is the final touch of power.

The prose style in which his later volumes are written is perhaps, taking it all in all, the most admirable medium that has been

employed by any English-speaking historian. If to have treated a great theme with absolutely competent scholarship, as well as in a style of positive and essential beauty, constitutes a claim to rank among the world's masters of history, then Parkman's claim is beyond the reach of question.

DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUES

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THERE was a gentleman of Mont-de-Marsan, Dominique de Gourgues, a soldier of ancient birth and high renown. It is not certain that he was a Huguenot. The Spanish annalist calls him a "terrible heretic"; but the French Jesuit, Charlevoix, anxious that the faithful should share the glory of his exploits, affirms that like his ancestors before him, he was a good Catholic. If so, his faith sat lightly upon him; and Catholic or heretic, he hated the Spaniards with a mortal hate. Fighting in the Italian wars,—for from boyhood he was wedded to the sword,—he had been taken prisoner by them near Siena, where he had signalized himself by a fiery and determined bravery. With brutal insult, they chained him to the oar as a galley-slave. After he had long endured this ignominy, the Turks captured the vessel and carried her to Constantinople. It was but a change of tyrants; but soon after, while she was on a cruise, Gourgues still at the oar, a galley of the Knights of Malta hove in sight, bore down on her, recaptured her, and set the prisoner free. For several years after, his restless spirit found employment in voyages to Africa, Brazil, and regions yet more remote. His naval repute rose high, but his grudge against the Spaniards still rankled within him; and when, returned from his rovings, he learned the tidings from Florida, his hot Gascon blood boiled with fury.

The honor of France had been foully stained, and there was none to wipe away the shame. The faction-ridden King was

dumb. The nobles who surrounded him were in the Spanish interest. Then, since they proved recreant, he, Dominique de Gourgues, a simple gentleman, would take upon him to avenge the wrong, and restore the dimmed lustre of the French name. He sold his inheritance, borrowed money from his brother, who held a high post in Guienne, and equipped three small vessels, navigable by sail or oar. On board he placed a hundred arquebusiers and eighty sailors, prepared to fight on land if need were. The noted Blaise de Montluc, then lieutenant for the King in Guienne, gave him a commission to make war on the negroes of Benin,—that is, to kidnap them as slaves, an adventure then held honorable.

His true design was locked within his own breast. He mustered his followers,—not a few of whom were of rank equal to his own,—feasted them, and on the twenty-second of August, 1567, sailed from the mouth of the Charente. Off Cape Finisterre, so violent a storm buffeted his ships that his men clamored to return; but Gourgues's spirit prevailed. He bore away for Africa, and landing at the Rio del Oro, refreshed and cheered them as he best might. Thence he sailed to Cape Blanco, where the jealous Portuguese, who had a fort in the neighborhood, set upon him three negro chiefs. Gourgues beat them off, and remained master of the harbor; whence however he soon voyaged onward to Cape Verd, and steering westward, made for the West Indies. Here, advancing from island to island, he came to Hispaniola, where, between the fury of a hurricane at sea and the jealousy of the Spaniards on shore, he was in no small jeopardy; —"the Spaniards," exclaims the indignant journalist, "who think that this New World was made for nobody but them, and that no other living man has a right to move or breathe here!" Gourgues landed, however, obtained the water of which he was in need, and steered for Cape San Antonio, at the western end of Cuba. There he gathered his followers about him, and addressed them with his fiery Gascon eloquence. For the first time he told them his true purpose, inveighed against Spanish cruelty, and painted with angry rhetoric the butcheries of Fort Caroline and St. Augustine.

"What disgrace," he cried, "if such an insult should pass unpunished! What glory to us if we avenge it! To this I have devoted my fortune. I relied on you. I thought you jealous enough of your country's glory to sacrifice life itself in a cause

like this. Was I deceived? I will show you the way; I will be always at your head; I will bear the brunt of the danger. Will you refuse to follow me?"

At first his startled hearers listened in silence; but soon the passions of that adventurous age rose responsive to his words. The combustible French nature burst into flame. The enthusiasm of the soldiers rose to such a pitch that Gourgues had much ado to make them wait till the moon was full, before tempting the perils of the Bahama Channel. His time came at length. The moon rode high above the lonely sea, and, silvered in its light, the ships of the avenger held their course.

Meanwhile it had fared ill with the Spaniards in Florida: the good-will of the Indians had vanished. The French had been obtrusive and vexatious guests; but their worst trespasses had been mercy and tenderness compared to the daily outrage of the new-comers. Friendship had changed to aversion, aversion to hatred, and hatred to open war. The forest paths were beset; stragglers were cut off; and woe to the Spaniard who should venture after nightfall beyond call of the outposts.

Menendez, however, had strengthened himself in his new conquest. St. Augustine was well fortified; Fort Caroline, now Fort San Mateo, was repaired; and two redoubts, or small forts, were thrown up to guard the mouth of the River of May,—one of them near the present lighthouse at Mayport, and the other across the river on Fort George Island. Thence, on an afternoon in early spring, the Spaniards saw three sail steering northward. They suspected no enemy, and their batteries boomed a salute. Gourgues's ships replied, then stood out to sea, and were lost in the shades of evening.

They kept their course all night, and as day broke, anchored at the mouth of a river, the St. Mary's or the Santilla, by their reckoning fifteen leagues north of the River of May. Here, as it grew light, Gourgues saw the borders of the sea thronged with savages, armed and plumed for war. They too had mistaken the strangers for Spaniards, and mustered to meet their tyrants at the landing. But in the French ships there was a trumpeter who had been long in Florida, and knew the Indians well. He went towards them in a boat, with many gestures of friendship; and no sooner was he recognized than the naked crowd, with yelps of delight, danced for joy along the sands. Why had he ever left them? they asked; and why had he not returned before?

The intercourse thus auspiciously begun was actively kept up. Gourgues told the principal chief — who was no other than Satouriona, once the ally of the French — that he had come to visit them, make friendship with them, and bring them presents. At this last announcement, so grateful to Indian ears, the dancing was renewed with double zeal. The next morning was named for a grand council, and Satouriona sent runners to summon all Indians within call; while Gourgues, for safety, brought his vessels within the mouth of the river.

Morning came, and the woods were thronged with warriors. Gourgues and his soldiers landed with martial pomp. In token of mutual confidence, the French laid aside their arquebuses, and the Indians their bows and arrows. Satouriona came to meet the strangers, and seated their commander at his side, on a wooden stool, draped and cushioned with the gray Spanish moss. Two old Indians cleared the spot of brambles, weeds, and grass; and when their task was finished, the tribesmen took their places, ring within ring, standing, sitting, and crouching on the ground, — a dusky concourse, plumed in festal array, waiting with grave visages and intent eyes. Gourgues was about to speak, when the chief, who, says the narrator, had not learned French manners, anticipated him, and broke into a vehement harangue, denouncing the cruelty of the Spaniards.

Since the French fort was taken, he said, the Indians had not had one happy day. The Spaniards drove them from their cabins, stole their corn, ravished their wives and daughters, and killed their children; and all this they had endured because they loved the French. There was a French boy who had escaped from the massacre at the fort: they had found him in the woods; and though the Spaniards, who wished to kill him, demanded that they should give him up, they had kept him for his friends.

"Look!" pursued the chief, "here he is!" and he brought forward a youth of sixteen, named Pierre Debré, who became at once of the greatest service to the French, his knowledge of the Indian language making him an excellent interpreter.

Delighted as he was at this outburst against the Spaniards, Gourgues did not see fit to display the full extent of his satisfaction. He thanked the Indians for their good-will, exhorted them to continue in it, and pronounced an ill-merited eulogy on the greatness and goodness of his King. As for the Spaniards,

he said, their day of reckoning was at hand; and if the Indians had been abused for their love of the French, the French would be their avengers. Here Satouriona forgot his dignity, and leaped up for joy.

"What!" he cried, "will you fight the Spaniards?"

"I came here," replied Gourgues, "only to reconnoitre the country and make friends with you, and then go back to bring more soldiers; but when I hear what you are suffering from them, I wish to fall upon them this very day, and rescue you from their tyranny." All around the ring a clamor of applauding voices greeted his words.

"But you will do your part," pursued the Frenchman; "you will not leave us all the honor."

"We will go," replied Satouriona, "and die with you, if need be."

"Then, if we fight, we ought to fight at once. How soon can you have your warriors ready to march?"

The chief asked three days for preparation. Gourgues cautioned him to secrecy, lest the Spaniards should take alarm.

"Never fear," was the answer: "we hate them more than you do."

Then came a distribution of gifts,—knives, hatchets, mirrors, bells, and beads,—while the warrior rabble crowded to receive them, with eager faces and outstretched arms. The distribution over, Gourgues asked the chiefs if there was any other matter in which he could serve them. On this, pointing to his shirt, they expressed a peculiar admiration for that garment, and begged each to have one, to be worn at feasts and councils during life, and in their graves after death. Gourgues complied; and his grateful confederates were soon stalking about him, fluttering in the spoils of his wardrobe.

To learn the strength and position of the Spaniards, Gourgues now sent out three scouts; and with them went Olotoraca, Satouriona's nephew, a young brave of great renown.

The chief, eager to prove his good faith, gave as hostages his only surviving son and his favorite wife. They were sent on board the ships, while the Indians dispersed to their encampments, with leaping, stamping, dancing, and whoops of jubilation.

The day appointed came, and with it the savage army, hideous in war-paint, and plumed for battle. The woods rang back

their songs and yells, as with frantic gesticulation they brandished their war-clubs and vaunted their deeds of prowess. Then they drank the black drink, endowed with mystic virtues against hardship and danger; and Gourgues himself pretended to swallow the nauseous decoction.

These ceremonies consumed the day. It was evening before the allies filed off into their forests, and took the path for the Spanish forts. The French, on their part, were to repair by sea to the rendezvous. Gourgues mustered and addressed his men. It was needless: their ardor was at fever height. They broke in upon his words, and demanded to be led at once against the enemy. François Bourdelais, with twenty sailors, was left with the ships, and Gourgues affectionately bade him farewell.

"If I am slain in this most just enterprise," he said, "I leave all in your charge, and pray you to carry back my soldiers to France."

There were many embracings among the excited Frenchmen, —many sympathetic tears from those who were to stay behind,— many messages left with them for wives, children, friends, and mistresses; and then this valiant band pushed their boats from shore. It was a harebrained venture; for as young Debré had assured them, the Spaniards on the River of May were four hundred in number, secure behind their ramparts.

Hour after hour the sailors pulled at the oar. They glided slowly by the sombre shores in the shimmering moonlight, to the sound of the murmuring surf and the moaning pine-trees. In the gray of the morning they came to the mouth of a river, probably the Nassau; and here a northeast wind set in with a violence that almost wrecked their boats. Their Indian allies were waiting on the bank, but for a while the gale delayed their crossing. The bolder French would lose no time, rowed through the tossing waves, and landing safely, left their boats and pushed into the forest. Gourgues took the lead, in breastplate and backpiece. At his side marched the young chief Olotoraca, with a French pike in his hand; and the files of arquebuse-men and armed sailors followed close behind. They plunged through swamps, hewed their way through brambly thickets and the matted intricacies of the forests, and at five in the afternoon, almost spent with fatigue and hunger, came to a river or inlet of the sea, not far from the first Spanish fort. Here they found three hundred Indians waiting for them.

Tired as he was, Gourgues would not rest. He wished to attack at daybreak, and with ten arquebusiers and his Indian guide he set out to reconnoitre. Night closed upon him. It was a vain task to struggle on, in pitchy darkness, among trunks of trees, fallen logs, tangled vines, and swollen streams. Gourgues returned, anxious and gloomy. An Indian chief approached him, read through the darkness his perturbed look, and offered to lead him by a better path along the margin of the sea. Gourgues joyfully assented, and ordered all his men to march. The Indians, better skilled in woodcraft, chose the shorter course through the forest.

The French forgot their weariness, and pressed on with speed. At dawn they and their allies met on the bank of a stream, probably Sister Creek, beyond which, and very near, was the fort. But the tide was in, and they tried in vain to cross. Greatly vexed,— for he had hoped to take the enemy asleep,— Gourgues withdrew his soldiers into the forest, where they were no sooner ensconced than a drenching rain fell, and they had much ado to keep their gun-matches burning. The light grew fast. Gourgues plainly saw the fort, the defenses of which seemed slight and unfinished. He even saw the Spaniards at work within. A feverish interval elapsed, till at length the tide was out,— so far at least that the stream was fordable. A little higher up, a clump of trees lay between it and the fort. Behind this friendly screen the passage was begun. Each man tied his powder-flask to his steel cap, held his arquebuse above his head with one hand, and grasped his sword with the other. The channel was a bed of oysters. The sharp shells cut their feet as they waded through. But the farther bank was gained. They emerged from the water drenched, lacerated, and bleeding, but with unabated mettle. Gourgues set them in array under cover of the trees. They stood with kindling eyes, and hearts throbbing, but not with fear. Gourgues pointed to the Spanish fort, seen by glimpses through the boughs. "Look!" he said, "there are the robbers who have stolen this land from our King; there are the murderers who have butchered our countrymen!" With voices eager, fierce, but half suppressed, they demanded to be led on.

Gourgues gave the word. Cazenove, his lieutenant, with thirty men, pushed for the fort gate; he himself, with the main body, for the glacis. It was near noon; the Spaniards had just finished

their meal, and, says the narrative, "were still picking their teeth," when a startled cry rang in their ears:—

"To arms! to arms! The French are coming! the French are coming!"

It was the voice of a cannoneer who had that moment mounted the rampart, and seen the assailants advancing in unbroken ranks, with heads lowered and weapons at the charge. He fired his cannon among them. He even had time to load and fire again, when the light-limbed Olotoraca bounded forward, ran up the glacis, leaped the unfinished ditch, and drove his pike through the Spaniard from breast to back. Gourgues was now on the glacis, when he heard Cazenove shouting from the gate that the Spaniards were escaping on that side. He turned and led his men thither at a run. In a moment the fugitives, sixty in all, were inclosed between his party and that of his lieutenant. The Indians too came leaping to the spot. Not a Spaniard escaped. All were cut down but a few, reserved by Gourgues for a more inglorious end.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in the other fort, on the opposite shore, cannonaded the victors without ceasing. The latter turned four captured guns against them. One of Gourgues's boats, a very large one, had been brought along-shore, and entering it with eighty soldiers, he pushed for the farther bank. With loud yells the Indians leaped into the river, which is here about three fourths of a mile wide. Each held his bow and arrows aloft in one hand, while he swam with the other. A panic seized the garrison as they saw the savage multitude. They broke out of the fort and fled into the forest. But the French had already landed; and throwing themselves in the path of the fugitives, they greeted them with a storm of lead. The terrified wretches recoiled; but flight was vain. The Indian whoop rang behind them, and war-clubs and arrows finished the work. Gourgues's utmost efforts saved but fifteen, not out of mercy, but from a refinement of vengeance.

The next day was Quasimodo Sunday, or the Sunday after Easter. Gourgues and his men remained quiet, making ladders for the assault on Fort San Mateo. Meanwhile the whole forest was in arms, and far and near the Indians were wild with excitement. They beset the Spanish fort till not a soldier could venture out. The garrison, aware of their danger, though ignorant

of its extent, devised an expedient to gain information; and one of them, painted and feathered like an Indian, ventured within Gourgues's outposts. He himself chanced to be at hand, and by his side walked his constant attendant, Olotoraca. The keen-eyed young savage pierced the cheat at a glance. The spy was seized, and being examined, declared that there were two hundred and sixty Spaniards in San Mateo, and that they believed the French to be two thousand, and were so frightened that they did not know what they were doing.

Gourgues, well pleased, pushed on to attack them. On Monday evening he sent forward the Indians to ambush themselves on both sides of the fort. In the morning he followed with his Frenchmen; and as the glittering ranks came into view, defiling between the forest and the river, the Spaniards opened on them with culverins from a projecting bastion. The French took cover in the woods with which the hills below and behind the fort were densely overgrown. Here, himself unseen, Gourgues could survey the whole extent of the defenses; and he presently descried a strong party of Spaniards issuing from their works, crossing the ditch, and advancing to reconnoitre. On this, he sent Cazenove, with a detachment, to station himself at a point well hidden by trees on the flank of the Spaniards, who, with strange infatuation, continued their advance. Gourgues and his followers pushed on through the thickets to meet them. As the Spaniards reached the edge of the open ground, a deadly fire blazed in their faces; and before the smoke cleared, the French were among them, sword in hand. The survivors would have fled; but Cazenove's detachment fell upon their rear, and all were killed or taken.

When their comrades in the fort beheld their fate, a panic seized them. Conscious of their own deeds, perpetrated on this very spot, they could hope no mercy, and their terror multiplied immeasurably the numbers of their enemy. They abandoned the fort in a body, and fled into the woods most remote from the French. But here a deadlier foe awaited them; for a host of Indians leaped up from ambush. Then rose those hideous war-cries which have curdled the boldest blood and blanched the manliest cheek. The forest warriors, with savage ecstasy, wreaked their long arrears of vengeance, while the French hastened to the spot, and lent their swords to the slaughter. A few prisoners were saved alive; the rest were slain: and thus did the

Spaniards make bloody atonement for the butchery of Fort Caroline.

But Gourgues's vengeance was not yet appeased. Hard by the fort, the trees were pointed out to him on which Menendez had hanged his captives, and placed over them the inscription, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

Gourgues ordered the Spanish prisoners to be led thither.

"Did you think," he sternly said, as the pallid wretches stood ranged before him, "that so vile a treachery, so detestable a cruelty, against a King so potent and a nation so generous, would go unpunished? I, one of the humblest gentlemen among my King's subjects, have charged myself with avenging it. Even if the Most Christian and the Most Catholic Kings had been enemies, at deadly war, such perfidy and extreme cruelty would still have been unpardonable. Now that they are friends and close allies, there is no name vile enough to brand your deeds, no punishment sharp enough to requite them. But though you cannot suffer as you deserve, you shall suffer all that an enemy can honorably inflict, that your example may teach others to observe the peace and alliance which you have so perfidiously violated."

They were hanged where the French had hung before them; and over them was nailed the inscription, burned with a hot iron on a tablet of pine, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers."

Gourgues's mission was fulfilled. To occupy the country had never been his intention; nor was it possible, for the Spaniards were still in force at St. Augustine. His was a whirlwind visitation,—to ravage, ruin, and vanish. He harangued the Indians, and exhorted them to demolish the fort. They fell to the work with eagerness, and in less than a day not one stone was left on another.

Gourgues returned to the forts at the mouth of the river, destroyed them also, and took up his march for his ships. It was a triumphal procession. The Indians thronged around the victors with gifts of fish and game; and an old woman declared that she was now ready to die, since she had seen the French once more.

The ships were ready for sea. Gourgues bade his disconsolate allies farewell, and nothing would content them but a promise to return soon. Before embarking, he addressed his own men:—

"My friends, let us give thanks to God for the success he has granted us. It is he who saved us from tempests; it is he

who inclined the hearts of the Indians towards us; it is he who blinded the understanding of the Spaniards. They were four to one, in forts well armed and provisioned. Our right was our only strength; and yet we have conquered. Not to our own swords, but to God only, we owe our victory. Then let us thank him, my friends; let us never forget his favors; and let us pray that he may continue them, saving us from dangers, and guiding us safely home. Let us pray too that he may so dispose the hearts of men that our perils and toils may find favor in the eyes of our King and of all France, since all we have done was done for the King's service and for the honor of our country."

Thus Spaniards and Frenchmen alike laid their reeking swords on God's altar.

Gourgues sailed on the third of May, and gazing back along their foaming wake, the adventurers looked their last on the scene of their exploits. Their success had cost its price. A few of their number had fallen, and hardships still awaited the survivors. Gourgues, however, reached Rochelle on the day of Pentecost, and the Huguenot citizens greeted him with all honor. At court it fared worse with him. The King, still obsequious to Spain, looked on him coldly and askance. The Spanish minister demanded his head. It was hinted to him that he was not safe, and he withdrew to Rouen, where he found asylum among his friends. His fortune was gone; debts contracted for his expedition weighed heavily on him; and for years he lived in obscurity, almost in misery.

At length his prospects brightened. Elizabeth of England learned his merits and his misfortunes, and invited him to enter her service. The King, who, says the Jesuit historian, had always at heart been delighted with his achievement, openly restored him to favor; while, some years later, Don Antonio tendered him command of his fleet, to defend his right to the crown of Portugal against Philip the Second. Gourgues, happy once more to cross swords with the Spaniards, gladly embraced this offer; but in 1583, on his way to join the Portuguese prince, he died at Tours of a sudden illness. The French mourned the loss of the man who had wiped a blot from the national scutcheon, and respected his memory as that of one of the best captains of his time. And in truth, if a zealous patriotism, a fiery valor, and skillful leadership are worthy of honor, then is such a tribute due to Dominique de Gourgues, slave-catcher and half pirate as he was, like other naval heroes of that wild age.

Romantic as was his exploit, it lacked the fullness of poetic justice, since the chief offender escaped him. While Gourgues was sailing towards Florida, Menendez was in Spain, high in favor at court, where he told to approving ears how he had butchered the heretics. Borgia, the sainted general of the Jesuits, was his fast friend; and two years later, when he returned to America, the Pope, Paul the Fifth, regarding him as an instrument for the conversion of the Indians, wrote him a letter with his benediction. He re-established his power in Florida, rebuilt Fort San Mateo, and taught the Indians that death or flight was the only refuge from Spanish tyranny. They murdered his missionaries and spurned their doctrine. "The Devil is the best thing in the world," they cried; "we adore him: he makes men brave." Even the Jesuits despaired, and abandoned Florida in disgust.

Menendez was summoned home, where fresh honors awaited him from the Crown; though, according to the somewhat doubtful assertion of the heretical Grotius, his deeds had left a stain upon his name among the people. He was given command of the Armada of three hundred sail and twenty thousand men which in 1574 was gathered at Santander against England and Flanders. But now, at the height of his fortunes, his career was abruptly closed. He died suddenly, at the age of fifty-five. Grotius affirms that he killed himself; but in his eagerness to point the moral of his story, he seems to have overstepped the bounds of historic truth. The Spanish bigot was rarely a suicide; for the rites of Christian burial and repose in consecrated ground were denied to the remains of the self-murderer. There is positive evidence, too, in a codicil to the will of Menendez, dated at Santander on the fifteenth of September, 1574, that he was on that day seriously ill, though, as the instrument declares, "of sound mind." There is reason, then, to believe that this pious cut-throat died a natural death, crowned with honors, and soothed by the consolations of his religion.

It was he who crushed French Protestantism in America. To plant religious freedom on this western soil was not the mission of France. It was for her to rear in northern forests the banner of absolutism and of Rome; while among the rocks of Massachusetts, England and Calvin fronted her in dogged opposition.

FATHER BRÉBEUF AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE HURON MISSION

From 'The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century.' Copyright 1867, by Francis Parkman; 1895, by Grace P. Coffin and Katharine S. Coolidge. Reprinted by permission of the Parkman Estate, and of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

WHERE should the Fathers make their abode? Their first thought had been to establish themselves at a place called by the French *Rochelle*, the largest and most important town of the Huron confederacy; but Brébeuf now resolved to remain at Ihonatiria. Here he was well known; and here too, he flattered himself, seeds of the Faith had been planted which with good nurture would in time yield fruit.

By the ancient Huron custom, when a man or a family wanted a house, the whole village joined in building one. In the present case, not Ihonatiria only, but the neighboring town of Wenrio also, took part in the work,— though not without the expectation of such gifts as the priests had to bestow. Before October the task was finished. The house was constructed after the Huron model. It was thirty-six feet long and about twenty feet wide, framed with strong sapling poles planted in the earth to form the sides, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof,— the whole lashed firmly together, braced with cross-poles, and closely covered with overlapping sheets of bark. Without, the structure was strictly Indian; but within, the priests, with the aid of their tools, made innovations which were the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling by transverse partitions into three apartments, each with its wooden door,— a wondrous novelty in the eyes of their visitors. The first served as a hall, an ante-room, and a place of storage for corn, beans, and dried fish. The second — the largest of the three — was at once kitchen, workshop, dining-room, drawing-room, school-room, and bed-chamber. The third was the chapel. Here they made their altar, and here were their images, pictures, and sacred vessels. Their fire was on the ground, in the middle of the second apartment, the smoke escaping by a hole in the roof. At the sides were placed two wide platforms, after the Huron fashion, four feet from the earthen floor. On these were chests in which they kept their clothing and vestments, and beneath them they slept, reclining on sheets of bark, and covered with skins and the

garments they wore by day. Rude stools, a hand-mill, a large Indian mortar of wood for crushing corn, and a clock, completed the furniture of the room.

There was no lack of visitors, for the house of the black-robes contained marvels the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief among them was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!"—and to the admiration of the company, the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass wherein a flea was transformed to a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated. "All this," says Brébeuf, "serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our Faith; for the opinion they have of our genius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them."

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question; for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times, he says, 'Hang on the kettle;' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up and go home.'"

Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon, visitors were never wanting, to share the fathers' sagamite; but at the stroke of four, all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace. Now the door was barred; and gathering around the fire, they discussed the prospects of the mission, compared their several experiences, and took counsel for the future. But the standing topic of their evening talk was the Huron language. Concerning this each had some new discovery to relate, some new suggestion to offer; and in the task of analyzing its construction and deducing its hidden laws, these intelligent and highly cultivated minds found a congenial employment.

But while zealously laboring to perfect their knowledge of the language, they spared no pains to turn their present acquirements to account. Was man, woman, or child sick or suffering, they were always at hand with assistance and relief,—adding, as they saw opportunity, explanations of Christian doctrine, pictures of

heaven and hell, and exhortations to embrace the Faith. Their friendly offices did not cease here, but included matters widely different. The Hurons lived in constant fear of the Iroquois. At times the whole village population would fly to the woods for concealment, or take refuge in one of the neighboring fortified towns, on the rumor of an approaching war-party. The Jesuits promised them the aid of the four Frenchmen armed with arquebuses, who had come with them from Three Rivers. They advised the Hurons to make their palisade forts, not as hitherto in a circular form, but rectangular, with small flanking towers at the corners for the arquebuse-men. The Indians at once saw the value of the advice, and soon after began to act on it in the case of their great town of Ossossané, or Rochelle.

At every opportunity, the missionaries gathered together the children of the village at their house. On these occasions, Brébeuf, for greater solemnity, put on a surplice, and the close angular cap worn by Jesuits in their convents. First he chanted the *Pater Noster*, translated by Father Daniel into Huron rhymes, — the children chanting in their turn. Next he taught them the sign of the cross; made them repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo*, and the Commandments; questioned them as to past instructions; gave them briefly a few new ones; and dismissed them with a present of two or three beads, raisins, or prunes. A great emulation was kindled among this small fry of heathendom. The priests, with amusement and delight, saw them gathered in groups about the village, vying with each other in making the sign of the cross, or in repeating the rhymes they had learned.

At times the elders of the people, the repositories of its ancient traditions, were induced to assemble at the house of the Jesuits, who explained to them the principal points of their doctrine, and invited them to a discussion. The auditors proved pliant to a fault, responding "Good," or "That is true," to every proposition; but when urged to adopt the faith which so readily met their approval, they had always the same reply: "It is good for the French; but we are another people, with different customs." On one occasion, Brébeuf appeared before the chiefs and elders at a solemn national council, described heaven and hell with images suited to their comprehension, asked to which they preferred to go after death, and then, in accordance with the invariable Huron custom in affairs of importance, presented a large and valuable belt of wampum, as an invitation to take the path to Paradise.

Notwithstanding all their exhortations, the Jesuits, for the present, baptized but few. Indeed, during the first year or more, they baptized no adults except those apparently at the point of death; for, with excellent reason, they feared backsliding and recantation. They found especial pleasure in the baptism of dying infants, rescuing them from the flames of perdition, and changing them, to borrow Le Jeune's phrase, "from little Indians into little angels."

The fathers' slumbers were brief and broken. Winter was the season of Huron festivity; and as they lay stretched on their hard couch, suffocating with smoke and tormented by an inevitable multitude of fleas, the thumping of the drum resounded all night long from a neighboring house, mingled with the sound of the tortoise-shell rattle, the stamping of moccasined feet, and the cadence of voices keeping time with the dancers. Again, some ambitious villager would give a feast, and invite all the warriors of the neighboring towns; or some grand wager of gambling, with its attendant drumming, singing, and outcries, filled the night with discord.

But these were light annoyances compared with the insane rites to cure the sick, prescribed by the "medicine-men," or ordained by the eccentric inspiration of dreams. In one case, a young sorcerer, by alternate gorging and fasting,— both in the interest of his profession,— joined with excessive exertion in singing to the spirits, contracted a disorder of the brain, which caused him in midwinter to run naked about the village, howling like a wolf. The whole population bestirred itself to effect a cure. The patient had, or pretended to have, a dream, in which the conditions of his recovery were revealed to him. These were equally ridiculous and difficult; but the elders met in council, and all the villagers lent their aid, till every requisition was fulfilled, and the incongruous mass of gifts which the madman's dream had demanded were all bestowed upon him. This cure failing, a "medicine-feast" was tried; then several dances in succession. As the patient remained as crazy as before, preparations were begun for a grand dance, more potent than all the rest. Brébeuf says that except the masquerades of the Carnival among Christians, he never saw a folly equal to it. "Some," he adds, "had sacks over their heads, with two holes for the eyes. Some were as naked as your hand, with horns or feathers on their heads, their bodies painted white, and their faces black as devils. Others were daubed with red, black, and white. In short, every

one decked himself as extravagantly as he could, to dance in this ballet, and contribute something towards the health of the sick man." This remedy also failing, a crowning effort of the medical art was essayed. Brébeuf does not describe it,—for fear, as he says, of being tedious; but for the time, the village was a pandemonium. This, with other ceremonies, was supposed to be ordered by a certain image like a doll, which a sorcerer placed in his tobacco-pouch, whence it uttered its oracles, at the same time moving as if alive. "Truly," writes Brébeuf, "here is nonsense enough; but I greatly fear there is something more dark and mysterious in it."

But all these ceremonies were outdone by the grand festival of the *Ononhara*, or Dream Feast,—esteemed the most powerful remedy in cases of sickness, or when a village was infested with evil spirits. The time and manner of holding it were determined at a solemn council. This scene of madness began at night. Men, women, and children, all pretending to have lost their senses, rushed shrieking and howling from house to house, upsetting everything in their way, throwing fire-brands, beating those they met or drenching them with water, and availing themselves of this time of license to take a safe revenge on any who had ever offended them. This scene of frenzy continued till daybreak. No corner of the village was secure from the maniac crew. In the morning there was a change. They ran from house to house, accosting the inmates by name, and demanding of each the satisfaction of some secret want, revealed to the pretended madman in a dream, but of the nature of which he gave no hint whatever. The person addressed thereupon threw to him at random any article at hand, as a hatchet, a kettle, or a pipe; and the applicant continued his rounds till the desired gift was hit upon, when he gave an outcry of delight, echoed by gratulatory cries from all present. If, after all his efforts, he failed in obtaining the object of his dream, he fell into a deep dejection, convinced that some disaster was in store for him.

The approach of summer brought with it a comparative peace. Many of the villagers dispersed,—some to their fishing, some to expeditions of trade, and some to distant lodges by their detached cornfields. The priests availed themselves of the respite to engage in those exercises of private devotion which the rule of St. Ignatius enjoins. About midsummer, however, their quiet was suddenly broken. The crops were withering under a severe drought, a calamity which the sandy nature of the soil

made doubly serious. The sorcerers put forth their utmost power, and from the tops of the houses yelled incessant invocations to the spirits. All was in vain: the pitiless sky was cloudless. There was thunder in the east and thunder in the west; but over Ihonatiria all was serene. A renowned "rain maker," seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought him of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder, and caused him to fly another way. On this a clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which, being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince the hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defense.

"You say that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come."

This was accordingly done; but the clouds still kept aloof. The Jesuits followed up their advantage.

"Your spirits cannot help you, and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of Him who made the world, and perhaps he will listen to your prayers." And they added that if the Indians would renounce their sins and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore his favor towards them.

There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine masses to St. Joseph; and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French "medicine."

In spite of the hostility of the sorcerers, and the transient commotion raised by the red cross, the Jesuits had gained the confidence and good-will of the Huron population. Their patience, their kindness, their intrepidity, their manifest disinterestedness, the blamelessness of their lives, and the tact which, in the utmost fervors of their zeal, never failed them, had won the hearts of these wayward savages; and chiefs of distant villages came to urge that they would make their abode with them. As yet, the results of the mission had been faint and few; but the priests toiled on courageously, high in hope that an abundant harvest of souls would one day reward their labors.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

From 'Montcalm and Wolfe.' Copyright 1884, by Francis Parkman. Reprinted by permission of the Parkman Estate, and of Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

THE day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoitre the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham; so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maître Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide. . . .

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the General walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once

should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians whose all was at stake,—faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets,—La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn,—victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its

commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose: for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced — which was impossible; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves — which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age: "he rode a black or dark-bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the

English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their

broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered: "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquise est tué!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man: "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien: ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

PARMENIDES

(520?–450? B. C.)

PARMENIDES, son of Pyrrhes, and the most famous of the Eleatic philosophers, was born at Elea, in Southern Italy, about 520 B. C. Of his personal history little is known: merely that he took an active part in the politics of his native city, drawing up for it a code of laws to which the Eleans every year swore to conform; and that late in life, about 454 B. C., he made a visit to Athens in company with his pupil Zeno, and there made the acquaintance of Socrates, then a very young man (see Plato, 'Parmenides,' 127, A, B; 'Sophist,' 217, C; 'Theætetus, 183, E). He seems to have been acquainted with the thought of the Ionian philosophers, especially of Anaximander and Heraclitus, but to have been more deeply influenced by Pythagoras and Xenophanes. He numbered among his friends Empedocles and Leucippus, and taught Melissus and Zeno. His only written work was a poem 'On Nature,' of which considerable fragments remain. These have several times been collected. The best editions of them are those by Karsten (1835), and by Stein in 'Symbola Philologorum Bonnensium' (1864–7), pages 763–806. There is a complete English translation of them in hexameters by Thomas Davidson in Vol. iv. of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, pages 1–16.

With the exception of Heraclitus, Parmenides is the greatest of the pre-Socratic Greek thinkers. His importance consists chiefly in the fact that he was the first person to distinguish between the Ideal and the Real; between Being, eternal, unchangeable, and the subject of science, and Becoming, transient, changeable, and mere matter of opinion. Being he identifies with thought; and Becoming with sensation. He is thus the prime author of that dualism which runs through all subsequent Greek thinking, and which logically leads to asceticism in life and absolutism in politics. The resemblance of his philosophy to certain Hindu systems has induced some writers—*e. g.*, Gladisch in his 'Die Eleaten und die Indier' (Posen, 1844)—to connect it with these; but it is in fact due to a combination of the Pythagorean principle of number with the Ionic notion of process. It led the way to the universal subjectivism of the Sophists.

INTRODUCTION OF THE POEM ON NATURE

SOON as the coursers that bear me and draw me as far as extendeth
Impulse, guided and threw me aloft in the glorious pathway,
Up to the goddess that guideth through all things man that is conscious,
There was I carried along, for there did the coursers sagacious,
Drawing the chariot, bear me, and virgins preceded to guide them—
Daughters of Helios, leaving behind them the mansions of darkness—
Into the light, with their strong hands forcing asunder the night-shrouds,
While in its sockets the axle emitted the sound of a syrinx,
Glowing, for still it was urged by a couple of wheels well-rounded,
One upon this side, one upon that, when it hastened its motion.
There were the gates of the paths of the Night and the paths of the Day-time.
Under the gates is a threshold of stone, and above is a lintel.
These too are closed in the ether with great doors guarded by Justice—
Justice the mighty avenger, that keepeth the keys of requital.
Her did the virgins address, and with soft words deftly persuaded,
Swiftly for them to withdraw from the gates the bolts and its fastener.
Opening wide, they uncovered the yawning expanse of the portal,
Backward rolling successive the hinges of brass in their sockets,—
Hinges constructed with nails and with clasps; then onward the virgins
Straightway guided their steeds and their chariot over the highway.
Then did the goddess receive me with gladness, and taking my right hand
Into her own, thus uttered a word and kindly bespake me:—
"Youth that art mated with charioteers and companions immortal,
Coming to us on the coursers that bear thee, to visit our mansion,
Hail! for it is not an evil Award that hath guided thee hither
Into this path,—for, I ween, it is far from the pathway of mortals,—
Nay, it is Justice and Right. Thou needs must have knowledge of all things:
First of the Truth's unwavering heart that is fraught with conviction,
Then of the notions of mortals, where no true conviction abideth;
But thou shalt surely be taught this too,—that every opinion
Needs must pass through the ALL, and vanquish the test with approval."

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

THOUGHT AND EXISTENCE

ONE and the same are thought and that whereby there is thinking;
Never apart from existence, wherein it receiveth expression,
Shalt thou discover the action of thinking; for naught is or shall be
Other besides or beyond the Existent; for Fate hath determined
That to be lonely and moveless, which all things are but a name for,—
Things that men have set up for themselves, believing as real,—
Birth and decay, becoming and ceasing, to be and to not-be,
Movement from place to place, and change from color to color.
But since the uttermost limit of Being is ended and perfect,
Then it is like to the bulk of a sphere well rounded on all sides,
Everywhere distant alike from the centre: for never there can be
Anything greater or anything less, on this side or that side;
Yea, there is neither a non-existent to bar it from coming
Into equality, neither can Being be different from Being,
More of it here, less there, for the All is inviolate ever.
Therefore, I ween, it lies equally stretched in its limits on all sides.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

KOSMOS

THEN thou shalt know the ethereal nature and each of its tokens —
Each of the signs in the ether, and all the invisible workings
Wrought by the blemishless sun's pure lamp, and whence they have risen;
Then thou shalt hear of the orb-eyed moon's circumambient workings,
And of her nature, and likewise discern the heaven that surrounds them,
Whence it arose, and how by her sway Necessity bound it
Firm, to encircle the bounds of the stars.

Translation of Thomas Davidson.

[These three passages are reprinted by permission from the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Vol. iv.]

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

(1819–1892)

THE poetry of Thomas W. Parsons has in its best examples a classic perfection conjoined with a deep feeling, which gives it distinction. He was a scholar who worked with a certain austerity and aloofness, yet with an underlying perception of humor which saved his work from flatness or turgidity even when it did not appear on the surface. Dr. Parsons was thoroughly impregnated with Dante and the influence of Italian literature. Literature indeed, in this aspect of it, was to him a vocation and a passion. He served the Muse with a full sense of the sacredness of song.

He was born in Boston, August 18th, 1819; was the son of a physician of that city, and was destined for the same profession,—taking a degree at the Harvard Medical School, and for some time practicing dentistry. Boston was his home when he was in the United States; but he traveled and resided much abroad. In his leisure hours he wrote his verses and worked on his English renderings of the master poet of Italy. So early as 1843 he published a translation of the first ten cantos of the 'Inferno,' and a revision with seven more cantos followed in 1867. He made a version of the great epic a life labor, the translation in its final form appearing in 1893.

Dr. Parsons was never eager for publication, and some of his volumes of verse were printed privately for circulation among friends. Several collections of his poems were published: one entitled 'Ghetto di Roma' in 1854, 'The Magnolia' in 1867, 'The Shadow of the Obelisk' in 1872, 'Circum Præcorda' in 1892; and a final selection in 1893, after his death. This last book contains—excepting his translation of Dante—the bulk of the work his admirers would wish to see preserved. There are lyrics in this volume as perfect in their kind as anything done by a contemporaneous poet. The opening poem, 'On a Bust of Dante,' is as noble a tribute as the Italian has received in our tongue. Many lines and passages in the different lyrics have a quotableness which means fine thought married to fit expression. In the tribute to Daniel Webster, for example, occurs the stanza:—

> «Kings have their dynasties, but not the mind:
> Cæsars leave other Cæsars to succeed;
> But Wisdom dying, leaves no heir behind.»

And the poem closes with these lovely words:—

«We have no high cathedral for his rest,
Dim with proud banners and the dust of years;
All we can give him is New England's breast
To lay his head on — and his country's tears.»

There is something inevitable in the perfection of this, from 'The Birthday of Robert Burns':—

«For flowers will grow, and showers will fall,
And clouds will travel o'er the sky;
And the great God who cares for all,
He will not let his darlings die.»

The man who can strike out things like these — and he wrote whole poems which keep this level — deserves, and doubtless will get, permanent recognition as a lyric singer. Parsons's range is not wide, nor is his accomplishment varied. But in his individual way and within his compass, he struck a very pure, fine note, which will give lasting pleasure.

Dr. Parsons died at Scituate, Massachusetts, September 3d, 1892.

[The following selections are all made from the 'Poems of Thomas William Parsons.' Copyright 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

MARY BOOTH

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say or write that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the Springtime write her epitaph? —

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wind-flower and columbine and maiden's-tear;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;
She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that has learned to value, far above
The name of love, the sacred name of wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life, except gray hairs:
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep;
And that mysterious tie a mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed:
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth — her earth no more.

A DIRGE

SLOWLY tread, and gently bear
One that comes across the wave,
From the oppression of his care,
To the freedom of the grave;

From the merciless disease,
Wearing body, wasting brain,
To the rest beneath the trees,—
The forgetting of all pain;

From the delicate eye and ear,
To the rest that shall not see
To the sleep that shall not hear
Nor feel, the world's vulgarity.

Bear him, in his leaden shroud,
In his pall of foreign oak,
To the uncomplaining crowd
Where ill word was never spoke.

Bear him from life's broken sleep —
Dreams of pleasure, dreams of pain,
Hopes that tremble, joys that weep,
Loves that perish, visions vain —

To the beautiful repose
Where he was before his birth;
With the ruby, with the rose,
With the harvest, earth in earth!

Bring him to the body's rest,
After battle, sorely spent,
Wounded, but a welcome guest
In the Chief's triumphal tent.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD

THIS little seed of life and love
Just lent us for a day,
Came like a blessing from above,—
Passed like a dream away.

And when we garnered in the earth
The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
To spirits, as to flowers.

And still that benediction stays,
Although its angel passed;
Dear God! thy ways, if bitter ways,
We learn to love at last.

But for the dream,—it broke indeed,
Yet still great comfort gives:
What was a dream is now our creed,—
We know our darling lives.

TO FRANCESCA

SING Waller's lay,
"Go, lovely rose," or some old song,
That should I play
Feebly, thy voice may make me strong
With loving memories cherished long.

Sing "Drink to me,"
Or "Take, oh take those lips away;"
Some strain to be—
When I am gone and thou art gray—
Remembered of a happier day.

A solemn air,
A melody not loud but low,
Suits whitening hair;
And when the pulse is beating slow,
The music's measure should move so.

The song most sweet
Is that which lulls, not thrills, the ear;
So, love, repeat
For one who counteth silence dear,
That which to silence is most near.

PILGRIM'S ISLE

THERE fell a charm upon the deep,
A spell upon the silent shore;
The boats, like lily-pads asleep,
Lay round me upon ocean's floor.

O weary world of noise and strife!
O cities full of gold and guile!
How small a part ye make of life
To one that walks on Pilgrim's Isle!

I watched the Gurnet's double star,
Like Jove and Venus side by side,
And on the smooth waves gleaming far
Beheld its long reflection ride.

My days of youth are almost flown,
And yet, upon a night like this,
Love will not let my heart alone;
Back comes the well-remembered bliss.

Oft in thy golden locks a gleam
Of other days illumes my brain,
And in thy hand's soft touch I seem
To feel my boyhood born again.

Ah, dearest, all will soon be o'er!
I see my sunset in thy smile;
It lingers longest on the shore,
Th' enchanted shore, of Pilgrim's Isle.

PARADISI GLORIA

«O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera città—»

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

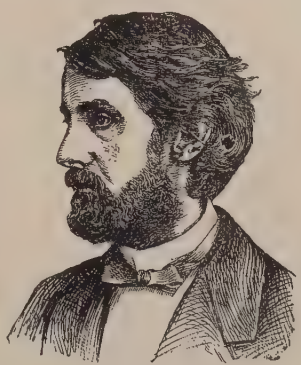
That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
  Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
  To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
  Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows,
  Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

JAMES PARTON

(1822–1891)

JAMES PARTON, though in thought and feeling an American of the Americans, was born in Canterbury, England, February 9th, 1822; coming to New York with his widowed mother when he was about five years old. He went to a classical school in Westchester County, New York, passed some years in Europe, and then set up a school of his own in Philadelphia. He had a passion for Greek, and when he was a lad urged his mother to let him become a barber, that he might have time enough between customers to study the language: but Willis, whom he knew, had set the fashion of being literary, and Parton followed it by contributing to the Home Journal; becoming in time assistant editor of that paper, and marrying "Fanny Fern" (Sara Payson Willis Eldridge), Willis's sister.



JAMES PARTON

His first book, a 'Life of Horace Greeley,' appeared in 1855. He had spent infinite pains upon it, and had chosen a typical American for his subject, with the result of producing the portrait of a living man; not a eulogy nor an invective, but a picture, vivid, entertaining, abounding in anecdote. The book made, as Greeley described it, "mighty interesting reading," and it sold at the rate of thirty thousand copies in the first year or two. After this we hear no more of Greek. In a few years Parton had become one of the best-known writers in America; the most eminent example, perhaps, of what can be attained in letters with an innate love of literature, adaptability, inexhaustible industry, and a painter's eye to effect. Always a descriptive writer rather than a deep-searching historian, he could draw most impressive pictures, brilliant in coloring and dramatic in setting, while no man better knew the journalist's business of striking while the iron was hot; sending in his lives and biographies when the public demanded them. At the same time he had, in common with Hazlitt and De Quincey, the fashion of defending the under dog, who never wanted a friend when Parton was present: not for

the reason that incited Hazlitt, because he was combative, but from a love of fair play and a natural independence; and perhaps because the advocate was first of all a journalist, inspired with the journalist's curiosity to see both sides.

He held the theory that it is the good in a man that goes astray, and that ought to alarm and warn his fellows; and that vice, after all, is an excess of a virtue. With none of the pugnacity of a partisan, he shows a certain adroitness in confessing the weaknesses of his heroes, that makes a direct appeal to the generosity of the reader. Moreover, by taking the stand that all religions are of human origin, and that the religion of the future will be founded on the love of man for man, without regard to prevailing theologic conceptions of the Deity, he wrote in a comfortable and tolerant state of philosophic skepticism. With these qualities and characteristics, with enormous powers of industry and application, he sent out from his study a long list of books, which became the most popular series of biographies in America.

The life of Greeley was followed three years later by that of Aaron Burr. In this book Parton chose the period most interesting in the history of the United States,—that after the Revolution. Old things had passed away; the conquering Democratic party had arisen; the States had become America, and the strange contradictory figure who had helped to make them so had passed by, rising in glory and setting in mysterious gloom. This life of Burr, vivid, picturesque, and swift-moving, is as entertaining to-day as when it appeared in 1858.

His 'Jefferson' and 'Andrew Jackson' are in a way quite as interesting, although the task of writing them was perhaps not so congenial; for Parton, heart and soul a Democrat, had no occasion to use therein that peculiar talent for defense which is so conspicuous in his lives of Burr and Voltaire. Both the 'Jefferson' and 'Jackson,' though pieces of special pleading, have the picturesqueness and eventfulness of well-constructed fiction, while they are never consciously untrue to fact. Their chief value, however, lies less perhaps in their literary quality, or in their erudition, than in their contribution of much curious information and personal anecdote gathered from out-of-the-way sources, and put before the reader in an entertaining form. No man was ever freer from what Macaulay calls the «disease of admiration»; but on the other hand, none knew better how not to belittle great deeds and noble aspirations. His respect for success never chilled his sympathy with failure, and he had an instinct for discerning the causes of both failure and success.

In 1877 appeared his 'Caricature and other Comic Art,' a book showing much study, keen humor, and the historic sense. Indeed, the

book, though seeming to exhibit a deviation from his familiar path, is really a contribution to political history.

In 1881 appeared Parton's life of Voltaire, on which he had spent more than twenty years of study. His admiration for his hero was unbounded; and his accumulation of facts, anecdotes, and letters throwing light upon the time is amazing. It is true that Parton had reasoned out no philosophy of history that prompted him to portray a system of morals or politics. He did not concern himself with theories of objective or subjective influences. Yet whatever this biography may lack, it remains, as an eminent English critic has declared, a genuine life of Voltaire, and not a critique upon his life and character like the works of Strauss and Morley. It is a life which makes the English and American public for the first time acquainted with the great Frenchman, somewhat in the same sense in which they have long been acquainted with Johnson or Scott. This book, a labor of love, was Parton's last serious production, though his busy pen was never laid aside during his lifetime; and his name appears on the title-page of several compilations, collections of brief biographies, and essays. He died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, October 16th, 1891.

FROM THE 'LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON'

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THERE are certain historical facts which puzzle and disgust those whose knowledge of life and men has been chiefly derived from books. To such it can with difficulty be made clear that the award is just which assigns to George Washington a higher place than Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson,—higher honor to the executing hand than to the conceiving head. If they were asked to mention the greatest Englishman of this age, it would never occur to them to name the Duke of Wellington, a man of an understanding so limited as to be the natural foe of everything liberal and progressive. Yet the Duke of Wellington was the only Englishman of his generation to whom every Englishman took off his hat. And these men of books contemplate with mere wonder the fact that during a period when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Wirt, and Preston were on the public stage, Andrew Jackson should have been so much the idol

of the American people, that all those eminent men united could not prevail against him in a single instance.

It is pleasant to justify the ways of man to man. The instinctive preferences of the people must be right. That is to say, the man preferred by the people must have more in him of what the people most want than any other of his generation. The more intimately we know the men who surrounded General Washington, the clearer to us does his intrinsic superiority become, and the more clearly we perceive his utter indispensableness. Washington was the only man of the Revolution who did for the Revolution what no other man could have done. And if ever the time comes when the eminent contemporaries of Andrew Jackson shall be as intimately known to the people as Andrew Jackson now is, the invincible preference of the people for him will be far less astonishing than it now appears. Clay was the only man of the four leading spirits whose character will bear a comparison with our fiery, faulty hero. Clay was indeed a princely man; it is impossible not to love him: but then, his endowments were not great, and his industry was limited. How often when the country wanted statesmanship, he had nothing to give it but oratory!

Besides, suppose Washington had not fought the battle of Trenton, and not restored the Revolution when it was about to perish. Suppose England had lost the battle of Waterloo, and given the fellest — because the ablest — of tyrants another lease of power. Suppose the English had sacked New Orleans, and no peace had come to check their career of conquest! By indulging this turn of reflection, we shall perceive that the Washingtons, the Wellingtons, and the Jacksons of a nation are they who provide or preserve for all other gifts, talents, and virtues, their opportunity and sphere. How just, therefore, is the gratitude of nations toward those who, at the critical moment, DO the great act that creates or defends them!

What man supremely admires in man is manhood. The valiant man alone has power to awaken the enthusiastic love of us all. So dear to us is valor, that even the rudest manifestations of it in the pugilistic ring excite, for a moment, a universal interest. Its highest manifestation, on the martyr's cross, becomes the event from which whole races date their after history. Every great career, whether of a nation or of an individual, dates from a heroic action, and every downfall from a cowardly one

To dare, to dare again, and always to dare, is the inexorable condition of every signal and worthy success, from founding a cobbler's stall to promulgating a nobler faith. In barbarous ages heroes risked their lives to save their self-respect; in civilized periods, they risk what it is harder to risk, their livelihood, their career.

It is not for nothing that nature has implanted in her darling the instinct of honoring courage before all other qualities. What a delicate creature was man to be tossed upon this planet, and sent whirling through space, naked, shelterless, and untaught; wild beasts hungering to devour him; the elements in league against him; compelled instantly to begin the "struggle for life," which could never cease until life ceased. What but heroic valor could have saved him for a day? Man has tamed the beasts, and reduced the warring elements to such subjection that they are his untiring servants. His career on earth has been, is, will ever be, a fight; and the ruling race in all ages is that one which has produced the greatest number of brave men. Men truly brave. Men valiant enough to die rather than do, suffer, or consent to, wrong. To risk life is not all of courage, but it is an essential part of it. There are things dearer to the civilized man than life. But he who cannot calmly give up his life rather than live unworthily comes short of perfect manhood; and he who can do so, has in him at least the raw material of a hero.

In the eternal necessity of courage, and in man's instinctive perception of its necessity, is to be found perhaps the explanation of the puzzling fact, that in an age which has produced so many glorious benefactors of their species, such men as Wellington and Jackson are loved by a greater number of people than any others. The spiritualized reader is not expected to coincide in the strict justice of this arrangement. His heroes are of another cast. But the rudest man and the scholar may agree in this, that it is the valor of their heroes which renders them effective and admirable. The intellect, for example, of a discoverer of truth excites our wonder; but what rouses our enthusiasm is the calm and modest valor with which he defies the powerful animosity of those who thrive by debauching the understanding of man.

It was curious that England and America should both, and nearly at the same time, have elevated their favorite generals to the highest civil station. Wellington became prime minister in 1827; Jackson, President in 1829. Wellington was tried three

years, and found wanting, and driven from power, execrated by the people. His carriage, his house, and his statue were pelted by the mob. Jackson reigned eight years, and retired with his popularity undiminished. The reason was, that Wellington was not in accord with his generation, and was surrounded by men who were if possible less so; while Jackson, besides being in sympathy with the people, had the great good fortune to be influenced by men who had learned the rudiments of statesmanship in the school of Jefferson.

Yes, autocrat as he was, Andrew Jackson loved the people, the common people, the sons and daughters of toil, as truly as they loved him, and believed in them as they believed in him.

He was in accord with his generation. He had a clear perception that the toiling millions are not a class in the community, but *are* the community. He knew and felt that government should exist only for the benefit of the governed; that the strong are strong only that they may aid the weak; that the rich are rightfully rich only that they may so combine and direct the labors of the poor as to make labor more profitable to the laborer. He did not comprehend these truths as they are demonstrated by Jefferson and Spencer, but he had an intuitive and instinctive perception of them. And in his most autocratic moments he really thought that he was fighting the battle of the people, and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives. If he had been a man of knowledge as well as force, he would have taken the part of the people more effectually, and left to his successors an increased power of doing good, instead of better facilities for doing harm. He appears always to have meant well. But his ignorance of law, history, politics, science, of everything which he who governs a country ought to know, was extreme. Mr. Trist remembers hearing a member of the General's family say that General Jackson did not believe the world was round. His ignorance was as a wall round about him — high, impenetrable. He was imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes raged round his little dim inclosure like a tiger in his den.

FROM THE ‹LIFE OF VOLTAIRE›

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AFTER this interesting experience of court life in a foreign country, where the king was king, he [Voltaire] was to become a courtier at Versailles, where the man who governed the king's mistress was king.

Again it was the Duke de Richelieu, First Gentleman of the Chamber, who broke in upon the elevated pursuits of Cirey, and called him to lower tasks and less congenial scenes. The royal children were coming of age. The marriage of the Dauphin to the Infanta of Spain, long ago agreed upon, was soon to be celebrated, the prince having passed his sixteenth year; and it devolved upon the First Gentleman to arrange the marriage festival. This was no light task; for Louis XIV. had accustomed France to the most elaborate and magnificent *fêtes*. Not content with such splendor as mere wealth can everywhere procure, that gorgeous monarch loved to enlist all the arts and all the talents; exhibiting to his guests divertisements written by Molière, performed with original music, and with scenery painted by artists. Several of his festivals have to this day a certain celebrity in France, and have left traces still noticeable. There is a public ground in Paris, opposite the Tuileries, which is called the Place of the Carousal. It was so named because it was the scene of one of this King's *fêtes*, in which five bodies of horsemen — or quadrilles, as they were called — took part. One of these bodies were dressed and equipped as Roman knights, and they were led by the King in person. His brother, the Duke of Orleans, commanded a body of Persian cavalry; the Prince of Condé, a splendid band of Turks; the Duke of Guise, a company of Peruvian horse; and a son of Condé shone at the head of East-Indian horsemen in gorgeous array. Imagine these five bodies of horse galloping and manœuvring, entering and departing, charging and retreating, like circus riders in an extremely large and splendid tent; and in the midst, on a lofty platform, three queens in splendid robes, — the mother of Louis, the wife of Louis, and the widow of Charles I., who lived and died the guest of the King of France. There were grand doings at this festival. There were tournaments, games of skill and daring, stately processions, concerts, plays, and buffooneries, with a ball at the close.

That pageant, splendid as it was, was "effaced," as the French say, by one which the King gave only two years after at Versailles, probably the most sumptuous thing of the kind ever seen. On the 5th of May, the most beautiful month of the year in France, the King rode out to Versailles with all his court, which then included six hundred persons, each attended by retainers and servants, the whole numbering more than two thousand individuals and as many horses. The festival was to last seven days, and the King defrayed the expenses of every one of his guests. In the park and gardens of Versailles, miracles had been wrought. Theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, pavilions, seemed to have sprung into being at the waving of an enchanter's wand. On the first day there was a kind of review, or march-past, of all who were to take part in the games and tourneys. Under a triumphal arch the three queens appeared again, resplendent, each attended by one hundred ladies, who were attired in the brilliant manner of the period; past these marched heralds, pages, squires, carrying the devices and shields of the knights, as well as banners upon which verses were written in letters of gold. The knights followed in burnished armor and bright plumes; the King at their head in the character of Roger, a famous knight of old. All the crown diamonds glittered upon his coat and the trappings of his horse. Both he and the animal sparkled and blazed in the May sun; and we can well imagine that a handsome young man, riding with perfect grace the most beautiful of horses, must have been a very pretty spectacle, despite so much glitter. When this procession of squires and knights had passed and made their obeisance to the queens, a huge car followed, eighteen feet high, fifteen wide, and twenty-four long, representing the Car of the Sun,— an immense vehicle, all gilding and splendor. Behind this car came groups exhibiting the Four Ages,— of Gold, of Silver, of Brass, and of Iron; and these were followed by representations of the celestial signs, the seasons, and the hours. All this, the spectators inform us, was admirably performed to the sound of beautiful music; and now and then persons would step from the procession, and the music would cease while they recited poems, written for the occasion, before the queens. Imagine shepherds, blacksmiths, farmers, harvesters, vine-dressers, fauns, dryads, Pans, Dianas, Apollos, marching by, and representing the various scenes of life and industry!

The procession ends at last. Night falls. With wondrous rapidity four thousand great torches are lighted in an inclosure

fitted up as a banqueting-place. Two hundred of the persons who had figured in the procession now bring in various articles of food: the seasons, the vine-dressers, the shepherds, the harvesters, each bear the food appropriate to them; while Pan and Diana advance upon a moving mountain, and alight to superintend the distribution of the exquisite food which had been brought in. Behind the tables was an orchestra of musicians, and when the feast was done the pleasures of the day ended with a ball. For a whole week the festival continued; the sports varied every day. There were tourneys, pageants, hunts, shooting at a mark, and spearing the ring. Four times the King gained the prize, and offered it to be competed for again. There were a great number of court fools at this festival, as we still find clowns at a circus. Indeed, when we attend a liberally appointed circus, we are looking upon a show resembling in many particulars the grand doings in the park of Versailles when Louis XIV. entertained his court and figured as chief of the riders.

Most of the performances could have been procured by money lavishly spent; and in order to reproduce them, the Duke de Richelieu needed little assistance from the arts. But there were items of the programme which redeemed the character of this festival, and caused it to be remembered by the susceptible people of France with pride. Molière composed for it a kind of show play, called the 'Princesse d'Elide'; a vehicle for music, ballet, and costume, with here and there a spice of his comic talent. A farce of his, the 'Forced Marriage,' was also played; and the first three acts of his 'Tartuffe'—the greatest effort of French dramatic genius in that age, if not in any age—were performed for the first time. There was only one man in France who could help a "First Gentleman" to features of the coming *fête* at all resembling these; and to him that First Gentleman applied. Voltaire entered into the scheme with zeal. In April 1744, Cirey all blooming with flowers and verdure, he began to write his festive divertisement, the 'Princesse de Navarre,' the hero of which was a kind of Spanish Duke de Richelieu. "I am making," he wrote, "a divertisement for a Dauphin and Dauphiness whom I shall not divert; but I wish to produce something pretty, gay, tender, worthy of the Duke de Richelieu, director of the *fête*." It was his chief summer work, and he labored at it with an assiduity that would have sufficed to produce three new tragedies. He very happily laid the scene of

his play in an ancient château close to the borders of the Spanish province of Navarre; an expedient which enabled him to group upon the stage both Frenchmen and Spaniards, with their effective contrasts of costume, and to present to the Spanish bride and her court, pleasing traits of their own countrymen. The poet and the First Gentleman arranged the processions, the ballets, the tableaux, the *fête* within a *fête;* exchanging many long letters, and pondering many devices. There is good comic writing in this piece; and there are two characters — a rustic Spanish baron and his extremely simple-minded daughter — that are worthy of a better kind of play and occasion.

This was the year in which the King of France first braved the hardships of the field, accompanied by his mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, and attended by that surprising retinue of courtiers and comedians often described. I need not pause to relate how, after being present at warlike operations, he fell dangerously sick of a fever; how the mistress and the First Gentleman took possession of the King's quarters, and barred the door against priests and princes; how, as the King grew worse, the alarmed mistress tried to come to a compromise with the royal confessor, the keeper of the King's conscience, saying to him in substance, "Let me go away without scandal,— that is, without being *sent* away,— and I will quietly let you into the King's chamber;" how the cautious Jesuit contrived to get through a long interview without saying either yes or no to this proposal; how at length, when the King seemed near his end, she was terrified into yielding, and the King, fearing to lose his absolution and join some of the bad kings in the other world, sent her a positive command to depart, as if she had been, what the priest officially styled her, a concubine; how the King, having recovered, humbly courted her return, calling upon her in person at her house; and how, while she affected to hesitate, and dictated terms of direst vengeance, even the exile of every priest, courtier, and minister who had taken the least part in her disgrace, she died of mingled rage, mortification, and triumph, leaving both the King and the First Gentleman perfectly consolable.

The impressive fact is, that none of these things impaired the spell of the King's divinity. During the crisis of his fever all France seemed panic-stricken; and when he recovered, the manifestations of joy were such as to astonish the King himself, inured as he was to every form and degree of adulation from his

childhood. «What have I done,» cried the poor man, «to be loved so?» It was at this time that he received his name of Louis the Well-Beloved, by which it was presumed that he would go to posterity, along with Louis the Fat and Philip the Long, —titles so helpful to childish memory. On his return to Paris in September 1744, «crowned with victory,» and recovered from the borders of the tomb, the *fêtes* were of such magnitude and splendor that Madame du Châtelet came to Paris to witness them, with her poet in her train. He brought his 'Princesse de Navarre' with him, however, and was soon in daily consultation with composer, ministers, First Gentleman, and friends, as to the resources of an extemporized theatre.

A curious street adventure befell madame and himself on the night of the grand fireworks, which they rode in from a château near the city to witness. They found all the world in the streets. Voltaire gave an account of their night's exploits to the President Hénault, whose visit to Cirey they now returned in an unusual manner:—«There were two thousand backing carriages in three files; there were the outcries of two or three hundred thousand men, scattered among those carriages; there were drunkards, fights with fists, streams of wine and tallow flowing upon the people, a mounted police to augment the embroglio; and by way of climax to our delights, his Royal Highness [Duke de Chartres] was returning peacefully to the Palais-Royal with his great carriages, his guards, his pages: and all this unable to go back or advance until three in the morning. I was with Madame du Châtelet. Her coachman, who had never before been in Paris, was about boldly to break her upon the wheel. Covered as she was with diamonds, she alighted, calling upon me to follow, got through the crowd without being either plundered or hustled, entered your house [Rue St. Honoré], sent for some roast chicken at the corner restaurant, and drank your health very pleasantly in that house to which every one wishes to see you return.»

It was a busy time with him during the next six months, arranging the details of the *fête*, with Rameau the composer, with scene-painters, with the Duke de Richelieu and the Marquis d'Argenson. We see him cutting down eight verses to four, and swelling four verses to eight, to meet the exigencies of the music. We see him deep in converse with Richelieu upon the complicated scenes of his play,—suggesting, altering, abandoning, curtailing numberless devices of the stage manager.

On this occasion also, as before going to Prussia, he took care to secure some compensation in advance. It was not his intention to play courtier for nothing. He was resolved to improve this opportunity, and to endeavor so to strengthen himself at court that henceforth he could sleep in peace at his abode, in Paris, or in the country, fearless of the Ane of Mirepoix. To get the dull, shy, sensualized King on his side was a material point with him. He wrote a poem on the 'Events of the Year' (1744), in which the exploits of the King upon the tented field, and his joyful recovery from sickness, were celebrated in the true laureate style. He also took measures to have this poem shown to the King by the Cardinal de Tencin, "in a moment of good-humor." He made known to two of his friends in the ministry, M. Orry and the Marquis d'Argenson, precisely what he wanted. He wanted an office which would protect him against confessors, bishops, and Desfontaines,—say, for example, gentleman-in-ordinary of the king's chamber; a charge of trifling emolument, less duty, and great distinction. He would then be a member of the King's household, not to be molested on slight pretext by a Mirepoix, nor to be calumniated with impunity by a journalist. But since such offices were seldom vacant, he asked to be appointed at once writer of history (*historiographe*) to the King, at a nominal salary of four hundred francs a year.

M. Orry thought this very modest and suitable; the Marquis d'Argenson was of the same opinion: and both engaged to aid in accomplishing his wishes. If he could add to these posts an arm-chair in the French Academy, which in good time he also meant to try for, he thought he might pursue his natural vocation in his native land without serious and constant apprehension.

But first, the *fête!* That must succeed as a preliminary. In January 1745 he took up his abode at Versailles to superintend the rehearsals, conscious of the incongruity of his employment. "I am here," he wrote to Thierot, "braving Fortune in her own temple; at Versailles I play a part similar to that of an atheist in a church." To Cideville, also:—"Do you not pity a poor devil who at fifty is a king's buffoon, and who is more embarrassed with musicians, decorators, actors, singers, and dancers than the eight or nine electors will soon be in making a German Cæsar? I rush from Paris to Versailles; I compose verses in the postchaise; I have to praise the King highly, Madame the Dauphiness delicately, the royal family sweetly. I must satisfy the court, and not displease the city."

In the very crisis of the long preparation, February 18th, 1745, seven days before the festival, Voltaire's Jansenist of a brother, the "Abbé Arouet," Receiver-of-Fees to the Chamber of Accounts, died at Paris, aged two months less than sixty years. The brothers, as we know, had been long ago estranged, and had rarely met of late years. The parish register, still accessible, attests that the funeral was attended, February 19th, by "François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, *bourgeois* of Paris"; not yet gentleman-in-ordinary. The receiver-of-fees died, as he had lived, in what was called the odor of sanctity; presenting to the view of young and old that painful caricature of goodness which has for some centuries, in more than one country, made virtue more difficult than it naturally is. From his will, which also exists, we learn that if he did not disinherit his brother, he came as near it as a French brother could without doing violence to the sentiment and custom of his country. After giving legacies to cousins, friends, and servants, he leaves one half the bulk of his estate to his nephew and nieces, and the other half to his brother; but with a difference. Voltaire was to enjoy his half "in usufruct only," the capital to fall finally "to his nephew and nieces aforesaid." He took care also to prevent his brother from gaining anything by the decease of any of the heirs. As the receiver-of-fees, besides bequeathing his valuable office to a relative, died worth, as French investigators compute, about two hundred thousand francs, Voltaire received an increase to his income of perhaps six thousand francs a year.

From his brother's grave, without waiting to learn these particulars, he was obliged to go post-haste to Versailles, towards which all eyes were now directed. The marriage festival, a tumult of all the splendors, began February 23d, 1745. The 'Princess of Navarre' succeeded to admiration. A vast and beautiful edifice had risen, at the command of Richelieu, in the horse-training ground near the palace of Versailles, so constructed that it could serve as a theatre on one evening and a ball-room on the next, both equally magnificent and complete. The stage was fifty-six feet in depth; and as the boxes were so arranged as to exhibit the audience to itself in the most effective and brilliant manner, the words spoken on the stage could not be always perfectly heard. But this was not so important, since the play was chiefly designed as a vehicle for music, dancing, costume, and picture. At six in the evening the King entered

and took the seat prepared for him in the middle of the theatre, followed in due order by his family and court, arrayed in the gorgeous fashion of the time. These placed themselves around him, a splendid group, in the midst of a great theatre filled with the nobility of the kingdom, all sumptuous and glittering. The author of the play about to be performed was himself thrilled by the picturesque magnificence of the spectacle which the audience presented; and he regretted that a greater number of the people of France could not have been present to behold the superb array of princes and princesses, noble lords and ladies, adorned by masterpieces of decorative art, which the beauty of the ladies "effaced." He wished that more people could observe the noble and becoming joy that filled every heart and beamed in all those lovely eyes.

But since nothing can be perfect, not even in France, this most superb audience was so much elated with itself that it could not stop talking. There was a buzz and hum of conversation, reminding the anxious author of a hive of bees humming and buzzing around the queen. The curtain rose; but still they talked. The play, however, being a *mélange* of poetry, song, music, ballet, and dialogue, everything was enjoyed except the good verses here and there, which could scarcely be caught by distant ears. Every talent in such a piece meets its due of approval except that of the poet, who imagines the whole before any part of it exists. At half-past nine the curtain fell upon the closing scene; when the audience, retiring to the grounds without, found the entire façade of the palace and adjacent structures illuminated. All were enchanted. The King himself, the hardest man in Europe to amuse, was so well pleased that he ordered the play to be repeated on another evening of the festival. "The King is grateful to me," wrote Voltaire to his guardian angel, D'Argental. "The Mirepoix cannot harm me. What more do I need?"

He was exhausted with the long strain upon his nervous system. "So tired am I," he wrote to Thierot, "that I have neither hands, feet, nor head, and write to you by the hand of another." But he soon had the consolation of receiving the King's promise of the next vacancy among the gentlemen-in-ordinary, and his immediate appointment as writer of history at an annual salary of two thousand francs. Thus the year consumed in these courtly toils, he thought, was not without its compensations. Nor did he

relax his vigilance, nor give ministers peace, until these offices were securely his by letters patent and the King's signature.

. . . . . .

When he accepted the office of historiographer, he was far from anticipating an increase of labor through it. But in truth, no poet laureate ever won his annual pipe of sack by labors so arduous as those by which Voltaire earned this salary of two thousand francs. Several volumes of history attest his diligence. During the first two or three years of his holding the place he was historiographer, laureate, writer of royal letters and ministerial dispatches, complimenter of the royal mistress, and occasionally court dramatist and master of the revels.

The marriage festivities at Versailles drew to a close, and all that brilliant crowd dispersed. From the splendors of the court he was suddenly called away to attend the son of Madame du Châtelet through the small-pox. He assisted to save the future Duke du Châtelet for the guillotine, applying to his case his own experience of the two hundred pints of lemonade. That duty done and his forty days of quarantine fulfilled, he returned to court, where the minister for foreign affairs had a piece of work for his pen. Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, had offered her mediation to the King of France, and the task of writing the King's reply, accepting the offer, was assigned to Voltaire, who performed it in the loftiest style of sentimental politics. If Louis XV. took the trouble to glance over this composition, he must have been pleased to find himself saying that "kings can aspire to no other glory than that of promoting the happiness of their subjects," and swearing that he "had never taken up arms except with a view to promote the interests of peace." It was an amiable, effusive letter, in the taste of the period,—being written by the man who made the taste of the period. Later in the summer he drafted a longer dispatch to the government of Holland, remonstrating against its purpose of sending aid to the King of England against the Pretender. It was he also who wrote the manifesto to be published in Great Britain on the landing of the French expedition under the Duke de Richelieu, in aid of the Pretender. Whenever, indeed, during 1745, 1746, and 1747, the ministry had occasion for a skillful pen, Voltaire was employed. We perceive in this part of his correspondence the mingled horror and contempt that war excited in his mind. "Give us peace, monseigneur," is the burden of his cry to the

Marquis d'Argenson in confidential notes; and we see him, with his usual easy assurance, suggesting such marriages for the royal children as would "render France happy by a beautiful peace, and your name immortal despite the fools."

Whatever philosophers may think of war, few citizens can resist the contagious delirium of victory after national defeat and humiliation. The King of France again, in 1745, was posed by his advisers in the part of conqueror. From a hill, he and the Dauphin looked on while Marshal Saxe won the decisive and fruitful victory of Fontenoy, over the English Duke of Cumberland and the forces of the allies, with a loss of eight thousand men on each side. Voltaire received the news at Paris, late in the evening, direct from D'Argenson, who was with the King in the field. He dashed upon paper a congratulatory note to the minister: "Ah! the lovely task for your historian! In three hundred years the kings of France have done nothing so glorious. I am mad with joy! Good-night, monseigneur!" . . .

His poem 'Fontenoy,' of three hundred lines or more, was scattered over the delirious city damp from the press, and in a few days was declaimed in every town of the kingdom. Edition after edition was sold. "Five editions in ten days!" The author, as his custom was, added, erased, altered, corrected; offending some by omitting their names, offending others by inserting names odious to them; working all one night to make the poem a less imperfect expression of the national joy; not forgetting to dedicate it to the King, and to get a copy placed in his hands. "The King deigns to be content with it," he wrote. Thousands of copies were sold in the first month, and there were two burlesques of the poem in the second.

In the very ecstasy of the general enthusiasm, he still repeats, in a private note to D'Argenson, "Peace, monseigneur, peace, and you are a great man, even *among* the fools!"

He was now in high favor, even with the King, who had said to Marshal Saxe that the 'Princesse de Navarre' was above criticism. The marshal himself gave Madame du Châtelet this agreeable information. "After that," said the author, "I must regard the King as the greatest connoisseur in his kingdom." He renewed his intimacy with his early patron, the Duchesse du Maine, who still held court at the château of Sceaux near by. By great good luck, too, as doubtless he regarded it at the time, he was acquainted with the new mistress, Pompadour, before she

was Pompadour. He knew her when she was only the most bewitching young wife in France, cold to her rich and amorous young husband, and striving by every art that such women know to catch the King's eye as he hunted in the royal forest near her abode. Already, even while the King was sleeping on histrionic straw on the field near Fontenoy, it was settled that the dream of her life was to be realized. She was to be Petticoat III.

This summer, during the King's absence at the seat of war, Voltaire was frequently at her house, and had become established in her favor. She was a gifted, brilliant, ambitious woman, of cold temperament, who courted this infamy as men seek honorable posts which make them conspicuous, powerful, and envied. In well-ordered nations, accomplished men win such places by thirty years' well-directed toil in the public service. She won her place, and kept it nineteen years, by amusing the least amusable of men. She paid a high price. In return, she governed France, enriched her family, promoted her friends, exiled her enemies, owned half a dozen châteaux, and left an estate of thirty-six millions of francs.

With such and so many auxiliaries supporting his new position, the historiographer of France, if he had been a younger man, might have felt safe. But he knew his ground. Under personal government nations usually have two masters, the king and the priest, between whom there is an alliance offensive and defensive. He had gained some favor with the King, the King's ministers, and the King's mistress. But the priest remained hostile. The King being a coward, a fit of the colic might frighten him into turning out the mistress and letting in the confessor; and suppose the colic successful, instantly a pious and bigoted Dauphin became king, with a Mirepoix as chief priest! Moreover, to depend upon the favor of either king or mistress is worse than basing the prosperity of an industrial community upon a changeable fraction in a tariff bill.

Revolving such thoughts in an anxious mind, Voltaire conceived a notable scheme for going behind the Mirepoix, and silencing him forever by capturing the favor of the Pope. Benedict XIV. was a scholar, a gentleman of excellent temper, and no bigot. He owed his election to his agreeable qualities. When the cardinals were exhausted by days and nights of fruitless balloting, he said, with his usual gayety and good-humor, "Why waste so much time in vain debates and researches? Do you

want a saint? elect Gotti. A politician? Aldovrandi. A good fellow? take me." And they took him.

It was soon after the close of the *fête* at Versailles that Voltaire consulted the Marquis d'Argenson, minister for foreign affairs, upon his project of getting, as he expressed it, "some mark of papal benevolence that could do him honor both in this world and the next." The minister shook his head. He said it was scarcely possible to mingle in that way things celestial and political. Like a true courtier of the period, the poet betook himself to a lady, Mademoiselle du Thil, a connection of Madame du Châtelet, and extremely well disposed toward himself. She had a friend in the Pope's household, the Abbé de Tolignan whom she easily engaged in the cause. D'Argenson also bore the scheme in mind when he wrote to the French envoy at Rome. Voltaire meanwhile read the works of his Holiness, of which there are still accessible fifteen volumes, and in various ways "coquetted" with him, causing him to know that the celebrated Voltaire was one of his readers. The good-natured Pope was prompt to respond. The Abbé de Tolignan having asked for some mark of papal favor for Voltaire, the Pope gave two of his large medals to be forwarded to the French poet, the medals bearing the Pope's own portrait. His Holiness also caused a polite letter to be written to him by his secretary, asking his acceptance of the medals. Then the French envoy, ignorant of these proceedings, also applied to the Pope on behalf of Voltaire, requesting for him one of his large medals. The Pope, ignorant of the envoy's ignorance, replied, "To St. Peter's itself I should not give any larger ones!" The envoy was mystified, and Voltaire, on receiving a report of the affair, begged the minister for foreign affairs to write to the envoy in explanation.

The two large medals reached the poet in due time. He thought Benedict XIV. the most plump-cheeked holy father the church had enjoyed for a long time, and one who "had the air of knowing very well *what all that was worth.*" He wrote two Latin verses as a legend for the Pope's portrait, to the effect that Lambertinus, officially styled Benedict XIV., was the ornament of Rome and the father of the world, who by his works instructed the earth, and adorned it by his virtues. Emboldened by success, he ventured upon an audacity still more exquisite, and one which would not be concealed in the archives of the foreign office. All Europe should know the favor in which this

son of the Church was held at the papal court. He resolved to dedicate to the Pope that tragedy of "Mahomet" which the late Cardinal de Fleury had admired and suppressed. . . .

The coming of Marmontel to Paris added one more to the ever increasing number of young writers whom Voltaire had assisted to form. The new men of talent were his own, and they were preparing to aid him in future contests with hostile powers. The Marquis de Vauvenargues, the young soldier who was compelled by ill health to abandon the career of arms, in which he was already distinguished, and now aspired to serve his country in the intellectual life, had been for some time one of Voltaire's most beloved friends. His first, his only work, 'Introduction to the Knowledge of the Human Mind,' was just appearing from the press, heralded by Voltaire's zealous commendation. "My dear Master," the young disciple loved to begin his letters; and Voltaire, in writing to him, used all those endearing expressions which often make a French letter one long and fond caress. He sank into the grave in 1747, but his name and his work survive. It is evident from his correspondence that he was of a lofty and generous nature, capable of the true public spirit, — the religion of the new period.

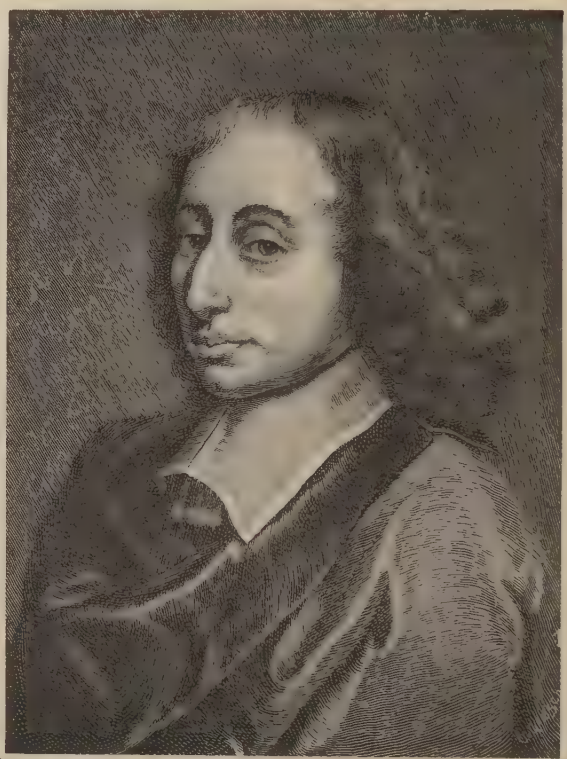
Marmontel reached Paris in time to witness a day of triumph for Voltaire, which had been long deferred. There was a vacancy at the French Academy early in 1746. Mirepoix's voice was not heard on this occasion; and Voltaire, without serious trouble, succeeded in obtaining a unanimous election to the chair. This event could not have been at that time any increase of honor to an author of his rank. He valued an academic chair for himself and for his colleagues, such as Marmontel, D'Alembert, and others, as an additional protection against the Mirepoix. Members of the Academy had certain privileges in common with the officers of the king's household. They could not be compelled to defend a suit out of Paris; they were accountable to the king directly, and could not be molested except by the king's command. Above all, they stood in the sunshine of the king's effulgent majesty; they shared in the mystic spell of *rank*, which no American citizen can ever quite understand, and of which even Europeans of to-day begin to lose the sense. He was a little safer now against all the abuses of the royal power, usually covered by *lettres de cachet*.

May 9th, 1746, was the day of his public reception at the Academy, when, according to usage, it devolved upon him to deliver a set eulogium upon his departed predecessor. The new member signalized the occasion by making his address much more than that. His eulogy was brief, but sufficient; and when he had performed that pious duty, he struck into an agreeable and very ingenious discourse upon the charms, the limits, the defects, and the wide-spread triumphs of the French language. With that matchless art of his, he contrived in kingly style to compliment all his "great friends and allies," while adhering to his subject with perfect fidelity. Was it not one of the glories of the French language that a Frederic should adopt it as the language of his court and of his friendships, and that Italian cardinals and pontiffs should speak it like natives? His dear Princess Ulrique, too,—then Queen of Sweden,—was not French her *native* tongue? There were some wise remarks in this address; as, for example, where he says that eminent talents become of necessity rarer as the whole nation advances: "In a well-grown forest, no single tree lifts its head very high above the rest." He concluded with the "necessary burst of eloquence" respecting the late warlike exploits of the king; in which, however, he gave such prominence to the services in the field of the Duke of Richelieu, a member of the Academy, that the First Gentleman almost eclipsed the monarch.

He was now at the highest point of his court favor. An epigram of his, written at this period, conveys to us his sense of the situation, and renders other comment superfluous:—

"Mon 'Henri Quatre' et ma 'Zaïre,'
Et mon Americaine 'Alzire,'
Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du roi;
J'eus beaucoup d'ennemis avec très-peu de gloire
Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi
Pour une farce de la foire."

(My 'Henry Fourth' and my 'Zaïre,'
With my American 'Alzire,'
No smile have ever won me from the king;
Too many foes were mine, too little fame:
Now all men gifts and honors on me fling,
Since with a farce I to the market came.)



BLAISE PASCAL.

PASCAL

(1623–1662)

BY ARTHUR G. CANFIELD

BLAISE PASCAL was born at Clermont-Ferrand, Auvergne, France, June 19th, 1623. His father, Étienne Pascal, was a man of wealth, education, and high judicial position, who, when Blaise was eight years old, removed to Paris especially to care for his education. Blaise showed a very precocious talent, especially for mathematics. At the age of sixteen he wrote a remarkable treatise on conic sections; at nineteen he invented a calculating machine. By this time his health, never robust, was undermined by his study, and thereafter he had to contend with disease. But in spite of it he went on with his researches in mathematics and physics. He developed the calculus of probabilities, and solved the problem of the cycloid. In 1648 he made the series of experiments which confirmed the conclusions of Torricelli, and established our knowledge of the weight of the atmosphere. Then for some years he gave himself to social pleasures and dissipations; but after his sister Jacqueline's entrance into a convent, and a startling accident through which he nearly lost his life, he renounced the world and entered the community of Port-Royal in 1654. In its defense he wrote, under the name of Louis de Montalte, the famous 'Lettres Provinciales,' in 1656. The even more famous 'Pensées' are the fruit of the profound and poignant meditation that, with increasing bodily pains, filled out the few years until his death, August 19th, 1662.

But this little outline gives no adequate suggestion of the power and versatility of his mind:

«There was a man who at the age of twelve, with straight lines and circles, had created mathematics; who at sixteen had composed the most learned treatise on conic sections produced since ancient times; who at nineteen reduced to machinery the processes of a science that resides wholly in the mind; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere and destroyed one of the greatest errors of the older physics; who at an age when other men are just beginning to awake to life, having traversed the whole round of human knowledge, perceived its emptiness, and turned all his thoughts toward religion; who from that moment till his death at the age of thirty-eight, constantly beset by infirmity and disease, fixed the tongue that Bossuet and

Racine spoke, gave the model at once of the most perfect pleasantry and of the closest logic, and finally, in the short respite that his bodily pains allowed him, solved unaided one of the deepest problems of geometry, and set down in random order thoughts that seem as much divine as human.»

In such words does Châteaubriand sum up Pascal's career, and they hardly overstate his qualities and achievements. His contributions to the progress of mathematics and physics would be enough of themselves to make his name remembered; but they are wholly overshadowed by the fame of his two great contributions to literature,—the 'Provincial Letters' and the 'Thoughts.' Both these works have a very direct relation to his life and experience. The 'Provincial Letters' bear witness both to his sincere devotion to Port-Royal, and to his familiarity with the mind and spirit of worldly society. Before becoming a member of that famous little band of scholars and teachers, he had been an accomplished man of the world. He had early been attracted by the logic of the doctrines of Jansenius, and had become a zealous champion of Jansenism. But he did not therefore renounce the gay companions and pleasures of his hours of recreation. It was only as his ideas developed, and he advanced from the curious pursuit of knowledge to the imperious need of certainty, that he was driven from reason, self-convicted of insufficiency, to revelation, and the complete surrender of himself to God and to the austere religious life of Port-Royal. The influence of his sister Jacqueline's example, and the impression made upon him by his almost miraculous escape from death, are only incidents of his approach to the experience of the night of the twenty-third of November, 1654; when, in an ecstasy of religious feeling, he felt himself possessed by Divine grace. So he brought to Port-Royal a wholly lay mind, capable of appreciating from the simple human standpoint of the common man the theological controversy over grace and free-will in which it was soon involved. He was therefore equipped as no other for bringing this quarrel before the bar of public opinion. So the 'Provincial Letters' are not merely, nor mainly, a skillful argument on the theological doctrines in contest. They are that at first; but from the fifth letter their field broadens, and they become a vehement and indignant impeachment of the moral teachings and practices of the Jesuits, who were the head and front of the attack against Port-Royal. In them Pascal makes an appeal to the common reason and conscience, with such an accent of intense sincerity and conviction, with such resources of irony, ridicule, illustration, and eloquent indignation, and with such command of clear, nimble, and strong speech, that the letters have long outlived the interest of the quarrel that was the occasion of them, and have become its imperishable monument.

The 'Thoughts' are especially the expression of the life of religious devotion and meditation to which he gave himself at Port-Royal. Having given himself unreservedly to it, he could not do and suffer enough. He welcomed the pains that his feeble health imposed upon him, and doubled them by self-inflicted rigors. All the strength his infirmities left him was given to an 'Apology for the Christian Religion,' but he was not permitted to finish it.

The 'Thoughts' are the fragments of this work. In them he unites the eager intellectual curiosity of the man of science with the fervent devotion of the religious ascetic and the imagination of the poet. He is possessed, almost tormented, by the imperious need of knowing, of satisfying his reason. But his reason halts appalled before the infinitely little and the infinitely great, and declares itself powerless to get beyond the partial and relative knowledge of the world and to attain absolute truth. The source of absolute certainty must then be above reason, and reason herself is summoned to testify to the superior authority of revelation and Christian faith. In the very opposition of revelation and reason he makes reason find a seal of the Divine source of revelation. But the 'Thoughts,' left incomplete and in disorder, do not persuade us, as Pascal intended, by close and consecutive argument and logical unity, so much as profoundly impress us by his wealth of powerful and illuminating ideas, the depth of his searching of the human heart, and the intense and passionate eloquence of his style. Few if any have given such poignant expression to the sense of disproportion between human powers and human aspirations, and of the combined grandeur and pettiness of human destiny. From all other such collections of 'Thoughts,' Pascal's stand pre-eminent for the intensity of the human emotion that vibrates through them.

Arthur G. Canfield.

FROM THE 'THOUGHTS'

The whole visible world is but an imperceptible speck in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. We may swell our conceptions beyond all imaginable space, yet bring forth only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, the centre of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. It is, in short, the greatest sensible mark of the almighty power of God; in that thought let imagination lose itself.

Then, returning to himself, let man consider his own being compared with all that is; let him regard himself as wandering in this remote province of nature; and from the little dungeon in which he finds himself lodged — I mean the universe — let him learn to set a true value on the earth, on its kingdoms, its cities, and on himself.

What is a man in the infinite? But to show him another prodigy no less astonishing, let him examine the most delicate things he knows. Let him take a mite, which in its minute body presents him with parts incomparably more minute; limbs with their joints, veins in the limbs, blood in the veins, humors in the blood, drops in the humors, vapors in the drops; let him, again dividing these last, exhaust his power of thought; let the last point at which he arrives be that of which we speak, and he will perhaps think that here is the extremest diminutive in nature. Then I will open before him therein a new abyss. I will paint for him not only the visible universe, but all that he can conceive of nature's immensity in the inclosure of this diminished atom. Let him therein see an infinity of universes, of which each has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as in the visible world; in each earth animals, and at the last the mites, in which he will come upon all that was in the first, and still find in these others the same without end and without cessation; let him lose himself in wonders as astonishing in their minuteness as the others in their immensity; for who will not be amazed at seeing that our body, which before was imperceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the whole, is now a colossus, a world, a whole, in regard to the nothingness to which we cannot attain.

Whoso takes this survey of himself will be terrified at the thought that he is upheld in the material being given him by nature, between these two abysses of the infinite and nothing,— he will tremble at the sight of these marvels; and I think that as his curiosity changes into wonder, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to search into them with presumption.

For after all, what is man in nature? A nothing in regard to the infinite, a whole in regard to nothing, a mean between nothing and the whole; infinitely removed from understanding either extreme. The end of things and their beginnings are invincibly hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy; he is equally incapable

of seeing the nothing whence he was taken, and the infinite in which he is engulfed.

What shall he do then, but discern somewhat of the middle of things, in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end? All things arise from nothing, and tend towards the infinite. Who can follow their marvelous course? The author of these wonders can understand them, and none but he.

We think we are playing on ordinary organs when we play upon man. Men are organs indeed, but fantastic, changeable, and various, with pipes not arranged in due succession. Those who understand only how to play upon ordinary organs make no harmonies on these.

The weather and my moods have little in common. I have my foggy and my fine days within me; whether my affairs go well or ill has little to do with the matter. I sometimes strive against my luck; the glory of subduing it makes me subdue it gayly, whereas I am sometimes wearied in the midst of my good luck.

The spirit of this sovereign judge of the world — man — is not so independent but that it is liable to be troubled by the first disturbance about him. The noise of a cannon is not needed to break his train of thought, it need only be the creaking of a weathercock or a pulley. Do not be astonished if at this moment he argues incoherently: a fly is buzzing about his ears, and that is enough to render him incapable of sound judgment. Would you have him arrive at truth, drive away that creature which holds his reason in check, and troubles that powerful intellect which gives laws to towns and kingdoms. Here is a droll kind of god!

When we are too young our judgment is at fault; so also when we are too old.

If we take not thought enough, or too much, on any matter, we are obstinate and infatuated.

He that considers his work so soon as it leaves his hands, is prejudiced in its favor; he that delays his survey too long, cannot regain the spirit of it.

So with pictures seen from too near or too far: there is but one precise point from which to look at them; all others are too

near or too far, too high or too low. Perspective determines that precise point in the art of painting. But who shall determine it in truth or morals?

It is not well to be too much at liberty. It is not well to have all we want.

Nothing more astonishes me than to see that men are not astonished at their own weakness. They act seriously, and every one follows his own mode of life, not because it is as a fact good to follow, being the custom, but as if each man knew certainly where are reason and justice. They find themselves constantly deceived; and by an amusing humility always imagine that the fault is in themselves, and not in the art which all profess to understand. But it is well there are so many of this kind of people in the world, who are not skeptics for the glory of skepticism; to show that man is thoroughly capable of the most extravagant opinions, because he is capable of believing that his weakness is not natural and inevitable, but that on the contrary his wisdom comes by nature.

Nothing fortifies skepticism more than that there are some who are not skeptics. If all were so, they would be wrong.

Chance gives thoughts, and chance takes them away; there is no art for keeping or gaining them.

A thought has escaped me. I would write it down. I write instead, that it has escaped me.

The nature of man is not always to go forward,—it has its advances and retreats. Fever has its hot and cold fits, and the cold proves as well as the hot how great is the force of the fever.

The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his occasional efforts, but by his ordinary life.

We do not remain virtuous by our own power: but by the counterpoise of two opposite vices, we remain standing as between two contrary winds; take away one of these vices, we fall into the other.

It is not shameful to man to yield to pain, and it is shameful to yield to pleasure. This is not because pain comes from without us, while we seek pleasure; for we may seek pain, and yield

to it willingly, without this kind of baseness. How comes it then that reason finds it glorious in us to yield under the assaults of pain, and shameful to yield under the assaults of pleasure? It is because pain does not tempt and attract us. We ourselves choose it voluntarily, and will that it have dominion over us. We are thus masters of the situation, and so far man yields to himself; but in pleasure man yields to pleasure. Now only mastery and empire bring glory, and only slavery causes shame.

When I have set myself now and then to consider the various distractions of men, the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves in the court or the camp, whence arise so many quarrels and passions, such daring and often such evil exploits, etc., I have discovered that all the misfortunes of men arise from one thing only, that they are unable to stay quietly in their own chamber. A man who has enough to live on, if he knew how to dwell with pleasure in his own home, would not leave it for seafaring or to besiege a city. An office in the army would not be bought so dearly, but that it seems insupportable not to stir from the town; and people only seek conversation and amusing games because they cannot remain with pleasure in their own homes.

But upon stricter examination, when, having found the cause of all our ills, I have sought to discover the reason of it, I have found one which is paramount: the natural evil of our weak and mortal condition, so miserable that nothing can console us when we think of it attentively.

Whatever condition we represent to ourselves, if we bring to our minds all the advantages it is possible to possess, royalty is the finest position in the world. Yet when we imagine a king surrounded with all the conditions which he can desire, if he be without diversion, and be allowed to consider and examine what he is, this feeble happiness will never sustain him; he will necessarily fall into a foreboding of maladies which threaten him, of revolutions which may arise, and lastly, of death and inevitable diseases: so that if he be without what is called diversion he is unhappy, and more unhappy than the humblest of his subjects who plays and diverts himself.

Hence it comes that play, and the society of women, war, and offices of State, are so sought after. Not that there is in these any real happiness, or that any imagine true bliss to consist in

the money won at play, or in the hare which is hunted: we would not have these as gifts. We do not seek an easy and peaceful lot, which leaves us free to think of our unhappy condition, nor the dangers of war, nor the troubles of statecraft, but seek rather the distraction which amuses us, and diverts our mind from these thoughts.

Hence it comes that men so love noise and movement; hence it comes that a prison is so horrible a punishment; hence it comes that the pleasure of solitude is a thing incomprehensible. And it is the great subject of happiness in the condition of kings, that all about them try incessantly to divert them, and to procure for them all manner of pleasures.

The king is surrounded by persons who think only how to divert the king, and to prevent his thinking of self. For he is unhappy, king though he be, if he think of self.

That is all that human ingenuity can do for human happiness. And those who philosophize on the matter, and think men unreasonable that they pass a whole day in hunting a hare which they would not have bought, scarce know our nature. The hare itself would not free us from the view of death and our miseries, but the chase of the hare does free us. Thus, when we make it a reproach that what they seek with such eagerness cannot satisfy them, if they answered — as on mature judgment they should do — that they sought in it only violent and impetuous occupation to turn their thoughts from self, and that therefore they made choice of an attractive object which charms and ardently attracts them, they would leave their adversaries without a reply. But they do not so answer, because they do not know themselves; they do not know they seek the chase and not the quarry.

They fancy that were they to gain such-and-such an office they would then rest with pleasure, and are unaware of the insatiable nature of their desire. They believe they are honestly seeking repose, but they are only seeking agitation.

They have a secret instinct prompting them to look for diversion and occupation from without, which arises from the sense of their continual pain. They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest, and not in turmoil. And of these two contrary instincts a confused project is formed within them, concealing itself from their sight in the depths of their soul, leading them to aim at rest through agitation, and always to

imagine that they will gain the satisfaction which as yet they have not, if by surmounting certain difficulties which now confront them, they may thereby open the door to rest.

Thus rolls all our life away. We seek repose by resistance to obstacles; and so soon as these are surmounted, repose becomes intolerable. For we think either on the miseries we feel or on those we fear. And even when we seem sheltered on all sides, weariness, of its own accord, will spring from the depths of the heart wherein are its natural roots, and fill the soul with its poison.

The counsel given to Pyrrhus, to take the rest of which he was going in search through so many labors, was full of difficulties.

Strife alone pleases us, and not the victory. We like to see beasts fighting, not the victor furious over the vanquished. We wish only to see the victorious end, and as soon as it comes we are surfeited. It is the same in play, and in the search for truth. In all disputes we like to see the clash of opinions, but care not at all to contemplate truth when found. If we are to see truth with pleasure, we must see it arise out of conflict.

So in the passions: there is pleasure in seeing the shock of two contraries, but as soon as one gains the mastery it becomes mere brutality. We never seek things in themselves, but only the search for things. So on the stage: quiet scenes which raise no emotion are worthless; so is extreme and hopeless misery, so are brutal lust and excessive cruelty.

Cæsar, as it seems to me, was too old to set about amusing himself with the conquest of the world. Such a pastime was good for Augustus or Alexander, who were still young men, and these are difficult to restrain; but Cæsar should have been more mature.

Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to

crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well; for this is the starting-point of morals.

Justice and truth are two such subtle points, that our instruments are too blunt to touch them accurately. If they attain the point, they cover it so completely that they rest more often on the wrong than the right.

Our imagination so enlarges the present by dint of continually reflecting on it and so contracts eternity by never reflecting on it, that we make a nothing of eternity and an eternity of nothing; and all this has such living roots in us, that all our reason cannot suppress them.

We are not content with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being: we wish to live an imaginary life in the idea of others, and to this end we strive to make a show. We labor incessantly to embellish and preserve this imaginary being, and we neglect the true. And if we have either calmness, generosity, or fidelity, we hasten to let it be known, that we may attach these virtues to that imaginary being; we would even part with them for this end, and gladly become cowards for the reputation of valor. It is a great mark of the nothingness of our own being that we are not satisfied with the one without the other, and that we often renounce one for the other. For he would be infamous who would not die to preserve his honor.

Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a camp-follower, a cook, a porter, makes his boasts, and is for having his admirers; even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it, yet desire the glory of having written well; those who read, desire the glory of having read; I who write this have maybe this desire, and perhaps those who will read it.

Whoever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is an

unknown quantity, and the effects are terrible. This unknown quantity, so small a matter that we cannot recognize it, moves a whole country, princes, armies, and all the world.

Cleopatra's nose — had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed.

On what shall man found the economy of the world which he would fain govern? If on the caprice of each man, all is confusion. If on justice, man is ignorant of it.

Certainly, had he known it, he would not have established the maxim, most general of all current among men, that every one must conform to the manners of his own country; the splendor of true equity would have brought all nations into subjection, and legislators would not have taken as their model the fancies and caprice of Persians and Germans instead of stable justice. We should have seen it established in all the States of the world, in all times; whereas now we see neither justice nor injustice which does not change its quality upon changing its climate. Three degrees of latitude reverse all jurisprudence, a meridian decides what is truth, fundamental laws change after a few years of possession, right has its epochs, the entrance of Saturn into the Lion marks for us the origin of such-and-such a crime. That is droll justice which is bounded by a stream! Truth on this side of the Pyrenees, error on that. . . .

Can there be anything more absurd than that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives across the water, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, although I have none with him?

The most unreasonable things in the world become most reasonable because of the unruly lives of men. What is less reasonable than to choose the eldest son of a queen to guide a State? for we do not choose as steersman of a ship that one of the passengers who is of the best family. Such a law would be ridiculous and unjust; but since men are so themselves, and ever will be, it becomes reasonable and just. For would we choose the most virtuous and able, we at once fall to blows, since each asserts that he is the most virtuous and able. Let us then affix this quality to something which cannot be disputed. This man is the king's eldest son. That is clear, and there is no dispute. Reason can do no better, for civil war is the worst of evils.

Men of unruly lives assert that they alone follow nature, while those who are orderly stray from her paths; as passengers in a ship think that those move who stand upon the shore. Both sides say the same thing. There must be a fixed point to enable us to judge. The harbor decides the question for those who are in the vessel; but where can we find the harbor in morals?

Do we follow the majority because they have more reason? No; but because they have more power.

The way of the majority is the best way, because it is plain, and has power to make itself obeyed; yet it is the opinion of the least able.

It is necessary that men should be unequal. True; but that being granted, the door is open, not only to the greatest domination, but to the greatest tyranny.

It is necessary to relax the mind a little, but that opens the door to extreme dissipation.

We must mark the limits. There are no fixed boundaries in these matters; law wishes to impose them, but the mind will not bear them.

Mine, Thine.—"This is my dog," say poor children; "that is my place in the sunshine." Here is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of the whole earth.

Good birth is a great advantage; for it gives a man a chance at the age of eighteen, making him known and respected as an ordinary man is on his merits at fifty. Here are thirty years gained at a stroke.

How rightly do men distinguish by exterior rather than by interior qualities! Which of us twain shall take the lead? Who will give place to the other? The least able? But I am as able as he is. We should have to fight about that. He has four footmen, and I have but one; that is something which can be seen; there is nothing to do but to count; it is my place to yield, and I am a fool if I contest it. So by this means we remain at peace,—the greatest of all blessings.

We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or

we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by without reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live; and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions; but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such a one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics: he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my needs.

I feel that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite; but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

We never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else; and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

I PUT it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is evident from the quarrels which arise from indiscreet reports made from time to time.

WERE we to dream the same thing every night, this would affect us as much as the objects we see every day; and were an artisan sure to dream every night, for twelve hours at a stretch, that he was a king, I think he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night for twelve hours at a stretch that he was an artisan.

Should we dream every night that we were pursued by enemies, and harassed by these painful phantoms, or that we were passing all our days in various occupations, as in traveling, we should suffer almost as much as if the dream were real, and should fear to sleep, as now we fear to wake when we expect in truth to enter on such misfortunes. And in fact, it would bring about nearly the same troubles as the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each single dream is diversified, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when awake, because that is continuous; not indeed so continuous and level as never to change, but the change is less abrupt,—except occasionally, as when we travel, and then we say, "I think I am dreaming," for life is but a little less inconstant dream.

WHEN it is said that heat is only the motion of certain molecules, and light the *conatus recedendi* which we feel, we are surprised. And shall we think that pleasure is but the buoyancy of our spirits? we have conceived so different an idea of it, and these sensations seem so removed from those others which we say are the same as those with which we compare them. The feeling of fire, the warmth which affects us in a manner wholly different from touch, the reception of sound and light,—all this seems to us mysterious, and yet it is as material as the blow of a stone. It is true that the minute spirits which enter into the pores touch different nerves, yet nerves are always touched.

WALTER PATER

(1839–1894)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE functions of criticism are of necessity didactic, not creative; analytical, not synthetic. Yet from time to time critics reveal themselves who vivify their presumably crystallized work with profoundly imaginative thought. Walter Pater is one of these inspirers of criticism. He holds a unique position among English essayists of the nineteenth century by reason of his refinement of vision; of his power of expressing what he saw in language of exquisite rectitude; of the suggestive philosophy which underlies his criticisms, whether they be of Greek art, or of English poets, or of the Italian Renaissance. He is an artist-critic in the sense that he looks upon life with the discrimination of the poet, not of the scientist. He is a creator in the sense that he gives to tradition the freshness of immediate revelation. His essays on Botticelli, on Leonardo, on 'Measure for Measure,' throw sudden, vivid light on apparently smooth surfaces of long-accepted fact, revealing delicate and intricate beauties.

WALTER PATER

Pater's philosophy of the beautiful in art and life is intrinsically a compiled philosophy, but it becomes original in its application. The old Spartan ideal of temperance in every affair of life becomes for him the governing principle in the manifestations of art. He emphasizes again and again the value of the asceticism inherent in all great art products, a Greek asceticism which is but another word for harmony and proportion. To him the life of the artist resolves itself into a Great Refusal: whether it is that of the patient Raphael, steadfastly purposing that he will not offend; or of Michelangelo, subduing his passion to the requirements of the passionless sonnet; or of the Greek athlete, with his superb conception of physical economy; or whether it is the asceticism of the stylist who rejects all words, however tempting, which will not render him exquisite service.

«Self-restraint, a skillful economy of means, *ascêsis*, that too has a beauty of its own.»

This self-conscious modern application of an essentially Greek ideal, inborn in Pater, was further developed by his educational influences. Walter Horatio Pater was born August 4th, 1839, of a family originally from Holland, but long resident in England. In 1858 he entered Queen's College, Oxford. At this time England's period of romanticism had already found brilliant expression in the paintings and poems of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Modern mysticism had attained its apotheosis in 'The Blessed Damozel.' It was a mysticism clearly intelligible to the sensuous soul of Pater, who, though dominated by the Greek ideal, retained always his love of flesh, half revealing, half concealing the elusive spirit. His essays on Sandro Botticelli, on Luca della Robbia, on 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' witness to this love of the mediæval incapacity for distinguishing soul from body; the Dantesque belief that they are one, and must fare forth together even into the shadowy ways of eternity. But Pater by the law of his development passed from under the influence of Ruskin and Rossetti into the influence of Winckelmann and Goethe. Goethe's problem «Can the blitheness and universality of the antique ideal be communicated to artistic productions which shall contain the fullness of the experience of the modern world?» became Pater's problem, which he, essentially a modern, found difficult of solution. «Certainly for us of the modern world, with its conflicting claims, its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, so many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience, the problem of unity within ourselves, in blitheness and repose, is far harder than it was for the Greek within the simple terms of antique life.» This passage from his essay on Winckelmann is the keynote of Pater's world-weariness, as it is of all who strive to build up Greek serenity on modern experiences. Goethe succeeded in uniting the Romantic with the Hellenic spirit by the fusing power of his genius. Pater, being a critic, not a creator, could not always reconcile the conditions of nineteenth-century life with the temper of Greece.

His works exhibit a hunger for perfection which was the fruit of a passionate admiration of Greek form, and of the spirit which it embodied,—the rational, chastened, debonair spirit of the daylight. Because the maladies of the soul were not unknown to him, this critic and lover of the great past placed an almost exaggerated value upon that unperplexed serenity which perished with young Athens. Heiterkeit and Allgemeinheit (Blitheness and Universality)! are they possible to the complex modern, troubled about many things? At least he can attain to them approximately through his

productions, if he be an artist. So Walter Pater recovers the Greek spirit in scrupulous, restrained workmanship, in devotion to form for its own sake. In his Greek studies, in his Plato and Platonism, in his essay on Winckelmann,—throughout his writings, indeed,—this practice toward perfection receives emphasis. It is not that of the Christian art "always struggling to express thoughts beyond itself"; but it is a self-controlled pagan practice, satisfied with the tangible goal of an art which suggests nothing beyond its own victorious fairness.

This devotion to the poise of Greek art and life, to the significant indifference which precludes blind enthusiasm and therefore inadequate workmanship, is blended in Pater with a love of those delicate transitional periods of growth and experience in the lives of nations and of men. The 'Studies of the Renaissance' are chiefly concerned with the revelations of its dawn. The 'Imaginary Portraits' are of youths who have not yet surrendered to custom their freshness, their bland originality. Pater had the Greek love of youth, and of its characteristics, so precious because so fleeting. These characteristics agree best with his philosophy. Youth loves experience; and to Pater, not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. Youth is not habit-bound, and "our failure is to form habits; for after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world." So he draws Marius, whose young years accumulate experiences but pass no judgments, and the Child in the House, and Emerald Uthwart dead before his life had crystallized, and Gaston de Latour in the transitional environment of the Renaissance, and Hyacinth slain in the freshness of his beauty, and Sebastian van Storck escaping from life with passionate haste that he may find refuge in the eternal. These youths are on a mental pilgrimage, whose goal they never reach. The most famous of them, Marius the Epicurean, seems the embodiment of Pater's peculiar philosophy, his love of training, of asceticism in the Greek sense; his appreciation of the value of the transitional. The spiritual journey of Marius is indicated through wonderful chapter after chapter of a novel without a plot. This young Roman lives his chastened, thoughtful, expectant life against the background of the Empire of Marcus Aurelius; enjoying its vivid, varicolored scenery in the detached spirit of the artist; turning always with a sense of relief from the garish show to the gray realms of philosophic thought. The Emperor himself is the second hero of the book, portrayed effectively as the philosopher king who might have ruled Plato's Republic. Like Marius, he too is a mental wayfarer, who refuses the comforts of the wayside Inn for the sake of the intangible Goal. Marius dies young, with the vision of the City of God still far in the bleak distance; yet with the hope of a mind naturally

Christian, that on his love for others his soul may assuredly rest and depend.

The pathos of mortality seems to Pater to embody itself in this craving of Marius, and of his kin in every age, for the personal and the definite: in their refusal to accept, despite this craving, the anthropomorphic gods of the multitude, lest they should miss a rarer divinity. "We too desire," said Lucian, the friend of Marius, "not a fair one, but the fairest of all; unless we find him we shall think that we have failed."

To Pater, viewing this life and its phenomena in the Heraclitean spirit, yet always with the half-suppressed longing for the Fixed, the Absolute, orthodoxy is but a retardation of progress; conviction and certitude are alike numbing to the soul of man. He extracts most from life who passes through it with a kind of divine indifference, handling all things as though they were not; yet absorbing the fine essence of each experience because it is transitory. "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

Of Pater's style much has been said in praise and detraction. It expresses his hunger for perfection in its extreme polish, its elaborate form, its verbal nicety. But it is never spontaneous, and its art is sometimes artifice. Its merits are perhaps too evident to make of it a great style. Yet it will always witness to the value of patience and of conscientiousness in the handling of words: furthermore, it is an effective key to the otherwise shadowy personality of Pater; to the complex nature, tinged with morbidness, in which end-of-the-century passions broke in upon classic, perhaps pseudo-classic calm.

Walter Pater died July 30th, 1894, at Oxford; where, as a Fellow of Brasenose College, he had spent the greater portion of his uneventful life. His influence may not be far-reaching in the future; but as he himself said of Rossetti, his works will always appeal with power to a special and limited audience.

Anna McClure Scholl

WHITE-NIGHTS

From 'Marius, the Epicurean'

To an instinctive seriousness, the material abode in which the childhood of Marius was passed had largely added. Nothing, you felt, as you first caught sight of that coy, retired place,—surely nothing could happen there without its full accompaniment of thought or revery. *White-nights!*—so you might interpret its old Latin name. "The red rose came first," says a quaint German mystic, speaking of "the mystery of so-called *white* things" as being "ever an after-thought,—the doubles, or seconds, of real things, and themselves but half real or material: the white queen—the white witch—the white mass, which, as the black mass is a travesty of the true mass turned to evil by horrible old witches, is celebrated by young candidates for the priesthood, with an unconsecrated host, by way of rehearsal." So white-nights, I suppose, after something like the same analogy, should be nights not passed in quite blank forgetfulness, but those which we pass in continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep. Certainly the place was, in such case, true to its fanciful name in this,—that you might very well conceive, in the face of it, that dreaming, even in the daytime, might come to much there.

The young Marius represented an ancient family, whose estate had come down to him much curtailed through the extravagance of a certain Marcellus two generations before, a favorite in his day of the fashionable world at Rome, where he had at least spent his substance with a correctness of taste which Marius might seem to have inherited from him; as he was believed also to resemble him in a singularly pleasant smile, consistent however, in the younger face, with some degree of sombre expression when the mind within was but slightly moved.

As the means of life decreased, the farm had crept nearer and nearer to the dwelling-house, about which there was therefore a trace of workday negligence or homeliness, not without its picturesque charm for some,—for the young master himself among them. The more observant passer-by would note, curious as to the inmates, a certain amount of dainty care amid that neglect, as if it came in part, perhaps, from a reluctance to disturb old associations. It was significant of the national character, that a sort of elegant *gentleman*-farming, as we say, was much affected

by some of the most cultivated Romans. But it was something more than an elegant diversion, something more of a serious business, with the household of Marius; and his actual interest in the cultivation of the earth and the care of flocks had brought him, at least, intimately near to those elementary conditions of life, a reverence for which the great Roman poet, as he has shown by his own half-mystic preoccupation with them, held to be the ground of primitive Roman religion, as of primitive morals. But then farm life in Italy, including the culture of the vine and the olive, has a peculiar grace of its own, and might well contribute to the production of an ideal dignity of character, like that of nature itself in this gifted region. Vulgarity seemed impossible. The place, though impoverished, was still deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for to-day.

It had been then a part of the struggling family pride of the lad's father to hold by those ceremonial traditions, to which the example of the head of the State, old Antoninus Pius,—an example to be still further enforced by his successor,—had given a fresh though perhaps somewhat artificial popularity. It was consistent with many another homely and old-fashioned trait in him, not to undervalue the charm of exclusiveness and immemorial authority, which membership in a local priestly college, hereditary in his house, conferred upon him. To set a real value on those things was but one element in that pious concern for his home and all that belonged to it, which, as Marius afterwards discovered, had been a strong motive with his father. The ancient hymn—*Jana Novella!*—was still sung by his people, as the new moon grew bright in the west; and even their wild custom of leaping through heaps of blazing straw on a certain night in summer was not discouraged. Even the privilege of augury, according to one tradition, had at one time belonged to his race; and if you can imagine how, once in a way, an impressible boy might have an *inkling*, an inward mystic intimation, of the meaning and consequences of all that,—what was implied in it becoming explicit for him,—you conceive aright the mind of Marius, in whose house the auspices were still carefully consulted before every undertaking of moment.

The devotion of the father, then, had handed on loyally—and that is all many not unimportant persons ever find to do—a certain tradition of life, which came to mean much for the young

Marius. It was with a feeling almost exclusively of awe that he thought of his dead father; though at times, indeed, with a not unpleasant sense of liberty,—as he could but confess to himself, pondering, in the actual absence of so weighty and continual a restraint, upon the arbitrary power which Roman religion and Roman law gave to the parent over his son. On the part of his mother, on the other hand, entertaining the husband's memory, there was a sustained freshness of regret; together with the recognition, as Marius fancied, of some costly self-sacrifice, to be credited to the dead. The life of the widow, languid and shadowy enough but for the poignancy of that regret, was like one long service to the departed soul; its many annual observances centring about the funeral urn—a tiny, delicately carved marble house, still white and fresh—in the family chapel, wreathed always with the richest flowers from the garden: the dead, in those country places, being allowed a somewhat closer neighborhood to the old homes they were supposed still to protect, than is usual with us, or was usual in Rome itself,—a closeness which, so diverse are the ways of human sentiment, the living welcomed, and in which the more wealthy, at least in the country, might indulge themselves. All that, Marius followed with a devout interest, sincerely touched and awed by his mother's sorrow. After the deification of the emperors, we are told, it was considered impious so much as to use any coarse expression in the presence of their images. To Marius the whole of life seemed full of sacred presences, demanding of him a similar collectedness. The severe and archaic religion of the villa, as he conceived it, begot in him a sort of devout circumspection, lest he should fall short at any point of the demand upon him of anything in which deity was concerned: he must satisfy, with a kind of sacred equity, he must be very cautious not to be wanting to, the claims of others, in their joys and calamities,—the happiness which deity sanctioned, or the blows in which it made itself felt. And from habit, this feeling of a responsibility towards the world of men and things, towards a claim for due sentiment concerning them on his side, came to be a part of his nature not to be put off. It kept him serious and dignified amid the Epicurean speculations which in after years much engrossed him, when he had learned to think of all religions as indifferent; serious, among many fopperies, and through many languid days: and made him anticipate all his life long, as a thing towards which he must carefully train himself,

some great occasion of self-devotion like that which really came, which should consecrate his life, and it might be the memory of it among others; as the early Christian looked forward to martyrdom at the end of his course, as a seal of worth upon it.

The traveler, descending from the slopes of Luna, even as he got his first view of the Port-of-Venus, would pause by the way to read the face, as it were, of so beautiful a dwelling-place, lying well away from the white road, at the point where it began to decline somewhat steeply to the marsh-land below. The building of pale red and yellow marble, mellowed by age, which he saw beyond the gates, was indeed but the exquisite fragment of a once large and sumptuous villa. Two centuries of the play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles. Here and there the marble plates had slipped from their places, where the delicate weeds had forced their way. The graceful wildness which prevailed in garden and farm gave place to a singular nicety about the actual habitation, and a still more scrupulous sweetness and order reigned within. The old Roman architects seem to have well understood the decorative value of the floor — the real economy there was, in the production of rich interior effect, of a somewhat lavish expenditure upon the surface they trod on. The pavement of the hall had lost something of its evenness; but though a little rough to the foot, polished and cared for like a piece of silver, looked, as mosaic-work is apt to do, its best in old age. Most noticeable among the ancestral masks, each in its little cedar chest below the cornice, was that of the wasteful but elegant Marcellus, with the quaint resemblance in its yellow waxen features to Marius, just then so full of animation and country color. A chamber, curved ingeniously into oval form, which he had added to the mansion, still contained his collection of works of art; above all, the head of Medusa, for which the villa was famous. The spoilers of one of the old Greek towns on the coast had flung away or lost the thing, as it seemed, in some rapid flight across the river below, from the sands of which it had been drawn up in a fisherman's net, with the fine golden *laminæ* still clinging here and there to the bronze. It was Marcellus also who had contrived the prospect tower of two stories, with the white pigeon-house above it, so characteristic of the place. The little glazed windows in the uppermost chamber framed each its dainty landscape: the pallid crags of

Carrara, like wildly twisted snowdrifts above the purple heath; the distant harbor with its freight of white marble going to sea; the lighthouse temple of *Venus Speciosa* on its dark headland, amid the long-drawn curves of white breakers. Even on summer nights the air there had always a motion in it, and drove the scent of the new-mown hay along all the passages of the house.

Something pensive, spell-bound,—and as but half real, something cloistral or monastic, as we should say,—united to that exquisite order, made the whole place seem to Marius, as it were, (*sacellum*) the peculiar sanctuary of his mother, who still in real widowhood provided the deceased Marius the elder with that secondary sort of life which we can give to the dead, in our intensely realized memory of them; the "subjective immortality," as some now call it, for which many a Roman epitaph cries out plaintively to widow or sister or daughter, still alive in the land of the living. Certainly, if any such considerations regarding them do reach the shadowy people, he enjoyed that secondary existence,—that warm place still left, in thought at least, beside the living,—the desire for which is actually, in various forms, so great a motive with most of us. And Marius the younger, even thus early, came to think of women's tears, of women's hands to lay one to rest, in death as in the sleep of childhood, as a sort of natural want. The soft lines of the white hands and face, set among the many folds of the veil and stole of the Roman widow, busy upon her needle-work, or with music sometimes, defined themselves for him as the typical expression of maternity. Helping her with her white and purple wools, and caring for her musical instruments, he won, as if from the handling of such things, an urbane and feminine refinement, qualifying the freshness of his country-grown habits,—the sense of a certain delicate blandness, which he relished, above all, on returning to the "chapel" of his mother, after long days of open-air exercise, in winter or stormy summer. For poetic souls in old Italy felt, hardly less strongly than the English, the pleasures of winter; of the hearth, with the very dead warm in its generous heat, keeping the young myrtles in flower, though the hail is beating hard without. One important principle, of fruit afterwards in his Roman life, that relish for the country fixed deeply in him; in the winters especially, when the sufferings of the animal world come so palpably before even the least observant. It fixed in

him a sympathy for all creatures; for the almost human sicknesses and troubles of the flocks, for instance. It was a feeling which had in it something of religious veneration for life, as such,—for that mysterious essence which man is powerless to create in even the feeblest degree. One by one, at the desire of his mother, the lad broke down his cherished traps and springes for the hungry wild birds on the salt-marsh. A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hands of his good genius on the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled? And as his mother became to him the very type of maternity in things,—its unfailing pity and protectiveness,—and maternity itself the central type of all love, so that beautiful dwelling-place gave singular reality and concreteness to a peculiar ideal of home, which through all the rest of his life he seemed, amid many distractions of spirit, to be ever seeking to regain.

And a certain vague fear of evil, constitutional in him, enhanced still further that sentiment of home, as a place of tried security. His religion, that old Italian religion, in contrast with the really light-hearted religion of Greece, had its deep undercurrent of gloom, its sad, haunting imageries, not exclusively confined to the walls of Etrurian tombs. The function of the conscience, not always as the prompter of a gratitude for benefits received, but oftenest as his accuser before those angry heavenly masters, had a large place in it; and the sense of some unexplored evil ever dogging his footsteps made him oddly suspicious of particular places and persons. . . .

Thus the boyhood of Marius passed; on the whole more given to contemplation than to action. Less prosperous in fortune than at an earlier day there had been reason to expect, and animating his solitude, as he read eagerly and intelligently, with the traditions of the past, he lived much already in the realm of the imagination, and became betimes, as he was to continue all through life, something of an idealist; constructing the world for himself in great measure from within, by the exercise of meditative power. A vein of subjective philosophy, with the individual for its measure of all things, there was to be always in his intellectual scheme of the world and of conduct, with a certain incapacity wholly to accept other men's values of things. And the generation of this peculiar element in his temper he

could trace up to the days when his life had been so like the reading of a romance to him. Had the Romans a word for *unworldly?* The beautiful word *umbratilis* comes nearest to it, perhaps; and in that precise sense, might describe the spirit in which he prepared himself for the sacerdotal function hereditary in his family,—the sort of mystic enjoyment he had in the abstinence, the strenuous self-control and *ascêsis*, which such preparation involved. Like the young Ion in the beautiful opening of the play of Euripides, who every morning sweeps the temple floor with such a fund of cheerfulness in his service, he was apt to be happy in sacred places, with a susceptibility to their peculiar influences which he never outgrew; so that often in after-times, quite unexpectedly, this feeling would revive in him, still fresh and strong. That first, early, boyish ideal of priesthood, the sense of dedication, survived through all the distraction of the world,—when all thought of such vocations had finally passed from him,—as a ministry, in spirit at least, towards a sort of hieratic beauty and orderliness in the conduct of life. And now what relieved in part this over-tension of soul was the lad's pleasure in the country and the open air; above all, the ramble to the coast, over the marsh with the dwarf roses and wild lavender, and the delightful signs, one after another,—the abandoned boat, the ruined flood-gates, the flock of wild birds,—that one was approaching the sea; the long summer day of idleness among its vague scents and sounds. And it was characteristic of him that he relished especially the grave, subdued, northern notes in all that; the charm of the French or English notes, as we might term them, in the luxuriant Italian landscape.

THE CLASSIC AND THE ROMANTIC IN LITERATURE

A Postscript in 'Appreciations'

*αἰνεῖ δὲ παλαῖον μὲν οἶνον, ἄνθεα δ' ὕμνων νεωτέρων**

THE words *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature. Used in an exaggerated sense, to express a greater opposition between

*«In wine 'tis the age we praise,
But the fresher bloom in lays.»

those tendencies than really exists, they have at times tended to divide people of taste into opposite camps. But in that *House Beautiful* which the creative minds of all generations — the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art — are always building together for the refreshment of the human spirit, these oppositions cease; and the *Interpreter* of the *House Beautiful*, the true æsthetic critic, uses these divisions only so far as they enable him to enter into the peculiarities of the objects with which he has to do. The term *classical*, fixed as it is to a well-defined literature and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, — by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old; who value what is old, in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered about it, — people who would never really have been made glad by any Venus fresh-risen from the sea, and who praise the Venus of old Greece and Rome only because they fancy her grown now into something staid and tame.

And as the term *classical* has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term *romantic* has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses. The sense in which Scott is called a romantic writer is chiefly this: that in opposition to the literary tradition of the last century, he loved strange adventure, and sought it in the Middle Age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more really characteristic fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë, — the romance of 'Wuthering Heights'; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton, and of Heathcliff tearing open Catherine's grave, removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death, — figures so passionate, yet woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery, being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of 'Sidonia the Sorceress' and the 'Amber-Witch.' In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers: and consequently, when Heine criticizes the *Romantic School* in Germany, — that movement which culminated in Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen'; or when Théophile Gautier

criticizes the romantic movement in France,—where indeed it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over; where, by a certain audacity, or *bizarrerie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in imaginative literature;—they use the word with an exact sense of special artistic qualities, indeed; but use it nevertheless with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is in reality an ever present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style which that and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence.

Though the words *classical* and *romantic*, then, have acquired an almost technical meaning in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition, which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists; between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of the principles of liberty and authority respectively,—of strength, and order or what the Greeks called κοσμιότης.

Sainte-Beuve, in the third volume of the 'Causeries du Lundi,' has discussed the question, "What is meant by a classic?" It was a question he was well fitted to answer, having himself lived through many phases of taste, and having been in earlier life an enthusiastic member of the romantic school; he was also a great master of that sort of "philosophy of literature" which delights in tracing traditions in it, and the way in which various phases of thought and sentiment maintain themselves, through successive modifications, from epoch to epoch. His aim, then, is to give the word *classic* a wider, and as he says, a more generous sense than it commonly bears; to make it expressly *grandiose et flottant:* and in doing this, he develops, in a masterly manner, those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature—whatever meaning, narrower or wider, we attach to the term—to take care.

The charm, therefore, of what is classical, in art or literature, is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless

listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its artistic form is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "*Romanticism*," says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; *classicism*, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion — of music — which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillize us. The "classic" comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess indeed in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty, that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty, that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity, and the desire of beauty, have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions and new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical properties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or of the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them; to be satisfied with what is exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany; not to distinguish jealously enough between what is admirably done, and what is done not quite so well,— in the writings, for instance, of Jean Paul. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then

I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity,—so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity—curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But however falsely those two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art; molding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other; generating, respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art; if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty, the romantic spirit refuses to have it unless the condition of strangeness be first fulfilled. Its desire is for a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all: the trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Jean Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, and intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that. «Énergique, frais, et dispos»—these, according to Sainte-Beuve, are the characteristics of a genuine classic: «les ouvrages anciens ne sont pas classiques parce qu'ils sont vieux, mais parce qu'ils sont énergiques, frais, et dispos.» Energy, freshness, intelligent and masterly disposition,—these are characteristics of Victor Hugo when his alchemy is complete: in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette; in certain scenes, like that in the opening of 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' where Déruchette writes the name of *Gilliatt* in the snow, on Christmas morning: but always there is a certain note of strangeness discernible there, as well.

The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is only as an illustration of

these qualities that it seeks the Middle Age, because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the Middle Age, there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote.

Few, probably, now read Madame de Staël's 'De l'Allemagne,' though it has its interest,—the interest which never quite fades out of work really touched with the enthusiasm of the spiritual adventurer, the pioneer in culture. It was published in 1810, to introduce to French readers a new school of writers—the romantic school, from beyond the Rhine; and it was followed, twenty-three years later, by Heine's 'Romantische Schule,' as at once a supplement and a correction. Both these books, then, connect romanticism with Germany, with the names especially of Goethe and Tieck; and to many English readers, the idea of romanticism is still inseparably connected with Germany—that Germany which, in its quaint old towns, under the spire of Strassburg or the towers of Heidelberg, was always listening in rapt inaction to the melodious, fascinating voices of the Middle Age, and which, now that it has got Strassburg back again, has, I suppose, almost ceased to exist. But neither Germany with its Goethe and Tieck, nor England with its Byron and Scott, is nearly so representative of the romantic temper as France, with Murger and Gautier and Victor Hugo. It is in French literature that its most characteristic expression is to be found; and that, as most closely derivative, historically, from such peculiar conditions as ever reinforce it to the utmost.

For although temperament has much to do with the generation of the romantic spirit, and although this spirit, with its curiosity, its thirst for a curious beauty, may be always traceable in excellent art (traceable even in Sophocles),—yet still, in a limited sense, it may be said to be a product of special epochs. Outbreaks of this spirit, that is, come naturally with particular periods: times when, in men's approaches towards art and poetry, curiosity may be noticed to take the lead; when men come to art and poetry with a deep thirst for intellectual excitement, after a long *ennui*, or in reaction against the strain of outward, practical things: in the later Middle Age, for instance; so that mediæval poetry, centring in Dante, is often opposed to Greek and Roman poetry, as romantic poetry to the classical. What the romanticism of Dante is, may be estimated, if we compare the lines in which Virgil describes the hazel-wood, from whose broken twigs flows

the blood of Polydorus,—not without the expression of a real shudder at the ghastly incident,—with the whole canto of the 'Inferno,' into which Dante has expanded them, beautifying and softening it, meanwhile, by a sentiment of profound pity. And it is especially in that period of intellectual disturbance immediately preceding Dante, amid which the Romance languages define themselves at last, that this temper is manifested. Here, in the literature of Provence, the very name of *romanticism* is stamped with its true signification: here we have indeed a romantic world, grotesque even, in the strength of its passions, almost insane in its curious expression of them, drawing all things into its sphere, making the birds—nay, lifeless things—its voices and messengers; yet so penetrated with the desire for beauty and sweetness that it begets a wholly new species of poetry, in which the *Renaissance* may be said to begin. The last century was pre-eminently a classical age; an age in which, for art and literature, the element of a comely order was in the ascendant; which, passing away, left a hard battle to be fought between the classical and the romantic schools. Yet it is in the heart of this century of Goldsmith and Stothard, of Watteau and the 'Siècle de Louis XIV.,'—in one of its central, if not most characteristic figures, in Rousseau,—that the modern or French romanticism really originates. But what in the eighteenth century is but an exceptional phenomenon, breaking through its fair reserve and discretion only at rare intervals, is the habitual guise of the nineteenth: breaking through it perpetually, with a feverishness, an incomprehensible straining and excitement, which all experience to some degree, but yearning also, in the genuine children of the romantic school, to be *énergique*, *frais*, *et dispos*,—for those qualities of energy, freshness, comely order; and often, in Murger, in Gautier, in Victor Hugo, for instance, with singular felicity attaining them.

It is in the terrible tragedy of Rousseau, in fact, that French romanticism, with much else, begins: reading his 'Confessions,' we seem actually to assist at the birth of this new, strong spirit in the French mind. The wildness which has shocked so many, and the fascination which has influenced almost every one, in the squalid yet eloquent figure, we see and hear so clearly in that book, wandering under the apple blossoms and among the vines of Neuchâtel or Vevey, actually give it the quality of a very successful romantic invention. His strangeness or distortion, his

profound subjectivity, his passionateness,—the *cor laceratum*,—Rousseau makes all men in love with these. «Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai sus. Mais si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins je suis autre.» (I am not made like any one else I have ever known. Yet, if I am not better, at least I am different.) These words, from the first page of the 'Confessions,' anticipate all the Werthers, Renés, Obermanns, of the last hundred years. For Rousseau did but anticipate a trouble in the spirit of the whole world; and thirty years afterwards, what in him was a peculiarity, became part of the general consciousness. A storm was coming: Rousseau with others felt it in the air, and they helped to bring it down; they introduced a disturbing element into French literature, then so trim and formal, like our own literature of the age of Queen Anne.

In 1815 the storm had come and gone, but had left, in the spirit of «young France,» the *ennui* of an immense disillusion. In the last chapter of Edgar Quinet's 'Révolution Française,' a work itself full of irony, of disillusion, he distinguishes two books, Senancour's 'Obermann' and Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' as characteristic of the first decade of the present century. In those two books we detect already the disease and the cure: in 'Obermann' the irony, refined into a plaintive philosophy of «indifference»; in Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' the refuge from a tarnished actual present, a present of disillusion, into a world of strength and beauty in the Middle Age, as at an earlier period—in 'René' and 'Atala'—into the free play of them in savage life. It is to minds in this spiritual situation, weary of the present, but yearning for the spectacle of beauty and strength, that the works of French romanticism appeal. They set a positive value on the intense, the exceptional: and a certain distortion is sometimes noticeable in them, as in conceptions like Victor Hugo's Quasimodo or Gwynplaine,—something of a terrible grotesque, of the *macabre*, as the French themselves call it; though always combined with perfect literary execution, as in Gautier's 'La Morte Amoureuse,' or the scene of the «maimed» burial rites of the player, dead of the frost, in his 'Capitaine Fracasse,'—true «flowers of the yew.» It becomes grim humor in Victor Hugo's combat of Gilliatt with the devil-fish; or the incident, with all its ghastly comedy drawn out at length, of the great gun detached from its fastenings on shipboard, in 'Quatre-Vingt-Treize' (perhaps the most terrible of

all the accidents that can happen by sea); and in the entire episode, in that book, of the Convention. Not less surely does it reach a genuine pathos: for the habit of noting and distinguishing one's own most intimate passages of sentiment makes one sympathetic; begetting, as it must, the power of entering, by all sorts of finer ways, into the intimate recesses of other minds: so that pity is another quality of romanticism; both Victor Hugo and Gautier being great lovers of animals and charming writers about them, and Murger being unrivaled in the pathos of his 'Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse.' Penetrating so finely into all situations which appeal to pity,—above all, into the special or exceptional phases of such feeling,—the romantic humor is not afraid of the quaintness or singularity of its circumstances or expression; pity, indeed, being of the essence of humor: so that Victor Hugo does but turn his romanticism into practice, in his hunger and thirst after practical *Justice!*—a justice which shall no longer wrong children or animals, for instance, by ignoring, in a stupid, mere breadth of view minute facts about them. Yet the romanticists are antinomian too, sometimes; because the love of energy and beauty, of distinction in passion, tended naturally to become a little *bizarre*, plunging into the Middle Age, into the secrets of old Italian story. "Are we in the Inferno?"—we are tempted to ask, wondering at something malign in so much beauty. For over all a care for the refreshment of the human spirit by fine art manifests itself, a predominant sense of literary charm; so that, in their search for the secret of exquisite expression, the romantic school went back to the forgotten world of early French poetry, and literature itself became the most delicate of the arts,—like "goldsmith's work," says Sainte-Beuve, of Bertrand's 'Gaspard de la Nuit,'—and that peculiarly French gift, the gift of exquisite speech, *argute loqui*, attained in them a perfection which it had never seen before.

Stendhal—a writer whom I have already quoted, and of whom English readers might well know much more than they do—stands between the earlier and later growths of the romantic spirit. His novels are rich in romantic quality; and his other writings—partly criticism, partly personal reminiscences—are a very curious and interesting illustration of the needs out of which romanticism arose. In his book on 'Racine and Shakespeare,' Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day; and this is perhaps true in Stendhal's sense. That little treatise, full

of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823; and its object is to defend an entire independence and liberty in the choice and treatment of subject, both in art and literature, against those who upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive, in writings like the 'Hernani' of Victor Hugo (which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism), that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting and really stimulating, to keep us from yawning even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly shifting *Time-Spirit*, or *Zeit-Geist*, understood by French not less than by German criticism, which is always modifying men's taste, as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of subject and treatment. To turn always with that ever changing spirit, yet to retain the flavor of what was admirably done in past generations,—in the classics, as we say,—is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he observes, "was preeminently the romantic poet. He adored Virgil, yet he wrote the 'Divine Comedy,' with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the 'Æneid' as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism, one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever increasing common league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individual workmen and their work, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the varying proportion of curiosity and the desire of beauty, —natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times,—it must always be partly a matter of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical period; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it, and the reaction in favor of naturalism in poetry begins in that century early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with

form: to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognized types in art and literature have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "'Tis art's decline, my son!" they are always saying to the progressive element in their own generation; to those who care for that which in fifty years' time every one will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried *matter*, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their work; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, proportionate form; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, then, on the balance of certain qualities in it; and in this sense, a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Pheidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise,—the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire of beauty. Yet the Odyssey, with its marvelous adventure, is more romantic than the Iliad; which nevertheless contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus. Æschylus is more romantic than Sophocles, whose 'Philoctetes,' were it written now, might figure, for the strangeness of its motive and the perfectness of its execution, as typically romantic; while of Euripides it may be said that his method in writing his plays is to sacrifice readily almost everything else, so that he may attain the fullness of a single romantic effect. These two tendencies, indeed, might be applied as a measure or standard all through Greek and Roman art and poetry, with very illuminating results: and for an analyst of the romantic principle in art, no exercise would be more profitable than to walk through the collection of classical antiquities at the Louvre, or the British Museum, or to examine some representative collection of Greek coins, and note how the element of curiosity, of the love

of strangeness, insinuates itself into classical design, and record the effects of the romantic spirit there, the traces of struggle, of the grotesque even, though overbalanced here by sweetness; as in the sculpture of Chartres and Rheims, the real sweetness of mind in the sculptor is often overbalanced by the grotesque, by the rudeness of his strength.

Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him, all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorized matter; and who bring to their perfection in this way the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognizable; united in perfect art,—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced there: and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

COVENTRY PATMORE

(1823–1896)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON PATMORE was born at Woodford, in Essex, England, on July 23d, 1823. The best impression of the personality of this distinguished man may be found in the pages of the Contemporary Review. It was written by Edmund Gosse shortly after Patmore's death, which occurred in December 1896. It gives real insight into the character and accidental peculiarities of a great psychological interpreter.

COVENTRY PATMORE

In the last ten years, Patmore's intention and quality have begun once more to receive deserved attention and appreciation, attracted principally by his 'Odes' (in 'The Unknown Eros') and the strong mystical characteristics of his prose essays, 'Principles in Art' and 'Religio Poetæ.'

Patmore's 'Poems' (1844) attracted the attention of Lord Houghton. They pleased the Pre-Raphaelites, to whom he was introduced by Tennyson; and he contributed 'The Seasons' to The Germ, which was the organ of Rossetti and his colleagues. Patmore's poetic road was not smooth. 'The Angel in the House' had what Mr. Gosse calls a "rustic success." After that it became, in the mind of most readers, a work to be classed with Mr. Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy.' It included 'Tamerton Church Tower' (1853), 'The Betrothal' (1854), and 'The Espousal' (1856); the two latter he printed in 'The Angel in the House' (1858), to which he afterwards added 'Faithful Forever' (1860) and 'The Victories of Love' (1863). Then came 'Amelia' and 'The Unknown Eros' (1877).

His important prose works are 'Principles in Art' (1889), 'Religio Poetæ' (1893), and 'The Rod, the Root, and the Flower' (1895). Mr. Gosse laments the destruction of 'Sponsa Dei,' a "vanished masterpiece, not very long, but polished and modulated to the highest degree of perfection."

The reason why the sensitive and singular poet destroyed 'Sponsa Dei' may be inferred from the underlying motive of much of 'The Unknown Eros.' He was a mystic; he dwelt on the heights with St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, and the English poet Crashaw. And his favorite theme was the spiritual beauty of the body redeemed by Christ from degradation. He found in the sacramental union of man and wife the truest and most glowing symbol of the union of God and man; as he says in his 'Scire Te Ipsum,'—

> "God, Youth, and Goddess, one, twain, trine,
> In altering wedlock, flamed benign."

If men knew the Christian mystics better, or many were able to comprehend them, the 'Sponsa Dei,' which concerned itself with human love as typical of the Divine, would not shock "the general reader." But though Patmore had a deep contempt for this undistinguished person, his conscience was scrupulous when it came to consider the moral effect of his beautiful revelation upon the weaker brethren, and so the last of his works was destroyed.

In his essay on 'Love and Poetry' in 'Principles in Art,' he expresses his sense of the relation of human love to life:—

"Every man and woman who has not denied or falsified nature knows, or at any rate feels, that love, though the least 'serious,' is the most significant of all things. The wise do not talk much about this knowledge, for fear of exposing its delicate edge to the stolid resistance of the profligate and unbelieving; and because its light, though, and for the reason that, it exceeds all others, is deficient in definition. But they see that to this momentary transfiguration of life all that is best in them looks forward or looks back, and that it is for this the race exists, and not this for the race,—the seed for the flower, not the flower for the seed. All religions have sanctified this love, and have found in it their one word for and image of their fondest and highest hopes; and the Catholic has exalted it into a 'great sacrament,' holding that, with Transubstantiation,—which it resembles,—it is only unreasonable because it is above reason. . . . Nothing can reconcile the intimacies of love to the higher feelings, unless the parties to them are conscious—and true lovers always are—that for the season at least, they justify the words, 'I have said, Ye are gods.' Nuptial love bears the clearest marks of being nothing other than the rehearsal of a communion of a higher nature."

The poet who interprets this love is a seer, a mystic,—one who knows the meaning of hidden things, the heart of the mysteries; and "perfect poetry and song are in fact nothing more than perfect speech upon high and moving objects." Thus Patmore speaks in his essay on 'English Metrical Law.' He earnestly believed it; and though he was not in love with modern scientific methods, he was willing to put the form of poetry to any test, in order that the divinity of its spirit might be better understood and expressed.

«With this reprint I believe,» he says, in the preface to the fifth collective edition of his 'Poetical Works,' «that I am closing my task as a poet, having traversed the ground and reached the end which in my youth I saw before me. I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me.»

Time has begun to show that Patmore had ground for his hope. The peculiar management of the catalexis in his odes has repelled many who do not seriously consider the relations of music and rhythm, to whom psychology as applied to poetical form does not appeal; and the boldness of his images, invariably borrowed from the Scriptures, or the mystical outpourings of saints madly ecstatic with Divine love, shocks folk brought up in those modern ideas of purity which he condemns. In his prose — marvelously effective and condensed — he is at times arrogant, intolerant, and always he is a reckless Tory. Nevertheless his poetry and prose are treasures, the value of which is becoming more and more apparent every day. With the author of 'Religio Medici,' the writer of 'Religio Poetæ' hated the multitude; he wrote only for the elect; and probably it would not please him if he knew that his fame is so rapidly spreading, that there are those of the multitude who respect and admire more in his work than 'The Toys,' — which long ago seized the popular heart, though constructed on that catalectic method which has caused some critics to pause when they had expected to go on admiring.

Coventry Patmore assisted Lord Houghton in editing the 'Life and Letters of Keats' (1848); he wrote a curious pamphlet, 'How I Managed my Estate' (1886); the 'Life of Bryan Waller Procter' (1877); and part of a translation from A. Bernard on the 'Love of God' (1881).

His odes revive a quality not found in English poetry since Crashaw; and his prose has, above all, that distinction which he so loved. He is fervent, sincere, exalted; and if we do not understand him in his highest moods, it is because we have not yet learned to look with undazzled eyes at the very face of the sun.

Francis Egan

WIND AND WAVE

THE wedded light and heat,
Winnowing the witless space,
Without a let,
What are they till they beat
Against the sleepy sod, and there beget
Perchance the violet!
Is the One found,
Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,
To make heaven's bound;
So that in Her
All which it hath of sensitively good
Is sought and understood
After the narrow mode the mighty heavens prefer?
She, as a little breeze
Following still Night,
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
Into delight;
But in a while,
The immeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
With darkling discontent;
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,
T'ward the void sky-line and an unguessed weal;
Until the vanward billows feel
The agitating shallows, and divine the goal,
And to foam roll,
And spread and stray
And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,
The fair and fleckless sands,
And so the whole
Unfathomable and immense
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach
And burst in wind-kissed splendors on the deafening beach,
Where forms of children in first innocence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbowed crest
Of its untired unrest.

THE TOYS

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed.
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed,—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:—
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

"IF I WERE DEAD"

"If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, Poor child!"
The dear lips quivered as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor child, poor child!

I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor child!
And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make?
Poor child, poor child!
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have thou *no* mercy upon me?
Poor child!

TO THE BODY

CREATION'S and Creator's crowning good;
Wall of infinitude;
Foundation of the sky,
In heaven forecast
And longed for from eternity,
Though laid the last;
Reverberating dome,
Of music cunningly built home
Against the void and indolent disgrace
Of unresponsive space;
Little sequestered pleasure-house
For God and for his Spouse;
Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
Since, from the graced decorum of the hair,
Even to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonished hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres;
Formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
Lest shameless men cry "Shame!"
So rich with wealth concealed
That heaven and hell fight chiefly for this field;
Clinging to everything that pleases thee
With indefectible fidelity;
Alas, so true

To all thy friendships that no grace
Thee from thy sin can wholly disembrace;
Which thus 'bides with thee as the Jebusite,
That, maugre all God's promises could do,
The chosen People never conquered quite;
Who therefore lived with them,
And that by formal truce and as of right,
In metropolitan Jerusalem.
For which false fealty
Thou needs must, for a season, lie
In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,
Albeit in heaven
Thy crimson-throbbing glow
Into its old abode aye pants to go,
And does with envy see
Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
Who left the roses in her body's lieu.
Oh, if the pleasures I have known in thee
But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,
What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
Then shall be his
Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
For death's sweet chrism retained,
Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!

LOVE SERVICEABLE

From 'The Angel in the House'

WHAT measure Fate to him shall mete
Is not the noble lover's care:
He's heart-sick with a longing sweet
To make her happy as she's fair.
Oh, misery, should she him refuse,
And so her dearest good mistake!
His own success he thus pursues
With frantic zeal for her sole sake.
To lose her were his life to blight,
Being loss to hers; to make her his,
Except as helping her delight,
He calls but accidental bliss;
And, holding life as so much pelf
To buy her posies, learns this lore:
He does not rightly love himself
Who does not love another more.

SAHARA

From 'The Angel in the House'

I stood by Honor and the Dean,
They seated in the London train.
A month from her! yet this had been,
Ere now, without such bitter pain;
But neighborhood makes parting light,
And distance remedy has none.
Alone, she near, I felt as might
A blind man sitting in the sun;
She near, all for the time was well:
Hope's self, when we were far apart,
With lonely feeling, like the smell
Of heath on mountains, filled my heart.
To see her seemed delight's full scope;
And her kind smile, so clear of care,
Even then, though darkening all my hope,
Gilded the cloud of my despair.

She had forgot to bring a book.
I lent one: blamed the print for old;
And did not tell her that she took
A Petrarch worth its weight in gold.
I hoped she'd lose it; for my love
Was grown so dainty, high, and nice,
It prized no luxury above
The sense of fruitless sacrifice.

The bell rang; and with shrieks like death,
Link catching link, the long array,
With ponderous pulse and fiery breath,
Proud of its burthen, swept away.
And through the lingering crowd I broke,
Sought the hillside, and thence, heart-sick,
Beheld, far off, the little smoke
Along the landscape kindling quick.

What should I do, where should I go,
Now she was gone, my love! for mine
She was, whatever here below
Crossed or usurped my right divine.
Life without her was vain and gross,
The glory from the world was gone;

And on the gardens of the Close
As on Sahara shone the sun.
Oppressed with her departed grace,
My thoughts on ill surmises fed;
The harmful influence of the place
She went to, filled my soul with dread.
She, mixing with the people there,
Might come back altered, having caught
The foolish, fashionable air
Of knowing all and feeling naught.
Or giddy with her beauty's praise,
She'd scorn our simple country life,
Its wholesome nights and tranquil days,
And would not deign to be my wife.
"My wife," "my wife,"—ah, tenderest word!
How oft, as fearful she might hear,
Whispering that name of "wife," I heard
The chiming of the inmost sphere.

I passed the home of my regret.
The clock was striking in the hall,
And one sad window open yet,
Although the dews began to fall.
Ah, distance showed her beauty's scope!
How light of heart and innocent
That loveliness which sickened hope
And wore the world for ornament!
How perfectly her life was framed;
And, thought of in that passionate mood,
How her affecting graces shamed
The vulgar life that was but good!

I wondered, would her bird be fed,
Her rose-plots watered, she not by;
Loading my breast with angry dread
Of light, unlikely injury.
So, filled with love and fond remorse,
I paced the Close, its every part
Endowed with reliquary force
To heal and raise from death my heart.
How tranquil and unsecular
The precinct! Once through yonder gate
I saw her go, and knew from far
Her love-lit form and gentle state.

Her dress had brushed this wicket; here
  She turned her face, and laughed, with light
Like moonbeams on a wavering mere.
  Weary beforehand of the night,
I went; the blackbird in the wood
  Talked by himself, and eastward grew
In heaven the symbol of my mood,
  Where one bright star engrossed the blue.

MARRIED LIFE

From 'The Wedding Sermon' in 'The Victories of Love'

Lovers, once married, deem their bond
  Then perfect, scanning naught beyond
  For love to do but to sustain
The spousal hour's delighted gain.
But time and a right life alone
Fulfill the promise then foreshown.
The bridegroom and the bride withal
Are but unwrought material
Of marriage; nay, so far is love,
Thus crowned, from being thereto enough,
Without the long compulsive awe
Of duty, that the bond of law
Does oftener marriage love evoke,
Than love which does not wear the yoke
Of legal vows submits to be
Self-reined from ruinous liberty.
Lovely is love; but age well knows
'Twas law which kept the lover's vows
Inviolate through the year or years
Of worship pieced with panic fears,
When she who lay within his breast
Seemed of all women perhaps the best,
But not the whole, of womankind,
Or love, in his yet wayward mind,
Had ghastly doubts its precious life
Was pledged for aye to the wrong wife.
  Could it be else? A youth pursues
A maid, whom chance, not he, did choose,
Till to his strange arms hurries she
In a despair of modesty.

Then simply and without pretense
Of insight or experience,
They plight their vows. The parents say,
"We cannot speak them yea or nay:
The thing proceedeth from the Lord!"
And wisdom still approves their word;
For God created so these two,
They match as well as others do
That take more pains, and trust him less
Who never fails, if asked, to bless
His children's helpless ignorance
And blind election of life's chance.
Verily, choice not matters much,
If but the woman's truly such,
And the young man has led the life
Without which how shall e'er the wife
Be the one woman in the world?
Love's sensitive tendrils sicken, curled
Round folly's former stay; for 'tis
The doom of all unsanctioned bliss
To mock some good that, gained, keeps still
The taint of the rejected ill.

Howbeit, though both were perfect, she
Of whom the maid was prophecy
As yet lives not, and Love rebels
Against the law of any else;
And as a steed takes blind alarm,
Disowns the rein, and hunts his harm,
So misdespairing word and act
May now perturb the happiest pact.

The more, indeed, is love, the more
Peril to love is now in store.
Against it nothing can be done
But only this: leave ill alone!
Who tries to mend his wife, succeeds
As he who knows not what he needs.
He much affronts a worth as high
As his, and that equality
Of spirits in which abide the grace
And joy of her subjected place;
And does the still growth check and blur
Of contraries, confusing her
Who better knows what he desires
Than he, and to that mark aspires

With perfect zeal, and a deep wit
Which nothing helps but trusting it.
So loyally, o'erlooking all
In which love's promise short may fall
Of full performance, honor that
As won, which aye love worketh at!

THE QUEEN

To heroism and holiness
How hard it is for man to soar;
But how much harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves him for!
He does with ease what do he must
Or lose her; and there's naught debarred. . . .
Ah, wasteful woman! she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift!
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine!
O queen! awake to thy renown,
Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy despised prerogative!
I who in manhood's name at length
With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
Must yet in this thy praise abate,—
That through thine erring humbleness
And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
Just to thyself, been worth's reward:
But lofty honors undersold
Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favor that makes folly bold
Puts out the light in virtue's face.

WISDOM

WHAT'S that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
"Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"
Not childhood, full of frown and fret;
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known;
Not great men, even when they're good;—
The good man whom the Lord makes great,
By some disgrace of chance or blood
He fails not to humiliate;—
Not these: but souls, found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize,
And ridicule against it hurled
Drops with a broken sting, and dies;
Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield;
Yet ever careful not to hurt
God's honor, who creates success,
Their praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;
And should their own life plaudits bring,
They're simply vexed at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.
They live by law,—not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.
They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.
Their home is home; their chosen lot
A private place and private name:
But if the world's want calls, they'll not
Refuse the indignities of fame.

PATHOS

From 'Principle in Art'

Pity differs from pathos in this: the latter is simply emotional, and reaches no higher than the sensitive nature; though the sensitive nature, being dependent for its power and delicacy very much upon the cultivation of will and intellect, may be indefinitely developed by these active factors of the soul. Pity is helpful, and is not deadened or repelled by circumstances which disgust the simply sensitive nature; and its ardor so far consumes such obstacles to merely emotional sympathy, that the person who truly pities, finds the field of pathos extended far beyond the ordinary limits of the dainty passion which gives tears to the eyes of the selfish as well as the self-sacrificing. In an ideally perfect nature, indeed, pity, and pathos which is the feeling of pity, would be coextensive; and the latter would demand for its condition the existence of the former, with some ground of actual reality to work beneficially upon. On the other hand, entire selfishness would destroy even the faintest capacity for discerning pathos in art or circumstance. In the great mass of men and women there is sufficient virtue of pity, pity that would act if it had the opportunity, to extend in them the *feeling* of pity — that is, pathos — to a far larger range of circumstances than their active virtue would be competent to encounter, even if it had the chance.

Suffering is of itself enough to stir pity; for absolute wickedness, with the torment of which all wholesome minds would be quite content, cannot be certainly predicted of any individual sufferer: but pathos, whether in a drawing-room tale of delicate distress, or in a tragedy of Æschylus or Shakespeare, requires that some obvious goodness or beauty or innocence or heroism should be the subject of suffering, and that the circumstance or narration of it should have certain conditions of repose, contrast, and form. The range of pathos is immense, extending from the immolation of an Isaac or an Iphigenia to the death of a kitten that purrs and licks the hand about to drown it. Next to the fact of goodness, beauty, innocence, or heroism in the sufferer, contrast is the chief factor in artistic pathos. The celestial sadness of Desdemona's death is immensely heightened by the black shadow of Iago; and perhaps the most intense touch of pathos in all history is that of Gordon murdered at Khartoum, while his betrayer occupies himself, between the acts of a comedy at the Criterion, in devising how best he may excuse his presence there

by denying that he was aware of the *contretemps*, or by representing his news of it as non-official. The singer of Fair Rosamund's sorrows knew the value of contrast when he sang:—

> "Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
> Soft were the lips that bled."

Every one knows how irresistible are a pretty woman's tears.

> "Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness
> That moves more dear compassion of mind
> Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness."

It is partly the contrast of beauty, which is the natural appanage of happiness, that renders her tears so pathetic; but it is still more the way in which she is given to smiling through them. The author of the 'Rhetoric' shows his usual incomparable subtilty of observation when he notes that a little good coming upon or in the midst of extremity of evil is a source of the sharpest pathos; and when the shaft of a passionate female sorrow is feathered with beauty and pointed with a smile, there is no heart that can refuse her her will. In absolute and uncontrolled suffering there is no pathos. Nothing in the 'Inferno' has this quality except the passage of Paolo and Francesca, still embracing, through the fiery drift. It is the embrace that makes the pathos, "tempering extremities with extreme sweet," or at least with the memory of it. Our present sorrows generally owe their grace of pathos to their "crown," which is "remembering happier things." No one weeps in sympathy with the "base self-pitying tears" of Thersites, or with those of any whose grief is without some contrasting dignity of curb. Even a little child does not move us by its sorrow, when expressed by tears and cries, a tenth part so much as by the quivering lip of attempted self-control. A great and present evil, coupled with a distant and uncertain hope, is also a source of pathos; if indeed it be not the same with that which Aristotle describes as arising from the sequence of exceeding ill and a little good. There is pathos in a departing pleasure, however small. It is the fact of sunset, not its colors,—which are the same as those of sunrise — that constitutes its sadness; and in mere darkness there may be fear and distress, but not pathos. There are few things so pathetic in literature as the story of the supper which Amelia, in Fielding's novel, had prepared for her husband, and to which he did not come; and

that of Colonel Newcome becoming a Charter-house pensioner. In each of these cases the pathos arises wholly from the contrast of noble reticence with a sorrow which has no direct expression. The same necessity for contrast renders reconciliations far more pathetic than quarrels, and the march to battle of an army to the sound of cheerful military music more able to draw tears than the spectacle of the battle itself.

The soul of pathos, like that of wit, is brevity. Very few writers are sufficiently aware of this. Humor is cumulative and diffusive, as Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Dickens well knew; but how many a good piece of pathos has been spoiled by the historian of Little Nell by an attempt to make too much of it! A drop of citric acid will give poignancy to a feast; but a draught of it — ! Hence it is doubtful whether an English eye ever shed a tear over the 'Vita Nuova,' whatever an Italian may have done. Next to the patient endurance of heroism, the bewilderment of weakness is the most fruitful source of pathos. Hence the exquisitely touching points in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'Two on a Tower,' 'The Trumpet-Major,' and other of Hardy's novels.

Pathos is the luxury of grief; and when it ceases to be other than a keen-edged pleasure it ceases to be pathos. Hence Tennyson's question in 'Love and Duty,' "Shall sharpest pathos blight us?" involves a misunderstanding of the word; although his understanding of the thing is well proved by such lyrics as 'Tears, idle tears,' and 'Oh, well for the fisherman's boy.' Pleasure, and beauty which may be said to be pleasure visible, are without their highest perfection if they are without a touch of pathos. This touch, indeed, accrues naturally to profound pleasure and to great beauty, by the mere fact of the incongruity of their earthly surroundings and the sense of isolation, peril, and impermanence caused thereby. It is a doctrine of that inexhaustible and (except by Dante) almost unworked mine of poetry, Catholic theology, that the felicity of the angels and glorified saints and of God himself would not be perfect without the edge of pathos, which it receives from the fall and reconciliation of man. Hence, on Holy Saturday, the Church exclaims, "O felix culpa!" and hence "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine righteous who need no repentance." Sin, says St. Augustine, is the necessary shadow of heaven; and pardon, says some other, is the highest light of its beatitude.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

(1779–1860)

JAMES K. PAULDING was an accomplished man of letters, who as writer, statesman, and man of the world, cut a considerable figure in the life of his time. He is best remembered now for his association with Washington Irving; but his prose had a literary quality and finish which make it good reading to-day. He had a satiric humor, of the sort more familiar in Irving's serio-comic Knickerbocker 'History of New York.' Had his activities been less diffused, had he stuck with more of single purpose to literature, his literary impress would have been deeper. As it is, he is an interesting part of the intellectual life of the early century in the United States.

JAMES K. PAULDING

James Kirke Paulding was born at Nine Partners, Dutchess County, New York, on August 22d, 1779. He got a scanty schooling in his native place, and when only nineteen went to New York City, where his sister married Washington Irving's elder brother William, with whom Paulding lived. This brought him into close literary and social communion with the Irvings, and led to the collaboration of the three young men in the famous Salmagundi, a semi-weekly periodical, the first numbers of which appeared in January 1807. The clever pages, satirizing the follies of the day with searching yet kindly humor, were very warmly received: the suspension of Salmagundi within the year was due to the publisher's refusal to pay the authors for their services. The bulk of the papers was written by Paulding and Washington Irving, William Irving's part being minor. In 1819 Paulding put out another Salmagundi, written solely by himself; but—perhaps because Irving's magic hand was missed—its reception was comparatively cold. But in his other works—and his pen was prolific—Paulding was decidedly a popular writer. 'The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan,' in 1812, ran through many editions. For his best novel, 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' published in 1831, and based on Mrs. Grant's descriptions of the manner

of the early Dutch settlers, he received the comfortable sum of $1500: six editions appeared in a year, and the story was republished in England and translated into French and Dutch. For the Kentucky story of 'Westward Ho' (1832) he was paid the same sum. Considering the time, these facts imply an established reputation. As a poet he was less successful. His most elaborate metrical writing is 'The Backwoodsman' (1818), a study of emigrant life. The 'Life of George Washington,' published in 1835 and addressed to the youth of the country, is his most important critical work.

In 1814 Paulding's brochure on 'The United States and England' made him known to President Madison, and political preferment resulted. He was appointed secretary of the first board of Navy Commissioners, and in Buchanan's administration served in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. That he was a conservative, not quick to receive new ideas, is shown by his opposition to the introduction of steam in ships, and by the fact that one of his latest pieces of writing was a defense of slavery in all its workings. After retiring from public life, Paulding purchased a residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson River, and passed his concluding years in dignified ease, writing occasional magazine articles. He died on April 6th, 1860; his dear and long-time friend, Irving, having passed away but a few months before. 'The Literary Life of James Kirke Paulding' by his son William was published in 1867.

Paulding is most enjoyable for the present reader in his lighter papers, and the literary skits of his early days. As joint author of the Salmagundi papers he has a certain distinction which in literary history will preserve his name.

PLINY THE YOUNGER

From 'The Dutchman's Fireside.' Copyright 1868, by William I. Paulding. Published by Charles Scribner & Co.

MADAM VANCOUR was extremely fortunate in procuring a most efficient auxiliary in the engineering of this her good work, in the person of Master Pliny Coffin (the sixteenth), whilom of Nantucket Island. Pliny was the youngest of nine sons and an unaccountable number of daughters, born unto Captain Pliny Coffin (the fifteenth). Being called after his uncle, Deacon Pliny Mayhew (the tenth), he was patronized by that worthy "spermaceti candle of the church," as he was called, and sent to school at an early age, with a view to following in the footsteps of the famous divine. But Pliny the younger had a

natural and irresistible vocation to salt water; insomuch that at the age of eighteen months or thereabouts, being left to amuse himself under the only tree in Nantucket, which grew in front of Captain Coffin's (the fifteenth) house, he crawled incontinently down to the seaside, and was found disporting himself in the surf like unto a young gosling. In like manner did Pliny the younger, at a very early age, display a vehement predilection for great whales; to the which he was most probably incited by the stories of his father, Pliny the elder, who had been a mighty harpooner in his day. When about three years old, one of these monsters of the deep was driven ashore in a storm at Nantucket, where he perished, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to claim a share in his spoil. On the morning of that memorable day, which is still recorded in the annals of Nantucket, Pliny the younger was missing, and diligent search being made for him, he was not to be found in the whole island; to the grief of his mother, who was a very stout woman, and had killed three Indians with her own fair hand. But look ye: while the people were gathered about the body of the whale, discussing the mysterious disappearance of the child, what was their astonishment to behold him coming forth from the stomach of the huge fish, laughing right merrily at the prank he had played!

But the truth must be confessed: he took his learning after the manner that people, more especially doctors, take physic,—with many wry faces and much tribulation of spirit. In fact he never learned a lesson in his whole life until, arriving at his fifth year, by good fortune a primer was put into his hand wherein was the picture of a whale; with the which he was so utterly delighted that he mastered the whole distich under it in the course of the day. The teacher aptly took the hint, and by means of pasting the likeness of a whale at the head of his lessons, carried him famously along in the career of knowledge. In process of time he came to be of the order of deacons, and was appointed to preach his first sermon; whereby a great calamity befell him, which drove him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. Unfortunately the meeting-house where he was to make his first essay stood in full view of the sea, which was distinctly visible from the pulpit; and just as Pliny the younger had divided his text into sixteen parts, behold! a mighty ship appeared, with a bone in her teeth, ploughing her way towards the island with clouds of canvas swelling in the wind. Whereupon

the conviction came across his mind that this must be the Albatross, returning from a whaling voyage in the great South Sea; and sad to relate, his boyish instincts got the better of his better self. Delirious with eager curiosity, he rushed from the pulpit, and ran violently down to the seaside, like one possessed, leaving Deacon Mayhew and the rest of the expectant congregation astonished nigh on to dismay. The deacon was wroth, and forthwith disinherited him. The people said he was possessed of a devil, and talked of putting him to the ordeal; whereupon the unfortunate youth exiled himself from the land of his nativity, and went to seek his fortune among the heathen, who had steeples to their churches, and dealt in the abomination of white sleeves. Of his wanderings, and of the accidents of his pilgrimage, I know nothing, until his stars directed him to the Flats, where there were no salt-water temptations to mislead him.

As one of the contemplated improvements of Madam Vancour was the introduction of the English language among her pupils, instead of the barbarous Dutch dialect, she eagerly caught at the first offer of Pliny, and engaged him forthwith to take charge of her seminary. In this situation he was found by Catalina, who, as we have before stated, in the desolation of her spirit, resolved to attempt the relief of her depression by entering upon the difficult task of being useful to others. She accordingly occasionally associated herself with Master Pliny in the labors of his mission, greatly to the consolation of his inward man. He took great pains to initiate her into the mysteries of his new philosophical, practical, elementary, and scientific system of education, on which he prided himself exceedingly — and with justice, for it hath been lately revised and administered among us with singular success, by divers ungenerous pedagogues, who have not had the conscience to acknowledge whence it was derived.

As Newton took the hint of the theory of gravitation from seeing an apple fall to the ground, and as the illustrious Marquis of Worcester deduced the first idea of the application of steam from the risings and sinkings of a pot-lid, so did Master Pliny model and graduate his whole system of education from the incident of the whale in the primer. Remembering with what eagerness he himself had been attracted towards learning by a picture, he resolved to make similar illustrations the great means of drawing forth what he called the "latent energies of the infant genius, spurring on the march of intellect, and accelerating the development of mind." But as woodcuts were scarce articles

in those times, he devoted one day in the week to sallying forth with all his scholars, in order to collect materials for their studies; that is, to gather acorns, pebbles, leaves, briers, bugs, ants, caterpillars, and what not. When he wanted an urchin to spell "bug," he placed one of these specimens directly above the word; and great was his exultation at seeing how the child was assisted in cementing B-U-G together, by the presence of the creature itself. In this way he taught everything by sensible objects; boasting at the same time of the originality of his method, little suspecting that he had only got hold of the fag-end of Chinese emblems and Egyptian hieroglyphics.

But pride will have a fall. One day, at Catalina's suggestion, Master Pliny put his scholars to the test, by setting them to spell without the aid of sensible objects, and by the mere instrumentality of the letters. They made sad work of it: hardly one could spell "ant" without the presence of the insect to act as prompter. They had become so accustomed to the assistance of the *thing*, that they paid little or no attention to the letters which represented it; and Catalina ventured to hint to Master Pliny that the children had learned little or nothing. They knew what an ant was before, and that seemed to be the extent of their knowledge now.

"Yes," answered he, "but it makes the acquisition of learning so easy."

"To the teacher, certainly," replied the young lady. In fact, when she came to analyze the improvements in Master Pliny's system, she found that they all tended to one point,—namely, diminishing not the labor of the scholar in learning, but that of the master in teaching.

I forbear to touch on all the other various plans of Master Pliny for accelerating the march of mind. Suffice it to say, they were all, one after another, abandoned, being found desperately out at the elbows when subjected to the test of wear and tear. Yet have they been revived with wonderful success by divers illustrious and philosophical pedagogues abroad and at home, who have brought the system to such perfection that they have not the least trouble in teaching, nor the children anything but downright pleasure in learning. Happy age! and happy Pliny, had he lived to this day to behold the lamp which he lighted shining over the whole universe. He however abandoned his system at the instance of a silly girl, and soon after deserted the

Flats: the same cause being at the bottom of both issues,—a woman.

The evil spirit which influenced Master Pliny to run out of the pulpit now prompted him to run his head into the fire. Pliny was a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed, fresh-looking man, exceedingly admired by the Dutch damsels thereabout, and still more by a certain person who shall be nameless. He thought himself an Adonis; and argued inwardly that no young lady in her senses would turn schoolmistress without some powerful incitement. The said demon whispered that this could be nothing but admiration for his person, and love of his company. Upon this hint he began, first to ogle the young lady, then to take every opportunity to touch her hand or press against her elbow, until she could not but notice the peculiarity of his conduct. Finally he wrote her a love epistle, of such transcendent phraseology that it frightened Catalina out of school forever. She did not wish to injure the simple fellow, and took this method of letting him know his fate. Poor Pliny the younger pined in thought, and soon after took his departure for the land of his nativity, where on arrival he was kindly forgiven by his uncle the deacon, and received into the bosom of the meeting-house. Here he preached powerfully many years, never ran after whale-ships more, and in good time, by the death of his father, came to be called Pliny the elder.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE: AND THE CHARMS OF SNUFF-COLOR

From 'The Dutchman's Fireside.' Copyright 1868, by William I. Paulding. Published by Charles Scribner & Co.

> How oft from color of men's clothes
> Is born a frightful train of woes!

Our heroine was a delightful specimen of the sex; born, too, before the commencement of the brilliant era of public improvement and the progress of mind. I could never learn that she spoke either French or Italian, though she certainly did English and Dutch; and that with a voice of such persuasive music, such low, irresistible pathos, that Gilfillan often declared there was no occasion to understand what she said, to be drawn into anything. But in truth she was marvelously

behind the present age of development. She had never in her life attended a lecture on chemistry — though she certainly understood the ingredients of a pudding; and was entirely ignorant of the happy art of murdering time in strolling up and down Broadway all the morning, brought to such exquisite perfection by the ladies of this precocious generation. Indeed, she was too kind-hearted to murder anything but beaux, and that she did unwittingly. Still, she was a woman, and could not altogether resist the contagion of the ridicule lavished on poor Sybrandt's snuff-colored inexpressibles. Little did she expect the time would one day come when this would be the fashionable color for pantaloons, in which modern Corinthians would figure at balls and assemblies, to the delight of all beholders.

Being a woman, then, she did not pause to inquire whether snuff-color was not in the abstract just as respectable as blue or red, or even imperial purple. She tried it by the laws of fashion, and it was found wanting. Now there is an inherent relation between a man and his apparel. As dress receives a grace sometimes from the person that wears it, so does it confer a similar benefit. They cannot be separated — they constitute one being; and hence some modern metaphysicians have been exceedingly puzzled to define the precise line of distinction between a dandy and his costume. It was through this mysterious blending of ideas that the fortunes of our hero came nigh to being utterly shipwrecked. Catalina confounded the obnoxious habiliments with the wearer thereof; and he too, for the few hours that the party lasted and the young lady remained under the influence of fashion, became ridiculous by the association.

By degrees she found herself growing ashamed of her old admirer, whose attentions she received with a certain embarrassment and disdain, which he saw and felt immediately; for Sybrandt was no fool, although he did wear a suit made by a Dutch tailor. Neither did he lack one spark of the spirit becoming a man conscious of his innate superiority over the gilded swarm around him. The moment he saw the state of Catalina's feelings, he met her more than half-way, and intrenched himself behind his old defenses of silent neglect and proud humility. He spoke to her no more that evening.

Though Catalina was conscious in her heart that she merited this treatment, this was a very different thing from being satisfied

with it. Gilfillan would not have behaved so, thought she, while she remembered how the worse she used him the more lowly and attentive he became. She mistook this submission to her whims or indifference for a proof of superior love, and therein fell into an error which has been fatal to the happiness of many a woman, and will be fatal to that of many more, in spite of all I can say on the subject. The error I would warn them against is that of confounding subserviency with affection. They know little of the hearts of men, if they are ignorant that the man who loves as he ought, and whose views are disinterested, will no more forget what is due to himself than what is due to his mistress. He will sink into the slave of no woman whom he does not intend to make a slave in return. It is only your fortune-hunters that become the willing victims of caprice, and submit to every species of mortification the ingenuity of wayward vanity can invent, in the hope that this degrading vassalage may be at length repaid, not by the possession of the lady, but by her money. It must be confessed that the event too often justifies the expectation.

Be this as it may, before the conclusion of this important evening the company perceived evident signs of a coolness between the lovers; and Gilfillan, who watched them with the keen sagacity of a man of the world, redoubled his attentions. It is hardly necessary to say that our heroine received them with corresponding complacency,—for as I observed before, she was a woman; and what woman ever failed to repay the neglect of her lover, even though occasioned by a fault of her own, with ample interest? «If she thinks to make me jealous, she is very much mistaken,» thought Sybrandt, while he fretted in an agony of vexation.

The next morning Sybrandt breakfasted at home, saying little and thinking a great deal,—the true secret of being stupid. Mrs. Aubineau asked him fifty questions about the ball, and especially about Miss Van Borsum. But she could get nothing out of him, except that he admired that young lady exceedingly. This was a bouncer, but «at lovers' perjuries—» the quotation is somewhat musty. Catalina immediately launched out in praise of Gilfillan, and made the same declaration in reference to him. This was another bouncer. He amused her and administered to her vanity; but the truth is, she neither admired nor respected

him. Still, the attentions of an aide-de-camp were what no mortal young lady of that age could bring herself voluntarily to relinquish, at least in New York. Our hero, though he had his mouth full of muffin at the moment Catalina expressed her approbation of Gilfillan, rose from the table abruptly, and seizing his hat, sailed forth into the street, though Mrs. Aubineau called after to say she had made an engagement for him that morning.

"Catalina," said Mrs. Aubineau, "do you mean to marry that stupid man in the snuff-colored clothes?"

"He has a great many good qualities."

"But he wears snuff-colored breeches."

"He is brave, kind-hearted, generous, and possesses knowledge and talents."

"Well, but then he wears snuff-colored breeches."

"He has my father's approbation, and—"

"And yours?"

"He had when I gave it."

"But you repent it now?" said Mrs. Aubineau, looking inquiringly into her face.

"He saved my life," replied Catalina.

"Well, that calls for gratitude, not love."

"He saved it twice."

"Well, then you can be twice as grateful; that will balance the account."

"But he saved it four times."

"Well, double and quits again."

"But my dear madam, I—I believe—nay, I am sure that I love my cousin in my heart."

"What! in his snuff-colored suit?"

"Why, I am not quite sure of that, at least here in New York among the fine red coats and bright epaulettes; but I am quite sure I could love him in the country."

"In his snuff-colors?"

"In any colors, I believe. To tell you the truth, cousin, I am ashamed of the manner in which I received him after an absence of months, and of my treatment at the ball last night. I believe the evil spirit beset me."

"It was only the spirit of woman, my dear, whispering you to woo the bright prospect that beckons you. Do you know you can be a countess in prospective whenever you please?"

"Perhaps I might; but I'd rather be a happy wife than a titled lady."

"You would!" exclaimed her cousin, lifting up her eyes and hands in astonishment.

"Indeed I would."

"Then you must be more or less than woman," cried the other, panting for breath.

"Listen to me, my dear cousin. I know you meant it all for my happiness in giving encouragement to Sir Thicknesse and Colonel Gilfillan. But the truth is, I don't like either of them, and I do like my cousin Sybrandt. Sir Thicknesse is a proud, stupid dolt, without heart or understanding; and Colonel Gilfillan, with a thousand good qualities, or rather impulses (for he is governed by them entirely), is not, I fear,—nay, I know,—a man of integrity or honor."

"Not a man of honor!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubineau again, with uplifted eyes and hands: "Why, he has fought six duels!"

"But he neither pays his debts nor keeps his promises."

"He'd fight a fiery dragon."

"Yes, but there are men, and very peaceable men too, whom he is rather afraid of," said Catalina, smiling,—"his tradesmen. The other day I was walking with him, and was very much surprised at his insisting we should turn down a dirty, narrow lane. Just as he had done so he changed his mind, and was equally importunate with me to turn into another. I did not think it necessary to comply with his wishes, and we soon met a tradesman who respectfully requested to speak with my colonel. 'Go to the devil for an impudent scoundrel!' cried he in a great passion, and lugged me almost rudely along, muttering, 'An impudent rascal, to be dunning a gentleman in the street!'"

"Well?"

"Well—I know enough of these tradesmen to be satisfied that they would not venture to dun an officer in the street if they could meet with him elsewhere. The example of my dear father has taught me that one of the first of our duties is a compliance with the obligations of justice."

"Well, Catalina, I must say people get very odd notions in the country. What do you mean to do with your admirers?"

"Why, from the behavior of Sir Thicknesse last night I hope I shall be troubled with him no more. If Colonel Gilfillan calls this morning, I shall take the opportunity of explaining to him

frankly and explicitly the state of my obligations and affections. I will appeal to his sense of decorum and propriety for the discontinuance of his attentions; and if he still persists, take special care to keep out of his way until the state of the river will admit of my going home."

And I, thought Mrs. Aubineau, shall take special care to prevent all this. "But what do you mean to do with the man in the snuff-colored suit?"

"Treat him as he merits. I have been much more to blame than he; it is but just, therefore, that I should make the first advances to a reconciliation. I shall seize the earliest occasion of doing so, for his sake as well as my own; for my feelings since our first meeting here convince me I cannot treat him with neglect or indifference without sharing in the consequences."

"Well, you are above my comprehension, Catalina; but I can't help loving you. I can have no wish but for your happiness."

"Of that," said Catalina good-humoredly, "I am perhaps old enough to judge for myself."

"I don't know that, my dear. Women can hardly tell what is for their happiness until they have been married a twelvemonth. But what do you mean to do with yourself to-day?"

"I mean to stay at home and wait the return of my cousin. The sooner we come to an understanding the better."

"And I shall go visiting, as I have no misapprehensions to settle with Mr. Aubineau. Good-morning — by the time I come back I suppose it will be all arranged. But, my dear Catalina," added she, suddenly turning back, and addressing her with great earnestness, — "my dear friend, do try and persuade him to discard his snuff-colored suit, will you?"

"I shall leave that to you, cousin; for my part, I mean to endure it as a punishment for my bad behavior to the owner." But Catalina never had an opportunity of acting up to her heroic determination.

SYBRANDT RECEIVES BACK HIS ESTATE—WITH AN INCUMBRANCE

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[Colonel Sybrandt Westbrook, who loves Catalina and is loved by her in return, has been thought to be dead, and reappears like a ghost upon the scene. He has been disinherited by his uncle in Catalina's favor. There has been a misunderstanding between the lovers, due to a miscarriage of letters.]

While the reader has been traveling backwards, the pale and gentle Catalina had been let into the secret of the ghost story by her mother. At first she became paler than ever, and could hardly support herself on her chair. Then she turned red, and a rosy blush of hope and love beamed on her cheek, where for many a day it had not beamed before. "I will bestow it all on him again," thought she, and her full heart relieved itself in a shower of silent tears.

That night a thousand floating dreams of the past and the future flitted before her troubled mind, and as they reigned in turn, gave birth to different purposes and determinations. But the prevailing thought was, that her cousin had treated her unjustly and unkindly, and that it became the dignity of her sex to maintain a defensive stateliness, a cold civility, until he had acknowledged his errors and begged forgiveness. She settled the matter by deciding that when Sybrandt came the next day to take his leave, she would deliver him a deed for the estate of his uncle, which her father was to have prepared for her, insist on his acceptance, and then bid him adieu for ever without a sigh or a tear. In the morning she begged that when Sybrandt came to call on her mother, she might be permitted to see him alone. Her request was acquiesced in, and she waited in trembling anxiety his promised visit. He came soon after breakfast, and Madam Vancour was struck with the improvement which a military uniform, in place of a suit of Master Ten Broeck's snuff-colored cloth, produced. After a somewhat painful and awkward interview, Sybrandt forced himself to inquire after Catalina.

"She has had a long illness," said the mother, "and you will scarcely know her. But she wishes to see you."

"To see *me?*" cried Sybrandt, almost starting out of his skin.

"Ay — you — her old playmate, and cousin. Is that so very extraordinary?" replied Madam, smiling. "She is in the next room: go to her."

"Go — go — to her," stammered our hero: "surely you cannot mean —"

"I mean just what I say. She is waiting to see you in the next room. I hope you don't mean to keep her waiting much longer." And Madam again smiled.

"What *can* this mean?" thought Sybrandt, while he crept towards the door with about the eagerness that a man feels who is on the point of being hanged.

"I shall tell Catalina how anxious you were to see her."

"They must think I have no feeling — or they have none themselves;" and the thought roused his native energies. He strutted into the next room as if he was leading his regiment to battle.

"Don't look so fierce, or you will frighten my daughter," said Madam.

But Catalina was frightened almost out of her wits already. She was too much taken up in rallying her own self-possession to observe how Sybrandt looked when he walked. He had indeed been some moments in the room before either could utter a single word. At length their eyes met, and the excessive paleness each observed in the countenance of the other went straight to the hearts of both.

"Dear cousin," said Sybrandt, "how ill you look." This was rather what is called a left-handed compliment. But Catalina was even with him, for she answered in his very words: —

"Dear cousin, how ill *you* look."

Pride and affection were now struggling in the bosoms of the two young people. Sybrandt found his courage, like that of Bob Acres, "oozing out at the palms of his hands," in the shape of a cold perspiration; but the pride of woman supported Catalina, who rallied first, and spoke as follows, at first in a faltering tone, but by degrees with modest firmness: —

"Colonel Westbrook," said she, "I wished to see you on a subject which has occasioned me much pain — the bequest of my uncle. I cannot accept it. It was made when we all thought you were no more."

She uttered this last part of the sentence with a plaintiveness that affected him deeply. "She feels for me," thought he; "but then she would not answer my letter."

Catalina proceeded: — "I should hate myself, could I think for a moment of robbing you of what is yours — what I am sure my uncle intended should be yours, until he thought you dead." And the same plaintive tones again thrilled through Sybrandt. "But she would not answer my letter," thought he again.

"Sybrandt," continued she, "I sent for you with the full approbation of my father and mother, to make over this property to you, to whom it belongs. I am of age; and here is the conveyance. I beseech you, as you value my peace of mind, to accept it with the frankness with which it is offered."

"What, rob my cousin? No, Catalina: never."

"I feared it," said Catalina with a sigh: "you do not respect me enough to accept even justice at my hands."

"It would be meanness — it would be degradation; and since you charge me with a want of respect to you, I must be allowed to say that I am too proud to accept anything, much less so great a gift as this, from one who did not think the almost death-bed contrition of a man who had discovered his error, and was anxious to atone for it, worthy of her notice."

"What — what do you mean?" exclaimed Catalina.

"The letter I sent you," replied he proudly. "I never meant to complain or remonstrate; but you have forced me to justify myself."

"In the name of heaven, what letter?"

"That which I wrote you the moment I was sufficiently recovered of my wounds — to say that I had had a full explanation with Colonel Gilfillan; to say that I had done you an injustice; to confess my folly; to ask forgiveness; and — and to offer you every atonement which love or honor could require."

"And you wrote me such an one?" asked Catalina, gasping for breath.

"I did: the messenger returned; he had seen you gay and happy; and he brought a verbal message that my letter required no answer."

"And is this — is this the sole — the single cause of your subsequent conduct? Answer me, Sybrandt, as you are a man of honor — is it?"

"It is. I cannot — you know I never could — bear contempt or scorn from man or woman."

"What would you say, what would you do, if I assured you solemnly I never saw that letter, or dreamed it was ever written?"

"I would say that I believed you as I would the white-robed truth herself; and I would on my knees beg your forgiveness for twice doubting you."

"Then I do assure you, in the singleness of my heart, that I never saw or knew aught of it."

"And did — did Gilfillan speak the truth?" panted our hero.

She turned her inspiring eye full upon the youth, and sighed forth in a whisper, "He did," while the crimson current revisited her pale cheek, and made her snow-white bosom blush rosy red. . . .

"You are mine then, Catalina, at last," faltered Sybrandt, as he released her yielding form from his arms.

"You will accept my uncle's bequest?" asked she, with one of her long-absent smiles.

"Provided you add yourself, dearest girl."

"You must take it with that incumbrance," said she; and he sealed the instrument of conveyance upon her warm, willing lips.

"What can they have to talk about all this time, I wonder?" cogitated the old lady, while she fidgeted about from her chair towards the door, and from the door to her chair. As she could distinguish the increasing animation of their voices, she fidgeted still more; and there is no knowing what might have been the consequence, if the lovers had not entered the room, looking so happy that the old lady thought the very elixir of life was in them both. The moment Sybrandt departed, Catalina explained all to her mother. "Alas!" thought the good woman; "she will never be a titled lady: yet who knows but Sybrandt may one day go to England and be knighted?" This happy thought reconciled her at once to the whole catastrophe, and she embraced her daughter, sincerely wishing her joy at the removal of all her perplexities.

PAUSANIAS

(Second Century A. D.)

BY B. PERRIN

This name stands for no distinct and heroic personality like that of the great Spartan victor at Platæa, but for a collection of interesting items about the antiquities, history, geography, mythology, and religions of ancient Greece. All these items interest us; but they evidently interested the author of the collection for special reasons. He had certain leanings towards special classes of objects among the antiquities; towards special phases and periods of history, mythology, or religion. He has therefore omitted many items which would have interested us far more than many which he offers. His selection is often tantalizing or aggravating. But he seems to have begun his work for himself more than for others; and only after his selections and collections were made, did he attempt to give his work a literary dress which should appeal to lovers of literary form. His work is therefore, more than works composed primarily and wholly for effect upon others, an expression of himself. And this is fortunate, at least on this account,—that we know absolutely nothing of the author except what may be inferred from his work.

He nowhere mentions his own name. He may have done so in an introduction or a conclusion to the work, which, if they ever existed, have been lost. But his book is cited by later writers as the work of Pausanias; and they call it, what he never expressly calls it himself, a 'Guide to Greece.' He himself calls it rather a 'Commentary on Greece.'

The beginning is abrupt, the close is even fragmentary; and he has not fulfilled the desire which he expresses (i. 26) of "describing the whole of Greece." He has commented on the antiquities, history, mythology, geography, and religious cults of Attica and Megara, the Argolis (Corinthia), Laconia, Messenia, Elis, Achaia, Arcadia, Bœotia, and Phocis. That is, he has started with Athens, and proceeded through the Isthmus of Corinth and around the Peloponnesus, then crossed the Corinthian gulf, and begun with the territories north of Attica and Athens. What he would have included under his term "Greece," and how much longer his collection was designed to be,

cannot be inferred from him. His work breaks off abruptly with a legend about the building of the temple of Æsculapius at Naupactus.

Various phrases of the author imply that he was a Lydian; but whether Magnesia or Pergamum or still another city was his birthplace or home, he does not clearly show. His work was prepared slowly and published gradually. At least, the first book was issued before the other nine; and he more than once feels moved to supplement deficiencies in the first. The material which he gives us on Elis is divided into two books. The charmed number of the Muses is thus abandoned for no apparent reason. The other titles correspond each with a book. This division into books may not be due to Pausanias himself, but a younger contemporary cites his work in the divisions which have come down to us. The work was prepared between the years 140 and 180 A. D., as internal evidence indirectly shows. The author was therefore happy enough to see Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius on the imperial throne. He was contemporary with Justin Martyr, Herodes Atticus, and Lucian. He witnessed that last renascence of all that was good in the ancient world, which characterizes the great age of the Antonines. But no word betrays his personal feelings or relations to the great figures or events of his time. The guide-book has wholly absorbed the guide.

Pausanias was by no means the first to write an antiquarian guide-book. The titles of a large number of such works are known to us, and sparse fragments of the works themselves have been embalmed here and there in the citations of lexicographers or grammarians. As the many religious sanctuaries of Greece increased in wealth and ceremonial tradition, a class of local professional guides and scribes grew up, intimately associated with the official registrars of the different shrines and precincts, whose records are among our most valuable primary sources for the history of the country. These local guides took the visitor all about a sacred precinct, explaining the edifices, monuments, and cults, just as modern cicerones do. The mass of local information thus accumulated and imparted orally to visitors was also reduced to book form for circulation and study. We know, for instance, of a 'Guide to the Acropolis of Athens,' among many similar works, by Polemon,—a learned antiquarian and geographer of the second century B. C. There were likewise guides to Sparta, Delphi, Olympia, Sicily, Macedonia, as well as to particular sanctuaries like the Heracleia of Thebes. This literature had increased to an enormous mass in the time of Pausanias, owing largely to the interest which the conquering Romans took in the treasures of the land they plundered so freely, and also to the natural tendency to classify and catalogue that which has ceased to reproduce and transmit itself

by its inherent vitality. But all this literature of antiquarian information has perished, except for fragments. The work of Pausanias —the most comprehensive, but apparently by no means the best, of which we hear—is all that has come down to us; a compilation instead of original material.

The author tried to condense many bodies of local antiquarian lore into one comprehensive and yet compact work. He was evidently burdened with excess of material, and often embarrassed in his choice. He insists over and over again that he is selecting and describing only what he deems most memorable. His work is therefore like the modern traveler's 'Handbook of Europe,' as compared with special guides to Italy, France, Rome, Paris, or St. Peter's. But it is noticeable that as he goes on with his work, he becomes less and less able to resist the pressure of his material. The first book reads in many places like a mere catalogue, and a partial one at that. It is true that nowhere is the wealth of material so overwhelming. But in the later books—that containing the description of Delphi, for instance—the author seems to give himself freer rein, as though aware at last that he could not restrict himself within the limits first set. It is true of Pausanias also, in yet greater degree than of Herodotus and Thucydides, that as he advances with his work, his workmanship improves. Both method and expression grow better.

But it is not only the *works* of Greece which Pausanias purposed to describe. The *words* of Greece, in explanation of those works, he also plans to give; and the words even more fully than the works. He mentions what he thinks most worthy of mention among mountains, rivers, cities, countries, sanctuaries, and monuments. He adds in the form of introductions or digressions whatever will help the reader's understanding and appreciation, drawing his materials from historical, geographical, mythological, artistic, or scientific lore. His principle of arrangement is mechanical. It is at first purely topographical. He passes in his survey from one country of Greece to the next adjoining; from the main or central city of that country in radiating lines through the rest of the land; and in local descriptions from one monument to another conveniently near. His phraseology of transition from work to work would be unendurably monotonous were it not for his illustrative digressions. But neither history, geography, mythology, architecture, nor sculpture is treated in any progressive or consecutive order of details. Evolution is lost sight of in mere juxtaposition.

Pausanias did not write a systematic treatise, then, but a practical aid to a traveler following a route laid down for him, to be used on the spot, in the presence of monuments or ceremonies. He has been

happily called a Bädeker, not a Burkhardt. Like Bädeker, he points out what is most worth seeing; and supplies in convenient form the current opinions or literary judgments about these sights. He emancipated the traveler from local professional guides, as Bädeker does. After the first book on Attica, and gradually as his work progressed, he gained a sort of literary education, which shows itself in a tendency to group into general introductions, at the beginning of the great topographical divisions of his work, materials which at first he was inclined to scatter amid the brief mention of monuments or localities. That is, he gradually passes from the manner of a cataloguer or annalist to that of the ancient logographers, who grouped about a certain city or country, however prominent, the collective history of a people or of the known world. But Pausanias never rises to the level of a philosophical, artistic, scientific historian, like Polybius, Thucydides, or Herodotus. And he never achieves a good style, although his style improves from beginning to end of his work. His book seems to have given him all the education and literary training he had.

Pausanias shows no special national sympathies like Herodotus, no social predilections like Thucydides, no political antipathies like Xenophon. In all these matters he is colorless. Even in religious matters he reveals no partiality for the ceremonial or devotional growths from Asiatic sources, as might be expected from his own origin. Beyond a reverential fondness for the great Eleusinian worship and doctrines, he declares no religious allegiance. Neither can he be classed with any of the great schools of philosophy. He takes no distinct attitude, as Plutarch and Polybius do, on the great questions involved in the relations of the Roman Empire to subject Greece. Compared with Plutarch, his elder by only a few years, or with Lucian, his brilliant contemporary, he seems to be in the great world but not of it. He shows no contact with any great tendency of the age. He is unaware of the existence of Christianity. He is a religious antiquary.

The kernel of his work, and of each division of it, as has been said, is an enumeration of the notable «sights.» His language here either expressly claims or at least implies personal visitation and observation on his part,—«autopsy.» There is no good reason to doubt the direct claims at least, though some of the phrases which merely imply autopsy are doubtless literary mannerisms taken from his sources. He must therefore have traveled over those nine great divisions of Greece which he describes. But he evidently had traveled farther and seen more. The greater part of Asia Minor, Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, even the oasis of Zeus Ammon in the desert of Sahara, Rome and her neighbor cities Puteoli and Capua, he

speaks of having seen. That is, in preparing his work, he visited the Greek part of the Roman Empire, and the great seat of that Empire itself. But the notes of what he actually saw constitute really the lesser half of his work. The greater part is taken up with the manifold material which he laboriously collected, either orally, from professional guides and local authorities, or from books. His range of literary authorities is immense. He must have had access to some great library like that of Pergamum. He used the vast stores at his command freely; and on the whole, considering the literary tenets and practices of his age, intelligently and fairly. Whatever is in Herodotus, Thucydides, or Xenophon, he presupposes as known to his readers. What he takes from his endless array of later sources, he does not credit to those sources, as modern literary ethics demand. But the literary standards of his time, and the practice of his contemporaries and predecessors, not only tolerated but demanded a large sacrifice of fidelity in the acknowledgment of borrowed material: a sacrifice to the demands of literary form. And so it is that the modern critical spirit is often offended at citations of authorities at second hand, with no mention of the intermediate step; at lack of citation when material is plainly borrowed; at vague phrases of reference to certain distinct sources; at citation only when exception is taken to the words of his authority, but not when adjacent material from the same authority is accepted and incorporated. But all these sins can be laid at the door of his contemporaries and predecessors, and above all at the door of his great model Herodotus.

For Pausanias evidently tried to clothe his dry and often tedious compilation with the undying charm of Herodotus's manner. He did not adopt the Ionic dialect in which his master wrote, but he borrowed liberally his phraseology, and often affected his deliberate suspense of judgment, or his naïve intimations of skepticism. But for this elaborate literary artifice, we might think that Pausanias had no ambition to be read and handed down as literature, but only to prepare for his private use a memorandum of his travels, illustrated by notes from his subsequent voluminous reading.

With all his faults, Pausanias is a precious witness for us of much that has forever disappeared. Before the great era of excavations came, Greek classical archæology was little more than a commentary on Pausanias. The excavations at Athens, Olympia, and Delphi have subjected him to severe tests; but he comes forth from them with fresh claims to our confidence and respect.

Pausanias has not been fortunate in his English translations. The version of Thomas Taylor (London, 1794, 3 vols.) is now old-fashioned — without any of the charm which invests the old translations of Plutarch — and inaccurate. The version of A. R. Shilleto, in

ACROPOLIS AND TEMPLE OF JUPITER

(*Athens*)

Bohn's Classical Library (London, 1886, 2 vols.) is more inaccurate still, but has the advantage of being written in a modern style. The most convenient and accessible text of Pausanias is the Teubner text-edition, edited by Schubart (Leipzig, 1875, 2 vols.).

B. Perrin

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AND ITS TEMPLES

To the Acropolis there is only one approach: it allows of no other, being everywhere precipitous and walled off. The vestibules have a roof of white marble, and even now are remarkable for both their beauty and size. As to the statues of the horsemen, I cannot say with precision whether they are the sons of Xenophon, or merely put there for decoration. On the right of the vestibules is the shrine of Wingless Victory. From it the sea is visible; and there Ægeus drowned himself, as they say. For the ship which took his sons to Crete had black sails, but Theseus told his father (for he knew there was some peril in attacking the Minotaur) that he would have white sails if he should sail back a conqueror. But he forgot this promise in his loss of Ariadne. And Ægeus, seeing the ship with black sails, thinking his son was dead, threw himself in and was drowned. And the Athenians have a hero-chapel to his memory. And on the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings; and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomedes and Odysseus,—the one taking away Philoctetes's bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Ægisthus being slain by Orestes; and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Ægisthus's aid. And Polyxena about to have her throat cut near the tomb of Achilles Homer did well not to mention this savage act. . .

And there is a small stone such as a little man can sit on, on which they say Silenus rested, when Dionysus came to the land. Silenus is the name they give to all old Satyrs. About the Satyrs I have conversed with many, wishing to know all about them. And Euphemus, a Carian, told me that sailing once on a time to Italy he was driven out of his course by the winds, and carried to a distant sea, where people no longer sail. And he said that here were many desert islands, some inhabited by

wild men: and at these islands the sailors did not like to land, as they had landed there before and had experience of the natives; but they were obliged on that occasion. These islands he said were called by the sailors Satyr-islands; the dwellers in them were red-haired, and had tails at their loins not much smaller than horses. . . .

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an image of the Sphinx,—about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia,—and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. These griffins, says Aristus the Proconnesian, in his poems, fought with the Arimaspians beyond the Issedones for the gold of the soil which the griffins guarded. And the Arimaspians were all one-eyed men from their birth; and the griffins were beasts like lions, with wings and mouth like an eagle. Let so much suffice for these griffins. But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet; and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield; and near the spear a dragon which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora,—the first woman, according to Hesiod and other poets; for before her there was no race of women. Here too I remember to have seen the only statue here of the Emperor Adrian; and at the entrance one of Iphicrates, the celebrated Athenian general.

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias; and they call it Apollo, Averter of Locusts, because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way; for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living

ITUS
SAPERE
SERVITIA
LEONARDI ABBATIS

sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars: one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one; and inside there is sea-water in a well. And this is no great marvel; for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, —as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica; for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis (*city*) which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city; and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind indestructible by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-Critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

In the temple of Athene Polias is a Hermes of wood (said to be a votive offering of Cecrops), almost hidden by myrtle leaves. And of the antique votive offerings worthy of record, is a folding chair, the work of Dædalus, and spoils taken from the Persians,— as a coat of mail of Masistius, who commanded the cavalry at Platæa, and a scimitar said to have belonged to Mardonius. Masistius we know was killed by the Athenian cavalry: but as Mardonius fought against the Lacedæmonians and was killed by a Spartan, they could not have got it at first hand; nor is it likely that the Lacedæmonians would have allowed the Athenians to carry off such a trophy. And about the olive they have

nothing else to tell but that the goddess used it as a proof of her right to the country, when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burnt when the Persians set fire to Athens; but though burnt, it grew the same day two cubits. And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the "carriers of the holy things"; for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way, by night: Putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry (neither she nor they know what these things are), these maidens descend, by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the Gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis.

THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

MANY various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the Divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis, slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa, and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa. And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it:—

"Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me."

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on

the roof are not of baked earth; but Pentelican marble, to imitate tiles. They say such roofs are the invention of a man of Naxos called Byzes, who made statues at Naxos with the inscription:—

"Euergus of Naxos made me, the son of Byzes, and descended from Leto, the first who made tiles of stone."

This Byzes was a contemporary of Alyattes the Lydian, and Astyages (the son of Cyaxares), the king of Persia. And there is a golden vase at each end of the roof, and a golden Victory in the middle of the gable. And underneath the Victory is a golden shield hung up as a votive offering, with the Gorgon Medusa worked on it. The inscription on the shield states who hung it up, and the reason why they did so. For this is what it says:—

"This temple's golden shield is a votive offering from the Lacedæmonians at Tanagra and their allies, a gift from the Argives, the Athenians, and the Ionians, a tithe offering for success in war."

The battle I mentioned in my account of Attica, when I described the tombs at Athens. And in the same temple at Olympia, above the zone that runs round the pillars on the outside, are 21 golden shields, the offering of Mummius the Roman general, after he had beaten the Achæans and taken Corinth, and expelled the Dorians from Corinth. And on the gables in bas-relief is the chariot race between Pelops and Œnomaus; and both chariots in motion. And in the middle of the gable is a statue of Zeus; and on the right hand of Zeus is Œnomaus with a helmet on his head; and beside him his wife Sterope, one of the daughters of Atlas. And Myrtilus, who was the charioteer of Œnomaus, is seated behind the four horses. And next to him are two men whose names are not recorded, but they are doubtless Œnomaus's grooms, whose duty was to take care of the horses. And at the end of the gable is a delineation of the river Cladeus, next to the Alpheus held most in honor of all the rivers of Elis. And on the left of the statue of Zeus are Pelops and Hippodamia, and the charioteer of Pelops, and the horses, and two men who were Pelops's grooms. And where the gable tapers fine there is the Alpheus delineated. And Pelops's charioteer was, according to the tradition of the Trœzenians, Sphærus; but the custodian at Olympia said that his name was Cilla. The carvings on the gables in front are by Pæonius

of Mende in Thracia; those behind by Alcamenes, a contemporary of Phidias and second only to him as statuary. And on the gables is a representation of the fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. Pirithous is in the centre, and on one side of him is Eurytion trying to carry off Pirithous's wife, and Cæneus coming to the rescue, and on the other side Theseus laying about among the Centaurs with his battle-axe; and one Centaur is carrying off a maiden, another a blooming boy. Alcamenes has engraved this story, I imagine, because he learnt from the lines of Homer that Pirithous was the son of Zeus, and knew that Theseus was fourth in descent from Pelops. There are also in bas-relief at Olympia most of the Labors of Hercules. Above the doors of the temple is the hunting of the Erymanthian boar, and Hercules taking the mares of Diomede the Thracian, and robbing Geryon of his oxen in the island of Erytheia, and supporting the load of Atlas, and clearing the land of Elis of its dung. And above the chamber behind the doors he is robbing the Amazon of her belt; and there is the stag, and the Cretan Minotaur, and the Stymphalian birds, and the hydra, and the Nemean lion. And as you enter the brazen doors on the right in front of the pillar is Iphitus being crowned by his wife Ecechiria, as the inscription in verse states. And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticoes above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive-tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head; and in his left hand a sceptre adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the bird seated on the sceptre is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold; and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot; and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by Sphinxes, and below the Sphinxes, Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four

feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models,—the eighth has vanished no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling-prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside; for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky-blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panænus. Among them is Atlas bearing up Earth and Heaven, and Hercules standing by willing to relieve him of his load; and Theseus and Pirithous, and Greece, and Salamis with the figure-head of a ship in her hand, and the contest of Hercules with the Nemean lion, and Ajax's unknightly violation of Cassandra, and Hippodamia, the daughter of Œnomaus, with her mother; and Prometheus still chained to the rock, and Hercules gazing at him. For the tradition is that Hercules slew the eagle that was ever tormenting Prometheus on Mount Caucasus, and released Prometheus from his chains. The last paintings are Penthesilea dying and Achilles supporting her, and two Hesperides carrying the apples of which they are fabled to have been the keepers. This Panænus was the brother of Phidias; and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne, Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the Iliad has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic *θρανίον*) has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons,—the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are various ornaments round Zeus, and gilt carving,—the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hera; and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is

Eros receiving Aphrodite, who is just rising from the sea and being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene and Hercules, are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. And some say it is a mule and not a horse that the goddess is riding upon; and there is a silly tale about this mule.

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated; but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what any one would infer from looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias. For they say that when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind; and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. But in the Acropolis at Athens, in regard to the statue of Athene called the Maiden, it is not oil but water that is advantageously employed to the ivory; for as the citadel is dry by reason of its great height, the statue being made of ivory needs to be sprinkled with water freely. And when I was at Epidaurus, and inquired why they use neither water nor oil to the statue of Æsculapius, the sacristans of the temple informed me that the statue of the god and its throne are over a well.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(1785–1866)

IN HIS preface to Cole's edition of Peacock's works, Lord Houghton describes the author of 'Headlong Hall' and 'Nightmare Abbey' as a man who belonged in all his tastes, sentiments, and aspects of life, to the eighteenth century. This characterization of Peacock is to a degree justifiable. In his indifference to the mysteries of existence, in his common-sense spirit, in his delicate epicureanism, in his love of ancient and well-established institutions of government and society, he exhibits the temper of the age of Pope. Yet he is thoroughly modern in his exquisite humor, in his skill in pricking the South Sea bubbles devised by the individual or by humanity at large, in his sense of proportion, in his fine carelessness. He may not have belonged to the enthusiastic, tempestuous, striving age which produced Byron and Shelley in the world of letters, and led to the Oxford Revival in the domain of religion; but he may be classed with end-of-the-century pagans as properly as with those of the preceding century.

Ben Jonson has been spoken of as the prototype of Peacock, because he dealt in "humors." The points of resemblance between the Elizabethan dramatist and the satirist of English life three hundred years later, are not few. The characters of Peacock's novels, like the persons of Jonson's dramas, are less human beings than abstractions of certain intellectual eccentricities. Although Lady Clarinda of 'Crotchet Castle' and the Rev. Dr. Opimian of 'Gryll Grange' are warm, lifelike creations, the majority of their associates are shadowy mouthpieces, through which Peacock directs the shafts of his inimitable irony against the clergy, against the universities, against the politicians, against the innovationists, against the whimsies of his contemporaries of every creed and party.

His satirical temper, his fashion of ridiculing everything but good dinners and a country life, his insight into the foibles of his time, were manifest in his first novel, 'Headlong Hall.' Squire Headlong, a hunter and a lover of old wines, has been seized with a violent passion to be thought a philosopher and a man of taste: so he sets off to Oxford to inquire for other varieties of the same genera,—namely, men of taste and philosophy; but being assured by a learned professor that there were no such things in the university, he pursues

his search in London, where he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Foster the perfectibilian, Mr. Escot the deteriorationist, Mr. Jenkinson the statu-quo-ite, and the Rev. Dr. Gaster, who has gained fame by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey. These four worthies spend Christmas at Headlong Hall, where each discourses in season and out of season on his particular conception of the universe. In Dr. Gaster, Peacock satirizes the English clergy; but he makes amends for his fun at their expense by drawing the charming Dr. Folliott in 'Crotchet Castle,' and Dr. Opimian in 'Gryll Grange.' These are clergymen of the old school, Tories, whose knowledge of Greek is only equaled by their knowledge of fish-sauces and old Madeira. Peacock was too much of an epicurean and Grecian himself not to recognize and pay tribute to such merits.

His most biting satire is directed rather against the chimeras of contemporary poets and philosophers. Although he was a true friend of Shelley, he caricatures him, in a kindly enough spirit, in the hero of 'Nightmare Abbey,' young Scythrop, who is in love with two women at once. Byron is held up to ridicule as Mr. Cypress, and Coleridge as Mr. Flosky. For the dreamy mystical poet of the 'Ancient Mariner,' Peacock could have little sympathy. He introduces him into 'Crotchet Castle' as Mr. Skionar, "a great dreamer who always dreams with his eyes open, or with one eye open at any rate, which is an eye to gain,"—a palpable injustice to Coleridge, who never knew how to take care of himself. Southey was, however, Peacock's pet detestation. As Sackput, he makes of the poet a monument to his ironical contempt.

His own life is in part explanatory of his peculiar aversion to certain contemporary institutions and classes of people. He was born October 1785, at Weymouth, England, the only child of Samuel Peacock, a merchant of London. His mother, Sarah Love, had several relatives in the English navy, from whom Peacock gained his knowledge of shipping, which he afterwards turned to good account in the service of the East India Company. He was sent to a private school at eight years of age, remaining there until he was thirteen. After that time his education was carried on by himself. A residence in London enabled him to do an enormous amount of classical reading in the British Museum. How wide that reading was, is shown by the variety and number of the classical quotations sown through his novels. As a self-educated man, he had an unbounded contempt for the universities, and he lost no opportunity of expressing it.

From 1808 to 1809 he was under-secretary to Sir Home Popham, on board H. M. S. Venerable; but the occupation was not congenial to him, and he resigned his position. Later he took up his residence in Wales. At Nant Gwillt, near Rhaydar, in 1812, he made the

acquaintance of Shelley and his child-wife Harriet. By some contradiction of his nature, he formed a close and lasting friendship with the ethereal poet, of whom he has left a very just though sympathetic biography. In this biography he draws what is perhaps the most authentic portrait of the unfortunate Harriet. He does justice to her physical charms, and to her purity of character. In 1816 he published 'Headlong Hall'; in 1817 'Melincourt'; in 1818 'Nightmare Abbey'; in 1822 'Maid Marian'; in 1829 'The Misfortunes of Elplim'; and in 1831 'Crotchet Castle.' In 1819 Peacock had obtained a clerkship in the examiner's office of the East India Company. He continued in its employ until 1856, when he retired on a pension, and was succeeded by John Stuart Mill. From 1831 to 1852 he published nothing. His last novel, 'Gryll Grange,' was published when he was an old man in the seventies. He died in 1866.

During the long period of his life he stood apart from the world of his contemporaries. He was not in sympathy with it, although he understood it. Peacock was in sympathy with nothing which took itself seriously. For this reason he hated the Scotch reviewers, especially Jeffrey and his school; he hated the universities; he hated reformers, who are always intense and literal. Peacock's works, aside from their literary value, are important for the light they throw upon the intellectual peculiarities of Englishmen in the first half of this century. The historical value of satire has been apparent since the days of Aristophanes. As Lucian lets the reader into the highly colored intellectual world of the second century, so Peacock reveals the colors of nineteenth-century thought in his ironical novels. He himself is a pagan of the decadence. He takes the world with exquisite nonchalance, and prefers a well-ordered dinner to a dissertation on the immortality of the soul. His bacchanalian songs, interspersed through his novels, are Elizabethan in their mellowness of fancy; they have the quality of fine wine itself. They, rather than his occasional pieces on conventional subjects, establish his claim as a poet. Peacock's love of the country, and of an unrestrained life, finds its most perfect expression in 'Maid Marian,' an airy tale of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. It is redolent of the greenwood, but the odor of delicately roasted venison and the fragrance of canary wine are always discernible through the sweet smell of the turf.

Peacock's works are of a rare vintage, but the reader must be an epicurean in literature to enjoy them. He must lay aside his feverish nineteenth-century prejudices and opinions if he would enjoy the whimsicalities of this writer, who takes his ease in the world's inn, while he laughs at the perspiring crowd in the highway.

FROM 'MAID MARIAN'

Maid Marian

—Tuck, the merry friar, who many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
—Drayton.

The baron, with some of his retainers and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And Little John, the page," said the third, "in Little John, the outlaw."

"And Father Michael, of Rubygill Abbey," said the friar, "in Friar Tuck, of Sherwood Forest. Truly, I have a chapel here hard by, in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travelers; and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying."

"I am in fine company," said the baron.

"In the very best of company," said the friar: "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy, and the primrose and the violet, are its many-colored floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower and the woodbine, and the eglantine and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army; to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed, but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies

contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are 'tyrants and usurpers to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place,' we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they withal my blessing? my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England, that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom, both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom, both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason, to both: because they could not or cannot help it. They differ indeed in this,—that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest? lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. 'Mass, we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again; but our Robin deals with slippery subjects, that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we then to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art: and we are true men and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves."

"Well preached, friar," said Robin Hood; "yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen. And

now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these sylvan shades where we have so often roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?"

Matilda smiled assent.

"Not Matilda," said the friar: "the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favor of Little John, because he is great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle, not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptize thee Marian."

"Here is a pretty conspiracy," exclaimed the baron. "Why, you villainous friar, think you to nickname and marry my daughter before my face with impunity?"

"Even so, bold baron," said the friar: "we are strongest here. Say you, might overcomes right? I say no. There is no right but might; and to say that might overcomes right is to say that right overcomes itself: an absurdity most palpable. Your right was the stronger in Arlingford, and ours is the stronger in Sherwood. Your right was right as long as you could maintain it; so is ours. So is King Richard's, with all deference be it spoken; and so is King Saladin's: and their two mights are now committed in bloody fray, and that which overcomes will be right just as long as it lasts and as far as it reaches. And now, if any of you know any just impediment—"

"Fire and fury!" said the baron.

"Fire and fury," said the friar, "are modes of that might which constitutes right, and are just impediments to anything against which they can be brought to bear. They are our allies upon occasion, and would declare for us now, if you should put them to the test."

"Father," said Matilda, "you know the terms of our compact: from the moment you restrained my liberty, you renounced your claim to all but compulsory obedience. The friar argues well: right ends with might. Thick walls, dreary galleries, and tapestried chambers were indifferent to me while I could leave them at pleasure, but have ever been hateful to me since they held me by force. May I never again have roof but the blue sky, nor canopy but the green leaves, nor barrier but the forest

bounds; with the foresters to my train, Little John to my page, Friar Tuck to my ghostly adviser, and Robin Hood to my liege lord. I am no longer Lady Matilda Fitzwater of Arlingford Castle, but plain Maid Marian of Sherwood Forest."

"Long live Maid Marian!" re-echoed the foresters.

"O false girl!" said the baron, "do you renounce your name and parentage?"

"Not my parentage," said Marian, "but my name indeed: do not all maids renounce it at the altar?"

"The altar!" said the baron: "grant me patience! what do you mean by the altar?"

"Pile green turf," said the friar; "wreathe it with flowers, and crown it with fruit, and we will show the noble baron what we mean by the altar."

The foresters did as the friar directed.

"Now, Little John," said the friar, "on with the cloak of the Abbot of Doubleflask. I appoint thee my clerk: thou art here duly elected in full mote."

"I wish you were all in full moat together," said the baron, "and smooth wall on both sides."

"Punnest thou?" said the friar. "A heinous, anti-Christian offense. Why anti-Christian? Because anti-Catholic. Why anti-Catholic? Because anti-Roman. Why anti-Roman? Because Carthaginian. Is not pun from Punic? *punica fides:* the very quintessential quiddity of bad faith; double-visaged; double-tongued. He that will make a pun will — I say no more. Fie on it. Stand forth, clerk. Who is the bride's father?"

"There is no bride's father," said the baron. "I am the father of Matilda Fitzwater."

"There is none such," said the friar. "This is the fair Maid Marian. Will you make a virtue of necessity, or will you give laws to the flowing tide? Will you give her, or shall Robin take her? Will you be her true natural father, or shall I commute paternity? Stand forth, Scarlet."

"Stand back, Sirrah Scarlet," said the baron. "My daughter shall have no father but me. Needs must when the Devil drives."

"No matter who drives," said the friar, "so that, like a well-disposed subject, you yield cheerful obedience to those who can enforce it."

"Mawd, sweet Mawd," said the baron, "will you then forsake your poor old father in his distress, with his castle in ashes and his enemy in power?"

"Not so, father," said Marian: "I will always be your true daughter; I will always love and serve and watch and defend you: but neither will I forsake my plighted love, and my own liege lord, who was your choice before he was mine, for you made him my associate in infancy; and that he continued to be mine when he ceased to be yours, does not in any way show remissness in my duties, or falling off in my affections. And though I here plight my troth at the altar to Robin, in the presence of this holy priest and pious clerk, yet— Father, when Richard returns from Palestine, he will restore you to your barony, and perhaps, for your sake, your daughter's husband to the earldom of Huntingdon: should that never be, should it be the will of fate that we must live and die in the greenwood, I will live and die MAID MARIAN."

"A pretty resolution," said the baron, "if Robin will let you keep it."

"I have sworn it," said Robin. "Should I expose her tenderness to the perils of maternity, when life and death may hang on shifting at a moment's notice from Sherwood to Barnsdale, and from Barnsdale to the sea-shore? And why should I banquet when my merry-men starve? Chastity is our forest law, and even the friar has kept it since he has been here."

"Truly so," said the friar; "for temptation dwells with ease and luxury: but the hunter is Hippolytus, and the huntress is Dian. And now, dearly beloved—"

The friar went through the ceremony with great unction, and Little John was most clerical in the intonation of his responses. After which, the friar sang, and Little John fiddled, and the foresters danced, Robin with Marian, and Scarlet with the baron: and the venison smoked, and the ale frothed, and the wine sparkled, and the sun went down on their unwearied festivity; which they wound up with the following song, the friar leading, and the foresters joining chorus:—

Oh! bold Robin Hood is a forester good,
As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood:
At his bugle's shrill singing the echoes are ringing,
The wild deer are springing for many a rood;
Its summons we follow, through brake, over hollow,
The thrice-blown shrill summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath ere seen such a sweet Maiden Queen
As Marian, the pride of the forester's green?

A sweet garden flower, she blooms in the bower,
Where alone to this hour the wild rose has been;
We hail her in duty the queen of all beauty:
We will live, we will die, by our sweet Maiden Queen.

And here's a gray friar, good as heart can desire,
To absolve all our sins as the case may require;
Who with courage so stout lays his oak-plant about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir;
For we are his choristers, we merry foresters,
Chorusing thus with our militant friar.

And Scarlet doth bring his good yew-bough and string,
Prime minister is he of Robin our king;
No mark is too narrow for Little John's arrow,
That hits a cock-sparrow a mile on the wing;
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

Each a good liver, for well-feathered quiver
Doth furnish brawn, venison, and fowl of the river:
But the best game we dish up, it is a fat bishop;
When his angels we fish up, he proves a free giver,—
For a prelate so lowly has angels more holy,
And should this world's false angels to sinners deliver.

Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Drink to them one by one, drink as ye sing:
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Echo to echo through Sherwood shall fling:
Robin and Mariòn, Scarlet and Little John,
Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

A Forest Code

A single vólume paramount; a code:
A master spirit; a determined road.—Wordsworth.

The next morning Robin Hood convened his foresters, and desired Little John, for the baron's edification, to read over the laws of their forest society. Little John read aloud with a stentorophonic voice:—

At a high court of foresters, held under the greenwood tree an hour after sunrise, Robin Hood president, William Scarlet

vice-president, Little John secretary: the following articles, moved by Friar Tuck in his capacity of Peer Spiritual, and seconded by Much the Miller, were unanimously agreed to.

The principles of our society are six: Legitimacy, Equity, Hospitality, Chivalry, Chastity, and Courtesy.

The articles of Legitimacy are four:—

I. Our government is legitimate, and our society is founded on the one golden rule of right, consecrated by the universal consent of mankind, and by the practice of all ages, individuals, and nations; namely, To keep what we have, and to catch what we can.

II. Our government being legitimate, all our proceedings shall be legitimate: wherefore we declare war against the whole world, and every forester is by this legitimate declaration legitimately invested with a roving commission to make lawful prize of everything that comes in his way.

III. All forest laws but our own we declare to be null and void.

IV. All such of the old laws of England as do not in any way interfere with, or militate against, the views of this honorable assembly, we will loyally adhere to and maintain. The rest we declare null and void as far as relates to ourselves, in all cases wherein a vigor beyond the law may be conducive to our own interest and preservation.

The articles of Equity are three:—

I. The balance of power among the people being very much deranged by one having too much and another nothing, we hereby resolve ourselves into a congress or court of equity, to restore as far as in us lies the said natural balance of power, by taking from all who have too much as much of the said too much as we can lay our hands on; and giving to those who have nothing such a portion thereof as it may seem to us expedient to part with.

II. In all cases a quorum of foresters shall constitute a court of equity, and as many as may be strong enough to manage the matter in hand shall constitute a quorum.

III. All usurers, monks, courtiers, and other drones of the great hive of society, who shall be found laden with any portion of the honey whereof they have wrongfully despoiled the industrious bee, shall be rightfully despoiled thereof in turn; and all bishops and abbots shall be bound and beaten, especially the

Abbot of Doncaster; as shall also all sheriffs, especially the Sheriff of Nottingham.

The articles of Hospitality are two:—

I. Postmen, carriers, and market-folk, peasants and mechanics, farmers and millers, shall pass through our forest dominions without let or molestation.

II. All other travelers through the forest shall be graciously invited to partake of Robin's hospitality; and if they come not willingly they shall be compelled: and the rich man shall pay well for his fare; and the poor man shall feast scot free, and peradventure receive bounty in proportion to his desert and necessity.

The article of Chivalry is one:—

I. Every forester shall, to the extent of his power, aid and protect maids, widows, and orphans, and all weak and distressed persons whomsoever; and no woman shall be impeded or molested in any way; nor shall any company receive harm which any woman is in.

The article of Chastity is one:—

I. Every forester, being Diana's forester and minion of the moon, shall commend himself to the grace of the Virgin, and shall have the gift of continency on pain of expulsion; that the article of chivalry may be secure from infringement, and maids, wives, and widows pass without fear through the forest.

The article of Courtesy is one:—

I. No one shall miscall a forester. He who calls Robin, Robert of Huntingdon, or salutes him by any other title or designation whatsoever except plain Robin Hood; or who calls Marian, Matilda Fitzwater, or salutes her by any other title or designation whatsoever except plain Maid Marian, and so of all others, shall for every such offense forfeit a mark, to be paid to the friar.

And these articles we swear to keep as we are good men and true.

Carried by acclamation. God save King Richard.

LITTLE JOHN, Secretary.

"Excellent laws," said the baron; "excellent, by the holy rood. William of Normandy, with my great-great-grandfather Fierabras at his elbow, could not have made better. And now, sweet Mawd —"

"A fine, a fine," cried the friar, "a fine, by the article of courtesy."

"'Od's life," said the baron, "shall I not call my own daughter Mawd? Methinks there should be a special exception in my favor."

"It must not be," said Robin Hood: "our constitution admits no privilege."

"But I will commute," said the friar: "for twenty marks a year duly paid into my ghostly pocket you shall call your daughter Mawd two hundred times a day."

"Gramercy," said the baron, "and I agree, honest friar, when I can get twenty marks to pay; for till Prince John be beaten from Nottingham, my rents are like to prove but scanty."

"I will trust," said the friar, "and thus let us ratify the stipulation; so shall our laws and your infringement run together in an amicable parallel."

"But," said Little John, "this is a bad precedent, master friar. It is turning discipline into profit, penalty into perquisite, public justice into private revenue. It is rank corruption, master friar."

"Why are laws made?" said the friar. "For the profit of somebody. Of whom? Of him who makes them first, and of others as it may happen. Was not I legislator in the last article, and shall I not thrive by my own law?"

"Well then, sweet Mawd," said the baron, "I must leave you, Mawd: your life is very well for the young and the hearty, but it squares not with my age or my humor. I must house, Mawd; I must find refuge: but where? That is the question."

"Where Sir Guy of Gamwell has found it," said Robin Hood, "near the borders of Barnsdale. There you may dwell in safety with him and fair Alice, till King Richard return; and Little John shall give you safe-conduct. You will have need to travel with caution, in disguise and without attendants; for Prince John commands all this vicinity, and will doubtless lay the country for you and Marian. Now it is first expedient to dismiss your retainers. If there be any among them who like our life, they may stay with us in the greenwood; the rest may return to their homes."

Some of the baron's men resolved to remain with Robin and Marian; and were furnished accordingly with suits of green, of which Robin always kept good store.

Marian now declared that as there was danger in the way to Barnsdale, she would accompany Little John and the baron, as she would not be happy unless she herself saw her father placed in security. Robin was very unwilling to consent to this, and assured her that there was more danger for her than the baron; but Marian was absolute.

"If so, then," said Robin, "I shall be your guide instead of Little John; and I shall leave him and Scarlet joint regents of Sherwood during my absence, and the voice of Friar Tuck shall be decisive between them if they differ in nice questions of State policy."

Marian objected to this, that there was more danger for Robin than either herself or the baron; but Robin was absolute in his turn.

"Talk not of my voice," said the friar; "for if Marian be a damsel errant, I will be her ghostly esquire."

Robin insisted that this should not be, for number would only expose them to greater risk of detection. The friar, after some debate, reluctantly acquiesced.

While they were discussing these matters, they heard the distant sound of horses' feet.

"Go," said Robin to Little John, "and invite yonder horseman to dinner."

Little John bounded away, and soon came before a young man, who was riding in a melancholy manner, with the bridle hanging loose on the horse's neck, and his eyes drooping towards the ground.

"Whither go you?" said Little John.

"Whithersoever my horse pleases," said the young man.

"And that shall be," said Little John, "whither I please to lead him. I am commissioned to invite you to dine with my master."

"Who is your master?" said the young man.

"Robin Hood," said Little John.

"The bold outlaw?" said the stranger. "Neither he nor you should have made me turn an inch aside yesterday; but to-day I care not."

"Then it is better for you," said Little John, "that you came to-day than yesterday, if you love dining in a whole skin: for my master is the pink of courtesy; but if his guests prove stubborn, he bastes them and his venison together, while the friar says mass before meat."

The young man made no answer, and scarcely seemed to hear what Little John was saying, who therefore took the horse's bridle and led him to where Robin and his foresters were setting forth their dinner. Robin seated the young man next to Marian. Recovering a little from his stupor, he looked with much amazement at her, and the baron, and Robin, and the friar; listened to their conversation, and seemed much astonished to find himself in such holy and courtly company. Robin helped him largely to numble-pie and cygnet and pheasant, and the other dainties of his table; and the friar pledged him in ale and wine, and exhorted him to make good cheer. But the young man drank little, ate less, spake nothing, and every now and then sighed heavily.

When the repast was ended, "Now," said Robin, "you are at liberty to pursue your journey; but first be pleased to pay for your dinner."

"That would I gladly do, Robin," said the young man, "but all I have about me are five shillings and a ring. To the five shillings you shall be welcome, but for the ring I will fight while there is a drop of blood in my veins."

"Gallantly spoken," said Robin Hood. "A love-token, without doubt; but you must submit to our forest laws. Little John must search: and if he find no more than you say, not a penny will I touch; but if you have spoken false, the whole is forfeit to our fraternity."

"And with reason," said the friar; "for thereby is the truth maintained. The Abbot of Doubleflask swore there was no money in his valise, and Little John forthwith emptied it of four hundred pounds. Thus was the abbot's perjury but of one minute's duration: for though his speech was false in the utterance, yet was it no sooner uttered than it became true, and we should have been *participes criminis* to have suffered the holy abbot to depart in falsehood; whereas he came to us a false priest, and we sent him away a true man. Marry, we turned his cloak to further account, and thereby hangs a tale that may be either said or sung: for in truth I am minstrel here as well as chaplain; I pray for good success to our just and necessary warfare, and sing thanksgiving odes when our foresters bring in booty: —

"Bold Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!

And of two gray friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

«'Good-morrow, good brothers,' said bold Robin Hood:
'And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

«'Good brother,' they said, 'we would give you full fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!'
'Then give me some money,' said bold Robin Hood;
'For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

«'No money have we, good brother,' said they;
'Then,' said he, 'we three for money will pray,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.'

«'We will not pray with thee, good brother, God wot;
For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!'
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

«The gray friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!
And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took.
And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

«'The saints,' said bold Robin, 'have hearkened our prayer,
And here's a good angel apiece for your share;
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear—
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down!'
Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
And fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
And away the gray friars they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.»

Chivalry

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?—Burns.

"Here is but five shillings and a ring," said Little John, "and the young man has spoken true."

"Then," said Robin to the stranger, "if want of money be the cause of your melancholy, speak. Little John is my treasurer, and he shall disburse to you."

"It is, and it is not," said the stranger: "it is, because, had I not wanted money, I had never lost my love; it is not, because, now that I have lost her, money would come too late to regain her."

"In what way have you lost her?" said Robin: "let us clearly know that she is past regaining before we give up our wishes to restore her to you."

"She is to be married this day," said the stranger,—"and perhaps is married by this,—to a rich old knight; and yesterday I knew it not."

"What is your name?" said Robin.

"Allen," said the stranger.

"And where is the marriage to take place, Allen?" said Robin.

"At Edwinstow church," said Allen, "by the Bishop of Nottingham."

"I know that bishop," said Robin: "he dined with me a month since, and paid three hundred pounds for his dinner. He has a good ear and loves music. The friar sang to him to some tune. Give me my harper's cloak, and I will play a part at this wedding."

"These are dangerous times, Robin," said Marian, "for playing pranks out of the forest."

"Fear not," said Robin: "Edwinstow lies not Nottingham-ward, and I will take my precautions."

Robin put on his harper's cloak, while Little John painted his eyebrows and cheeks, tipped his nose with red, and tied him on a comely beard. Marian confessed that had she not been present at the metamorphosis, she should not have known her own true Robin. Robin took his harp and went to the wedding.

Robin found the bishop and his train in the church porch, impatiently expecting the arrival of the bride and bridegroom.

The clerk was observing to the bishop that the knight was somewhat gouty, and that the necessity of walking the last quarter of a mile from the road to the church-yard probably detained the lively bridegroom rather longer than had been calculated upon.

"Oh! by my fay," said the music-loving bishop, "here comes a harper in the nick of time; and now I care not how long they tarry. Ho! honest friend, are you come to play at the wedding?"

"I am come to play anywhere," answered Robin, "where I can get a cup of sack; for which I will sing the praise of the donor in lofty verse, and emblazon him with any virtue which he may wish to have the credit of possessing, without the trouble of practicing."

"A most courtly harper," said the bishop; "I will fill thee with sack, I will make thee a walking butt of sack, if thou wilt delight my ears with thy melodies."

"That will I," said Robin: "in what branch of my art shall I exert my faculty? I am passing well in all, from the anthem to the glee, and from the dirge to the coranto."

"It would be idle," said the bishop, "to give thee sack for playing me anthems, seeing that I myself do receive sack for hearing them sung. Therefore, as the occasion is festive, thou shalt play me a coranto."

Robin struck up and played away merrily, the bishop all the while in great delight, nodding his head and beating time with his foot, till the bride and bridegroom appeared. The bridegroom was richly appareled, and came slowly and painfully forward, hobbling and leering, and pursing up his mouth into a smile of resolute defiance to the gout, and of tender complacency towards his lady-love, who, shining like gold at the old knight's expense, followed slowly between her father and mother, her cheeks pale, her head drooping, her steps faltering, and her eyes reddened with tears.

Robin stopped his minstrelsy, and said to the bishop, "This seems to me an unfit match."

"What do you say, rascal?" said the old knight, hobbling up to him.

"I say," said Robin, "this seems to me an unfit match. What in the devil's name can you want with a young wife, who have one foot in flannels and the other in the grave?"

"What is that to thee, sirrah varlet?" said the old knight: "stand away from the porch, or I will fracture thy sconce with my cane."

"I will not stand away from the porch," said Robin, "unless the bride bid me, and tell me that you are her own true love."

"Speak," said the bride's father, in a severe tone, and with a look of significant menace. The girl looked alternately at her father and Robin. She attempted to speak, but her voice failed in the effort, and she burst into tears.

"Here is lawful cause and just impediment," said Robin, "and I forbid the banns."

"Who are you, villain?" said the old knight, stamping his sound foot with rage.

"I am the Roman law," said Robin, "which says that there shall not be more than ten years between a man and his wife; and here are five times ten: and so says the law of nature."

"Honest harper," said the bishop, "you are somewhat over-officious here, and less courtly than I deemed you. If you love sack, forbear; for this course will never bring you a drop. As to your Roman law, and your law of nature, what right have they to say anything which the law of Holy Writ says not?"

"The law of Holy Writ does say it," said Robin: "I expound it so to say; and I will produce sixty commentators to establish my exposition."

And so saying he produced a horn from beneath his cloak, and blew three blasts, and threescore bowmen in green came leaping from the bushes and trees; and young Allen was the first among them to give Robin his sword, while Friar Tuck and Little John marched up to the altar. Robin stripped the bishop and clerk of their robes, and put them on the friar and Little John; and Allen advanced to take the hand of the bride. Her cheeks grew red and her eyes grew bright, as she locked her hand in her lover's and tripped lightly with him into the church.

"This marriage will not stand," said the bishop, "for they have not been thrice asked in church."

"We will ask them seven times," said Little John, "lest three should not suffice."

"And in the mean time," said Robin, "the knight and the bishop shall dance to my harping."

So Robin sat in the church porch and played away merrily, while his foresters formed a ring, in the centre of which the

knight and bishop danced with exemplary alacrity; and if they relaxed their exertions, Scarlet gently touched them up with the point of an arrow.

The knight grimaced ruefully, and begged Robin to think of his gout.

"So I do," said Robin: "this is the true antipodagron; you shall dance the gout away, and be thankful to me while you live. I told you," he added to the bishop, "I would play at this wedding, but you did not tell me that you would dance at it. The next couple you marry, think of the Roman law."

The bishop was too much out of breath to reply: and now the young couple issued from church, and the bride having made a farewell obeisance to her parents, they departed together with the foresters; the parents storming, the attendants laughing, the bishop puffing and blowing, and the knight rubbing his gouty foot, and uttering doleful lamentations for the gold and jewels with which he had so unwittingly adorned and dowered the bride.

Pilgrims from Holy Land

As ye came from the Holy Land
Of blessed Walsinghame,
Oh, met ye not with my true love
As by the way ye came?—Old Ballad.

In pursuance of the arrangement recorded in the twelfth chapter, the baron, Robin, and Marian disguised themselves as pilgrims returned from Palestine, and traveling from the sea-coast of Hampshire to their home in Northumberland By dint of staff and cockle-shell, sandal and scrip, they proceeded in safety the greater part of the way (for Robin had many sly inns and resting-places between Barnsdale and Sherwood), and were already on the borders of Yorkshire, when one evening they passed within view of a castle, where they saw a lady standing on a turret and surveying the whole extent of the valley through which they were passing. A servant came running from the castle, and delivered a message to them from his lady, who was sick with expectation of news from her lord in the Holy Land, and entreated them to come to her, that she might question them concerning him. This was an awkward occurrence; but there was no pretense for refusal, and they followed the servant into

the castle. The baron, who had been in Palestine in his youth, undertook to be spokesman on the occasion, and to relate his own adventures to the lady as having happened to the lord in question. This preparation enabled him to be so minute and circumstantial in his detail, and so coherent in his replies to her questions, that the lady fell implicitly into the delusion, and was delighted to find that her lord was alive and in health, and in high favor with the King, and performing prodigies of valor in the name of his lady, whose miniature he always wore in his bosom. The baron guessed at this circumstance from the customs of that age, and happened to be in the right.

"This miniature," added the baron, "I have had the felicity to see, and should have known you by it among a million." The baron was a little embarrassed by some questions of the lady concerning her lord's personal appearance; but Robin came to his aid, observing a picture suspended opposite to him on the wall, which he made a bold conjecture to be that of the lord in question; and making a calculation of the influences of time and war, which he weighed with a comparison of the lady's age, he gave a description of her lord sufficiently like the picture in its groundwork to be a true resemblance, and sufficiently differing from it in circumstances to be more an original than a copy. The lady was completely deceived, and entreated them to partake her hospitality for the night; but this they deemed it prudent to decline, and with many humble thanks for her kindness, and representations of the necessity of not delaying their homeward course, they proceeded on their way.

As they passed over the drawbridge they met Sir Ralph Montfaucon and his squire, who were wandering in quest of Marian, and were entering to claim that hospitality which the pilgrims had declined. Their countenances struck Sir Ralph with a kind of imperfect recognition, which would never have been matured but that the eyes of Marian, as she passed him, encountered his; and the images of those stars of beauty continued involuntarily twinkling in his sensorium to the exclusion of all other ideas, till memory, love, and hope concurred with imagination to furnish a probable reason for their haunting him so pertinaciously. Those eyes, he thought, were certainly the eyes of Matilda Fitzwater; and if the eyes were hers, it was extremely probable, if not logically consecutive, that the rest of the body they belonged to was hers also. Now, if it were really Matilda

Fitzwater, who were her two companions? The baron? Ay, and the elder pilgrim was something like him. And the Earl of Huntingdon? Very probably. The earl and the baron might be good friends again, now that they were both in disgrace together. While he was revolving these cogitations, he was introduced to the lady, and after claiming and receiving the promise of hospitality, he inquired what she knew of the pilgrims who had just departed. The lady told him they were newly returned from Palestine, having been long in the Holy Land. The knight expressed some skepticism on this point. The lady replied that they had given her so minute a detail of her lord's proceedings, and so accurate a description of his person, that she could not be deceived in them. This staggered the knight's confidence in his own penetration; and if it had not been a heresy in knighthood to suppose for a moment that there could be *in rerum natura* such another pair of eyes as those of his mistress, he would have acquiesced implicitly in the lady's judgment. But while the lady and the knight were conversing, the warder blew his bugle-horn, and presently entered a confidential messenger from Palestine, who gave her to understand that her lord was well; but entered into a detail of his adventures most completely at variance with the baron's narrative, to which not the correspondence of a single incident gave the remotest coloring of similarity. It now became manifest that the pilgrims were not true men; and Sir Ralph Montfaucon sate down to supper with his head full of cogitations, which we shall leave him to chew and digest with his pheasant and canary.

Meanwhile our three pilgrims proceeded on their way. The evening set in black and lowering, when Robin turned aside from the main track, to seek an asylum for the night along a narrow way that led between rocky and woody hills. A peasant observed the pilgrims as they entered that narrow pass, and called after them, "Whither go you, my masters? there are rogues in that direction."

"Can you show us a direction," said Robin, "in which there are none? If so, we will take it in preference." The peasant grinned, and walked away whistling.

The pass widened as they advanced, and the woods grew thicker and darker around them. Their path wound along the slope of a woody declivity, which rose high above them in a thick rampart of foliage, and descended almost precipitously to

the bed of a small river, which they heard dashing in its rocky channel, and saw its white foam gleaming at intervals in the last faint glimmerings of twilight. In a short time all was dark, and the rising voice of the wind foretold a coming storm. They turned a point of the valley, and saw a light below them in the depth of the hollow, shining through a cottage casement, and dancing in its reflection on the restless stream. Robin blew his horn, which was answered from below. The cottage door opened: a boy came forth with a torch, ascended the steep, showed tokens of great delight at meeting with Robin, and lighted them down a flight of steps rudely cut in the rock, and over a series of rugged stepping-stones, that crossed the channel of the river. They entered the cottage, which exhibited neatness, comfort, and plenty; being amply enriched with pots, pans, and pipkins, and adorned with flitches of bacon and sundry similar ornaments, that gave goodly promise in the firelight that gleamed upon the rafters.

A woman, who seemed just old enough to be the boy's mother, had thrown down her spinning-wheel in her joy at the sound of Robin's horn, and was bustling with singular alacrity to set forth her festal ware and prepare an abundant supper. Her features, though not beautiful, were agreeable and expressive; and were now lighted up with such manifest joy at the sight of Robin, that Marian could not help feeling a momentary touch of jealousy, and a half-formed suspicion that Robin had broken his forest law, and had occasionally gone out of bounds, as other great men have done upon occasion, in order to reconcile the breach of the spirit with the preservation of the letter of their own legislation. However, this suspicion, if it could be said to exist in a mind so generous as Marian's, was very soon dissipated by the entrance of the woman's husband, who testified as much joy as his wife had done at the sight of Robin; and in a short time the whole of the party were amicably seated around a smoking supper of river-fish and wild wood-fowl, on which the baron fell with as much alacrity as if he had been a true pilgrim from Palestine.

The husband produced some recondite flasks of wine, which were laid by in a bin consecrated to Robin, whose occasional visits to them in his wanderings were the festal days of these warm-hearted cottagers, whose manners showed that they had not been born to this low estate. Their story had no mystery, and

Marian easily collected it from the tenor of their conversation. The young man had been, like Robin, the victim of an usurious abbot, and had been outlawed for debt, and his nut-brown maid had accompanied him to the depths of Sherwood, where they lived an unholy and illegitimate life, killing the king's deer and never hearing mass. In this state, Robin, then Earl of Huntingdon, discovered them in one of his huntings, and gave them aid and protection. When Robin himself became an outlaw, the necessary qualification or gift of continency was too hard a law for our lovers to subscribe to; and as they were thus disqualified for foresters, Robin had found them a retreat in this romantic and secluded spot. He had done similar service to other lovers similarly circumstanced, and had disposed them in various wild scenes which he and his men had discovered in their flittings from place to place, supplying them with all necessaries and comforts from the reluctant disgorgings of fat abbots and usurers. The benefit was in some measure mutual: for these cottages served him as resting-places in his removals, and enabled him to travel untraced and unmolested; and in the delight with which he was always received, he found himself even more welcome than he would have been at an inn,—and this is saying very much for gratitude and affection together. The smiles which surrounded him were of his own creation, and he participated in the happiness he had bestowed.

The casements began to rattle in the wind, and the rain to beat upon the windows. The wind swelled to a hurricane, and the rain dashed like a flood against the glass. The boy retired to his little bed, the wife trimmed the lamp, the husband heaped logs upon the fire; Robin broached another flask; and Marian filled the baron's cup, and sweetened Robin's by touching its edge with her lips.

"Well," said the baron, "give me a roof over my head, be it never so humble. Your greenwood canopy is pretty and pleasant in sunshine; but if I were doomed to live under it, I should wish it were water-tight."

"But," said Robin, "we have tents and caves for foul weather, good store of wine and venison, and fuel in abundance."

"Ay, but," said the baron, "I like to pull off my boots of a night,—which you foresters seldom do,—and to ensconce myself thereafter in a comfortable bed. Your beech-root is over-hard for a couch, and your mossy stump is somewhat rough for a bolster."

"Had you not dry leaves," said Robin, "with a bishop's surplice over them? what would you have softer? And had you not an abbot's traveling-cloak for a coverlet? what would you have warmer?"

"Very true," said the baron; "but that was an indulgence to a guest, and I dreamed all night of the Sheriff of Nottingham. I like to feel myself safe," he added, stretching out his legs to the fire, and throwing himself back in his chair with the air of a man determined to be comfortable. "I like to feel myself safe," said the baron.

At that moment the woman caught her husband's arm; and all the party, following the direction of her eyes, looked simultaneously to the window, where they had just time to catch a glimpse of an apparition of an armed head, with its plumage tossing in the storm, on which the light shone from within, and which disappeared immediately.

Storming the Fortress

"O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?"
—('Twelfth Night.')

Several knocks, as from the knuckles of an iron glove, were given at the door of the cottage; and a voice was heard entreating shelter from the storm for a traveler who had lost his way. Robin rose and went to the door.

"What are you?" said Robin.

"A soldier," replied the voice; "an unfortunate adherent of Longchamp, flying the vengeance of Prince John."

"Are you alone?" said Robin.

"Yes," said the voice. "It is a dreadful night: hospitable cottagers, pray give me admittance. I would not have asked it but for the storm. I would have kept my watch in the woods."

"That I believe," said Robin. "You did not reckon on the storm when you turned into this pass. Do you know there are rogues this way?"

"I do," said the voice.

"So do I," said Robin.

A pause ensued, during which Robin listening attentively caught a faint sound of whispering.

"You are not alone," said Robin. "Who are your companions?"

"None but the wind and the water," said the voice, "and I would I had them not."

"The wind and the water have many voices," said Robin, "but I never before heard them say, 'What shall we do?'"

Another pause ensued; after which—

"Look ye, master cottager," said the voice in an altered tone, "if you do not let us in willingly, we will break down the door."

"Ho! ho!" roared the baron, "you are become plural, are you, rascals? How many are there of you, thieves? What, I war rant you thought to rob and murder a poor harmless cottager and his wife, and did not dream of a garrison? You looked for no weapon of opposition but spit, poker, and basting-ladle, wielded by unskillful hands; but, rascals, here is short sword and long cudgel in hands well tried in war, wherewith you shall be drilled into cullenders and beaten into mummy."

No reply was made, but furious strokes from without resounded upon the door. Robin, Marian, and the baron threw by their pilgrim's attire, and stood in arms on the defensive. They were provided with swords, and the cottager gave them bucklers and helmets; for all Robin's haunts were furnished with secret armories. But they kept their swords sheathed, and the baron wielded a ponderous spear, which he pointed towards the door ready to run through the first that should enter; and Robin and Marian each held a bow, with the arrow drawn to its head and pointed in the same direction. The cottager flourished a strong cudgel (a weapon in the use of which he prided himself on being particularly expert), and the wife seized the spit from the fireplace, and held it as she saw the baron hold his spear. The storm of wind and rain continued to beat on the roof and casement, and the storm of blows to resound upon the door, which at length gave way with a violent crash, and a cluster of armed men appeared without, seemingly not less than twelve. Behind them rolled the stream, now changed from a gentle and shallow river to a mighty and impetuous torrent, roaring in waves of yellow foam, partially reddened by the light that streamed through the open door, and turning up its convulsed surface in flashes of shifting radiance from restless masses of half-visible shadow. The stepping-stones by which the intruders must have crossed were buried under the waters. On the opposite bank the light fell on the stems and boughs of the rock-rooted oak and ash,

tossing and swaying in the blast, and sweeping the flashing spray with their leaves.

The instant the door broke, Robin and Marian loosed their arrows. Robin's arrow struck one of the assailants in the juncture of the shoulder, and disabled his right arm; Marian's struck a second in the juncture of the knee, and rendered him unserviceable for the night. The baron's long spear struck on the mailed breastplate of a third, and being stretched to its full extent by the long-armed hero, drove him to the edge of the torrent and plunged him into its eddies, along which he was whirled down the darkness of the descending stream, calling vainly on his comrades for aid, till his voice was lost in the mingled roar of the waters and the wind. A fourth springing through the door was laid prostrate by the cottager's cudgel: but the wife, being less dexterous than her company, though an Amazon in strength, missed her pass at a fifth, and drove the point of the spit several inches into the right-hand doorpost as she stood close to the left, and thus made a new barrier, which the invaders could not pass without dipping under it and submitting their necks to the sword; but one of the assailants, seizing it with gigantic rage, shook it at once from the grasp of its holder and from its lodgment in the post, and at the same time made good the irruption of the rest of his party into the cottage.

Now raged an unequal combat, for the assailants fell two to one on Robin, Marian, the baron, and the cottager; while the wife, being deprived of her spit, converted everything that was at hand to a missile, and rained pots, pans, and pipkins on the armed heads of the enemy. The baron raged like a tiger, and the cottager laid about him like a thresher. One of the soldiers struck Robin's sword from his hand, and brought him on his knee; when the boy, who had been roused by the tumult, and had been peeping through the inner door, leaped forward in his shirt, picked up the sword and replaced it in Robin's hand, who instantly springing up, disarmed and wounded one of his antagonists, while the other was laid prostrate under the dint of a brass cauldron launched by the Amazonian dame. Robin now turned to the aid of Marian, who was parrying most dexterously the cuts and slashes of her two assailants; of whom Robin delivered her from one, while a well-applied blow of her sword struck off the helmet of the other, who fell on his knees to beg a boon, and she recognized Sir Ralph Montfaucon. The men

who were engaged with the baron and the peasant, seeing their leader subdued, immediately laid down their arms and cried for quarter. The wife brought some strong rope, and the baron tied their arms behind them.

"Now, Sir Ralph," said Marian, "once more you are at my mercy."

"That I always am, cruel beauty," said the discomfited lover.

"Odso! courteous knight," said the baron, "is this the return you make for my beef and canary, when you kissed my daughter's hand in token of contrition for your intermeddling at her wedding? 'Heart, I am glad to see she has given you a bloody cockscomb. Slice him down, Mawd! slice him down, and fling him into the river."

"Confess," said Marian: "what brought you here, and how did you trace our steps?"

"I will confess nothing," said the knight.

"Then confess, you rascal," said the baron, holding his sword to the throat of the captive squire.

"Take away the sword," said the squire: "it is too near my mouth, and my voice will not come out for fear; take away the sword, and I will confess all." The baron dropped his sword, and the squire proceeded:—"Sir Ralph met you as you quitted Lady Falkland's castle; and by representing to her who you were, borrowed from her such a number of her retainers as he deemed must insure your capture, seeing that your familiar the friar was not at your elbow. We set forth without delay, and traced you first by means of a peasant who saw you turn into this valley, and afterwards by the light from the casement of this solitary dwelling. Our design was to have laid an ambush for you in the morning, but the storm and your observation of my unlucky face through the casement made us change our purpose; and what followed you can tell better than I can, being indeed masters of the subject."

"You are a merry knave," said the baron, "and here is a cup of wine for you."

"Gramercy," said the squire, "and better late than never; but I lacked a cup of this before. Had I been pot-valiant, I had held you play."

"Sir knight," said Marian, "this is the third time you have sought the life of my lord and of me,—for mine is interwoven with his. And do you think me so spiritless as to believe that I

can be yours by compulsion? Tempt me not again; for the next time shall be the last, and the fish of the nearest river shall commute the flesh of a recreant knight into the fast-day dinner of an uncarnivorous friar. I spare you now, not in pity but in scorn. Yet shall you swear to a convention never more to pursue or molest my lord or me, and on this condition you shall live."

The knight had no alternative but to comply, and swore, on the honor of knighthood, to keep the convention inviolate. How well he kept his oath we shall have no opportunity of narrating. *Di lui la nostra istoria piu non parla.*

Crossing the Ford

Carry me over the water, thou fine fellowe.—Old Ballad.

The pilgrims, without experiencing further molestation, arrived at the retreat of Sir Guy of Gamwell. They found the old knight a cup too low: partly from being cut off from the scenes of his old hospitality and the shouts of his Nottinghamshire vassals, who were wont to make the rafters of his ancient hall re-echo to their revelry; but principally from being parted from his son, who had long been the better half of his flask and pasty. The arrival of our visitors cheered him up; and finding that the baron was to remain with him, he testified his delight and the cordiality of his welcome by pegging him in the ribs till he made him roar.

Robin and Marian took an affectionate leave of the baron and the old knight; and before they quitted the vicinity of Barnsdale, deeming it prudent to return in a different disguise, they laid aside their pilgrim's attire, and assumed the habits and appurtenances of wandering minstrels.

They traveled in this character safely and pleasantly, till one evening at a late hour they arrived by the side of a river, where Robin, looking out for a mode of passage, perceived a ferry-boat in a nook on the opposite bank, near which a chimney, sending up a wreath of smoke through the thick-set willows, was the only symptom of human habitation: and Robin, naturally conceiving the said chimney and wreath of smoke to be the outward signs of the inward ferryman, shouted "Over!" with much strength and clearness; but no voice replied, and no ferryman appeared. Robin raised his voice and shouted with redoubled

energy, "Over, Over, O-o-o-over!" A faint echo alone responded "Over!" and again died away into deep silence; but after a brief interval a voice from among the willows, in a strange kind of mingled intonation that was half a shout and half a song, answered:—

"Over, over, over, jolly, jolly rover,
Would you then come over? over, over, over?
Jolly, jolly rover, here's one lives in clover:
Who finds the clover? The jolly, jolly rover.
He finds the clover, let him then come over,
The jolly, jolly rover, over, over, over."

"I much doubt," said Marian, "if this ferryman do not mean by clover something more than the toll of his ferry-boat."

"I doubt not," answered Robin, "he is a levier of toll and tithe, which I shall put him upon proof of his right to receive, by making trial of his might to enforce."

The ferryman emerged from the willows and stepped into his boat. "As I live," exclaimed Robin, "the ferryman is a friar."

"With a sword," said Marian, "stuck in his rope girdle."

The friar pushed his boat off manfully, and was presently half over the river.

"It is friar Tuck," said Marian.

"He will scarcely know us," said Robin; "and if he do not, I will break a staff with him for sport."

The friar came singing across the water; the boat touched the land; Robin and Marian stepped on board; the friar pushed off again.

"Silken doublets, silken doublets," said the friar; "slenderly lined, I trow: your wandering minstrel is always poor toll; your sweet angels of voices pass current for a bed and a supper at the house of every lord that likes to hear the fame of his valor without the trouble of fighting for it. What need you of purse or pouch? You may sing before thieves. Pedlars, pedlars: wandering from door to door with the small-ware of lies and cajolery; exploits for carpet-knights, honesty for courtiers, truth for monks, and chastity for nuns,—a good salable stock that costs the vender nothing, defies wear and tear, and when it has served a hundred customers is as plentiful and as remarkable as ever. But, sirrahs, I'll none of your balderdash. You pass not hence without clink of brass, or I'll knock your musical noddles

together till they ring like a pair of cymbals. That will be a new tune for your minstrelships."

This friendly speech of the friar ended as they stepped on the opposite bank. Robin had noticed as they passed that the summer stream was low.

"Why, thou brawling mongrel," said Robin,—"that whether thou be thief, friar, or ferryman, or an ill-mixed compound of all three, passes conjecture, though I judge thee to be simple thief,—what barkest thou at thus? Villain, there is clink of brass for thee. Dost thou see this coin? Dost thou hear this music? Look and listen; for touch thou shalt not,—my minstrelship defies thee. Thou shalt carry me on thy back over the water, and receive nothing but a cracked sconce for thy trouble."

"A bargain," said the friar; "for the water is low, the labor is light, and the reward is alluring." And he stooped down for Robin, who mounted his back, and the friar waded with him over the river.

"Now, fine fellow," said the friar, "thou shalt carry me back over the water, and thou shalt have a cracked sconce for thy trouble."

Robin took the friar on his back, and waded with him into the middle of the river, when by a dexterous jerk he suddenly flung him off and plunged him horizontally over head and ears in the water. Robin waded to the shore, and the friar, half swimming and half scrambling, followed.

"Fine fellow, fine fellow," said the friar, "now will I pay thee thy cracked sconce."

"Not so," said Robin,—"I have not earned it; but thou hast earned it, and shalt have it."

It was not, even in those good old times, a sight of every day to see a troubadour and a friar playing at single-stick by the side of a river, each aiming with fell intent at the other's cockscomb. The parties were both so skilled in attack and defense, that their mutual efforts for a long time expended themselves in quick and loud rappings on each other's oaken staves. At length Robin by a dexterous feint contrived to score one on the friar's crown; but in the careless moment of triumph a splendid sweep of the friar's staff struck Robin's out of his hand into the middle of the river, and repaid his crack on the head with a degree of vigor that might have passed the bounds of a jest if Marian had not retarded its descent by catching the friar's arm.

« How now, recreant friar,» said Marian: « what have you to say why you should not suffer instant execution, being detected in open rebellion against your liege lord? Therefore kneel down, traitor, and submit your neck to the sword of the offended law.»

« Benefit of clergy,» said the friar; « I plead my clergy. And is it you indeed, ye scapegraces? Ye are well disguised: I knew ye not, by my flask. Robin, jolly Robin, he buys a jest dearly that pays for it with a bloody cockscomb. But here is a balm for all bruises, outward and inward.» (The friar produced a flask of canary.) « Wash thy wound twice and thy throat thrice with this solar concoction, and thou shalt marvel where was thy hurt. But what moved ye to this frolic? Knew ye not that ye could not appear in a mask more fashioned to move my bile than in that of these gilders and lackerers of the smooth surface of worthlessness, that bring the gold of true valor into disrepute by stamping the baser metal with the fairer impression? I marveled to find any such given to fighting (for they have an old instinct of self-preservation); but I rejoiced thereat, that I might discuss to them poetical justice: and therefore have I cracked thy sconce; for which, let this be thy medicine.»

« But wherefore,» said Marian, « do we find you here, when we left you joint lord warden of Sherwood?»

« I do but retire to my devotions,» replied the friar. « This is my hermitage, in which I first took refuge when I escaped from my beloved brethren of Rubygill; and to which I still retreat at times from the vanities of the world, which else might cling to me too closely since I have been promoted to be peer spiritual of your forest court. For indeed, I do find in myself certain indications and admonitions that my day has past its noon; and none more cogent than this: that daily of bad wine I grow more intolerant, and of good wine have a keener and more fastidious relish. There is no surer symptom of receding years. The ferryman is my faithful varlet. I send him on some pious errand, that I may meditate in ghostly privacy, when my presence in the forest can best be spared; and when can it be better spared than now, seeing that the neighborhood of Prince John, and his incessant perquisitions for Marian, have made the forest too hot to hold more of us than are needful to keep up a quorum, and preserve unbroken the continuity of our forest dominion? For in truth, without your greenwood majesties, we

have hardly the wit to live in a body, and at the same time to keep our necks out of jeopardy, while that arch-rebel and traitor John infests the precincts of our territory."

The friar now conducted them to his peaceful cell, where he spread his frugal board with fish, venison, wild-fowl, fruit, and canary. Under the compound operation of this *materia medica* Robin's wounds healed apace, and the friar, who hated minstrelsy, began as usual chirping in his cups. Robin and Marian chimed in with his tuneful humor till the midnight moon peeped in upon their revelry.

It was now the very witching-time of night, when they heard a voice shouting, "Over!" They paused to listen, and the voice repeated "Over!" in accents clear and loud, but which at the same time either were in themselves, or seemed to be from the place and the hour, singularly plaintive and dreary. The friar fidgeted about in his seat; fell into a deep musing; shook himself, and looked about him,—first at Marian, then at Robin, then at Marian again,—filled and tossed off a cup of canary, and relapsed into his reverie.

"Will you not bring your passenger over?" said Robin. The friar shook his head and looked mysterious.

"That passenger," said the friar, "will never come over. Every full moon, at midnight, that voice calls, 'Over!' I and my varlet have more than once obeyed the summons, and we have sometimes had a glimpse of a white figure under the opposite trees: but when the boat has touched the bank, nothing has been to be seen; and the voice has been heard no more till the midnight of the next full moon."

"It is very strange," said Robin.

"Wondrous strange," said the friar, looking solemn.

The voice again called "Over!" in a long and plaintive musical cry.

"I must go to it," said the friar, "or it will give us no peace. I would all my customers were of this world. I begin to think that I am Charon, and that this river is Styx."

"I will go with you, friar," said Robin.

"By my flask," said the friar, "but you shall not."

"Then I will," said Marian.

"Still less," said the friar, hurrying out of the cell. Robin and Marian followed; but the friar outstepped them, and pushed off his boat.

A white figure was visible under the shade of the opposite trees. The boat approached the shore, and the figure glided away. The friar returned.

They re-entered the cottage, and sat some time conversing on the phenomenon they had seen. The friar sipped his wine, and after a time said:—

"There is a tradition of a damsel who was drowned here some years ago. The tradition is—"

But the friar could not narrate a plain tale: he therefore cleared his throat, and sang with due solemnity, in a ghostly voice:—

"A damsel came in midnight rain,
And called across the ferry:
The weary wight she called in vain,
Whose senses sleep did bury.
At evening from her father's door
She turned to meet her lover;
At midnight, on the lonely shore,
She shouted, 'Over, over!'

"She had not met him by the tree
Of their accustomed meeting,
And sad and sick at heart was she,
Her heart all wildly beating.
In chill suspense the hours went by,
The wild storm burst above her:
She turned her to the river nigh,
And shouted, 'Over, over!'

"A dim, discolored, doubtful light
The moon's dark veil permitted,
And thick before her troubled sight
Fantastic shadows flitted.
Her lover's form appeared to glide,
And beckon o'er the water:
Alas! his blood that morn had dyed
Her brother's sword with slaughter.

"Upon a little rock she stood,
To make her invocation:
She marked not that the rain-swoll'n flood
Was islanding her station.
The tempest mocked her feeble cry;
No saint his aid would give her:

The flood swelled high and yet more high,
And swept her down the river.

"Yet oft beneath the pale moonlight,
When hollow winds are blowing,
The shadow of that maiden bright
Glides by the dark stream's flowing.
And when the storms of midnight rave,
While clouds the broad moon cover,
The wild gusts waft across the wave
The cry of 'Over, over!'"

While the friar was singing, Marian was meditating; and when he had ended she said, "Honest friar, you have misplaced your tradition, which belongs to the æstuary of a nobler river, where the damsel was swept away by the rising of the tide, for which your land-flood is an indifferent substitute. But the true tradition of this stream I think I myself possess, and I will narrate it in your own way:—

"It was a friar of orders free,
A friar of Rubygill;
At the greenwood tree a vow made he,
But he kept it very ill;
A vow made he of chastity,
But he kept it very ill.
He kept it, perchance, in the conscious shade
Of the bounds of the forest wherein it was made:
But he roamed where he listed, as free as the wind,
And he left his good vow in the forest behind;
For its woods out of sight were his vow out of mind,
With the friar of Rubygill.

"In lonely hut himself he shut,
The friar of Rubygill;
Where the ghostly elf absolved himself
To follow his own good will:
And he had no lack of canary sack
To keep his conscience still.
And a damsel well knew, when at lonely midnight
It gleamed on the waters, his signal-lamp light:
'Over! over!' she warbled with nightingale throat,
And the friar sprang forth at the magical note,
And she crossed the dark stream in his trim ferry-boat,
With the friar of Rubygill."

"Look you now," said Robin, "if the friar does not blush. Many strange sights have I seen in my day, but never till this moment did I see a blushing friar."

"I think," said the friar, "you never saw one that blushed not, or you saw good canary thrown away. But you are welcome to laugh if it so please you. None shall laugh in my company, though it be at my expense, but I will have my share of the merriment. The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance. The worst thing is good enough to be laughed at, though it be good for nothing else; and the best thing, though it be good for something else, is good for nothing better."

And he struck up a song in praise of laughing and quaffing, without further adverting to Marian's insinuated accusation; being perhaps of opinion that it was a subject on which the least said would be the soonest mended.

So passed the night. In the morning a forester came to the friar with the intelligence that Prince John had been compelled, by the urgency of his affairs in other quarters, to disembarrass Nottingham Castle of his royal presence. Our wanderers returned joyfully to their forest dominion, being thus relieved from the vicinity of any more formidable belligerent than their old bruised and beaten enemy, the Sheriff of Nottingham.

GEORGE PEELE

(1553?–1598?)

GEORGE PEELE'S life is shrouded in mystery; but enough is known of him to say that he was a man of education, who, like so many of his fellow Elizabethan playwrights, lived fast and died young. He formed one of the group of pre-Shakespearean dramatists, who stand for the transitional period between the older moralities—those crude attempts at stage allegory—and the craftsmanship of the master-poet. Neither the birthday nor the death-day of Peele is known. He is believed to have been born in Devonshire in or about 1553; and he was dead by 1598. His father was a London merchant, who had the distinction of writing a work on book-keeping said to have introduced the Italian system to England. The son was an Oxford man, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1577, and his degree of Master of Arts two years later. Before he left the University he was recognized as a poet, and was marked for his tendencies to social gayety; a trait that became still more pronounced when he went up to London, where he was ejected from his father's house, and joined the roystering set of blades known as the University wits, who wrote plays and poems and burned life's candle at both ends. He was reputed a sad wag, as the untrustworthy volume 'The Jests of George Peele' testifies. He foregathered with Nash, Marlowe, and Greene, and by tradition haunted the tavern and the green-room,—a dissolute scribbler in whom was a spark of genius, and who, however irregular his habits, dying in mid-manhood left literary work which declares him, after all, an industrious author. He made five dramas, and besides published a number of volumes of poems and pageants. The first drama, 'The Arraignment of Paris,' probably presented in 1581, is a pastoral treatment, mostly in heroic couplets, of the myth of the awarding of the golden apple, with a naïve patriotic application,—making Venus, who wins the prize of beauty, yield it in turn to Queen Elizabeth. 'The Famous Chronicle of Edward I.' (1593) shows the writer struggling towards the true historical tragedy. It has some effective scenes but little poetry, and as a whole is confused and ill-welded. 'The Battle of Alcazar' (1592) is a vigorous play, but lacks construction. 'The Old Wives' Tales' (1595) is a rollicking farce, stuffed with nonsense, and one of those inchoate dramatic performances very characteristic of the earlier

English playwrights, but far removed from a serious art purpose. Its main significance lies in its having supplied Milton with 'Comus.' It is in his last play, 'David and Bethsabe,' printed in 1599, that Peele reached his high-water mark of imaginative poetry. It deals with the Bible story in a spirit of sensuous romanticism, and contains lovely passages of blank verse of the amatory and descriptive sort, handling that measure with a skill such as only Marlowe of the forerunners of Shakespeare has surpassed. The piece lacks dramatic force, being idyllic in motive and manner. A pastoral drama, 'The Hunting of Cupid,' known to have been written by Peele, has been lost. This author's miscellaneous writings include three pageants or court spectacles, and half a dozen volumes of poems,—the most elaborate of which is 'The Honor of the Garter,' a blank-verse gratulatory address to several noblemen, and containing in its dedication a fine tribute to his dead friend Marlowe. Some of Peele's lyrics, found in his plays or in his various volumes of verse, are among the most beautiful in the whole range of Elizabethan song; and no representation of his work can omit them. They became popular at once, and were printed in various song collections of the time. A man of considerable culture, he shows both classic and Italian influence in his writing; but his occasional rich, smooth, fanciful utterance was his by birthright, and merits forgiveness for his dramatic shortcomings. As a playmaker he did not do so much in preparing the way for Shakespeare as other contemporaries like Lyly or Greene. But he surpassed them in his occasional lyric touch and tone.

OLD AGE

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
Oh time too swift, oh swiftness never ceasing:
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain,—youth waneth by increasing
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:—

"Blessed be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong.
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight."

DAVID AND BETHSABE

From Dyce's Edition of Peele's Works, Vol. II.

He draws a curtain and discovers Bethsabe *with her maid bathing over a spring; she sings, and* David *sits above viewing her.*

The Song

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,—
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstayed desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe—

Come, gentle Zephyr, trickt with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keep every fountain fresh and arbor sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wanton with us through the leaves.

David— What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensèd with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?

Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Strook with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
Be still enameled with discolored flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make,
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon's hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

. . . . . .

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks;
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and as you open, sing,
Welcome fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.

FROM 'A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,
With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves;
Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs
Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,
Where pleasant Thames from Isis's silver head
Begins her quiet glide, and runs along

To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,
Near neighbor to the ancient stony tower,
The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.
Change love for arms, girt to your blades, my boys!
Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,
And let god Mars his consort make you mirth,—
The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,
The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,
The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.
Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home;
Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,
That under many a standard well advanced
Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;
Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukely, and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!
With noble Norris and victorious Drake,
Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,
To propagate religious piety
And hew a passage with your conquering swords
By land and sea, wherever Phœbus's eye,
Th' eternal lamp of heaven, lends us light;
By golden Tagus, or the western Ind,
Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,
The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,
From great Alcides's pillars branching forth,
Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;
There to deface the pride of Antichrist,
And pull his paper walls and popery down,—
A famous enterprise for England's strength,
To steel your swords on Avarice's triple crown,
And cleanse Augeas's stall in Italy.
To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land
Lie open to the voyage you intend:
And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,
Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,
Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,
To Afric's shore, or rich America,
Down to the shades of deep Avernus's crags,
Sail on; pursue your honors to your graves.
Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,
And every climate virtue's tabernacle.
To arms, to arms, to honorable arms!

SILVIO PELLICO

(1789–1854)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

IN THE little curious old capital of Savoy, some thirty miles southwest of Turin, stands an elegant but unobtrusive monument which is a centre of pilgrimage from all quarters of the literary world. Around this monument, in the year of our Lord 1889, were gathered the most distinguished representatives of literature, learning, and patriotism from all parts of Italy and of Europe, to celebrate with eloquence and song the hundredth anniversary of the birth there of Saluzzo's most illustrious son, a name now as familiar as that of Dante throughout the civilized world,—Silvio Pellico.

SILVIO PELLICO

Here he and a twin sister of extraordinary beauty (who exercised an important influence over his whole life) were born on the 21st of June, 1789. The mother was a Tournier (a name famous in the manufacture of silk) of Chambéry, the ancient capital of Savoy; then as now, after several alternations, a province of France, and always an important intellectual centre, as well as a leader in silk manufactures. Mademoiselle Tournier had relations also in the silk trade in Lyons. So prized or so important was the name regarded, that she retained it after marriage, and is always spoken of as La Signora Pellico Tournier.

The fact that his family was not noble, like that of Alfieri and Manzoni and so many others in the front rank of Italian literature, with whom Pellico is of necessity brought into literary comparison, but was of the prosperous mercantile class; and further, that his mother, a woman as it appears of a strong character, was of the warm blood of the *bourgeoisie* of southern France,—is a matter of interest and importance in many ways to the critical historian of literature, but one on which it is beyond the scope of this work to dwell. It is only necessary here to point out that it naturally set him nearer to the heart of the common people; led him into those associations,

and brought him to breathe in that atmosphere of heated patriotism, so called, which cost him many years of dreadful suffering, and cost the world, perhaps, the loss of some peculiar and precious things which would otherwise have flowed from his gentle, sympathetic pen.

The father and mother of Pellico, however, were cultivated and religious people. The father was also a poet of some fame, and formerly held an important civil office in the government. During the political overturnings of the stormy times which ushered in this century in Europe, he lost his civil function, and engaged in the manufacture of silk.

The children, of whom there were six,—three boys and three girls, alternating with one another in the order of their birth,—were educated at home with the aid of tutors; which home was changed first to Turin, and finally to Milan, where the father had been restored to a place in the civil government. This education of the children under the devoted care of these excellent people, in an atmosphere of religion, learning, and the purest domestic love, told with beautiful effect on both the mind and heart of Silvio, and left a distinct impress on his whole life and work.

His adored twin sister he always speaks of as beautiful and lovely beyond description; and to her he was inseparably attached. In their eighteenth year this sister was married to a silk merchant of Lyons. Silvio went with her on the bridal journey to her home, and remained in her house four studious years. It was the time of the swiftly ascending glory of the First Empire in France. Napoleon I. was already the wonder and terror of Europe. Italy was feeling, with mingled and conflicting emotions, his irresistible hand.

The passionate yet ingenuous, patriotic youth felt his heart burn and his blood boil at the changes and crimes that were transpiring in Italy, especially in his own Savoy and Lombardy; and in 1811 he returned to Milan, with the purpose of doing what he could for his country. He lived there in great intimacy with Ugo Foscolo and Vincenzo Monti, and many of the leading liberal poets and littérateurs of the day.

When in 1815 Napoleon had disappeared, and the Congress of Vienna had remapped Western Europe, and the iron hand of Austria clenched his fatherland with a tenfold crueler grip, his patriotism overstepped the limits of prudence. He not only set himself to writing articles offensive to the government, but actually connected himself with the *Carbonari* (or Coalmen, on account of holding their meetings in a coal cellar), a treasonable secret society of the lower orders. He was arrested, and languished two years in the prison of the Piombi in Venice. He was at length tried for constructive

treason, and condemned to die. By the clemency of the Emperor the sentence was commuted to hard labor for fifteen years in the subterranean dungeons of the Spielberg.

How could he be so imprudent? Yes, how could he? Perhaps the incredible brutality of that Austrian tyranny is forgotten. Let me quote from the 'Martyrs of Italy,' by Bocci and Zaccaria, certainly authentic history, only one of hundreds of similar or worse examples, some of which cannot be quoted:—

«In Milan a Florentine girl of eighteen, and her companion, a girl of twenty, from Cremona, were condemned to fifteen stripes each, for having reproached a renegade Italian woman, who had made an obtrusive display from one of her windows of the colors black and yellow,—the colors of the Austrian flag! And when the wretched girls were led out stripped for punishment into the public square, and the edifying sentence was being executed in the sight of thousands, all the *élite* of Austrian society from their carriages and palace windows looked on and laughed at the fright and frantic cries and agony and shame of the poor girls!»

And remember that Pellico had sisters whom he loved more than life.

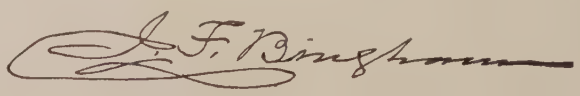
The 'Francesca da Rimini' had been produced. It had caught the ear of the people. Fame seemed to be coming. But he was still in the dew of youth. His name was new in the world of letters. Suddenly, in this first blossoming of youthful promise, he was withdrawn from view, as entirely as if he were in his grave. He was virtually in the chambers of the dead—even in hell itself.

Had his story ended here, the world would have heard no more of Silvio Pellico. But he lived to come forth from his long entombment, to mingle again in the activities of this living world, and to recount the tremendous and refined tortures undergone by the wretched human beings who moved and breathed and suffered in these infernal abodes, still this side the river of death. No sooner was that story uttered upon the free air of heaven, than it was evident to all the world that the star of Pellico had not set. It had emerged from the black cloud which ten years before had seemed to quench it, now like a comet blazing in the face of the universe.

The book 'Le Mie Prigioni' (My Imprisonment) was first published in Turin in 1832. It was written in a style of unpretending simplicity, with an almost superhuman gentleness and sincerity (considering the subjects of which it treats), and with an angelic pathos all his own, without one blast of malediction, one growling thunder of the coming storm; but in the event it made the Austrian powers turn pale, and shook that old iron throne. It was quickly translated into every language of modern Europe, carried the civilized world off its feet with admiration and astonishment and made all Christendom

blush with sympathy and anger; and as was remarked by an eminent statesman of the time, "it struck a heavier blow upon the tyranny of Austria, and for Italian liberty, than would have been the loss of an army in battle."

With a constitution broken by suffering, he lingered on in a certain literary activity till 1854; but left no other results comparable to the productions of his youth.



FROM 'LE MIE PRIGIONI'

His Purpose in Writing the Book

In writing these memories, my motive has been that of contributing to the comfort of the unhappy, by making known the evils I have borne and the consolations I have found attainable under the greatest misfortunes; that of bearing witness that in the midst of my long sufferings I have not found human nature so degraded, so unworthy of indulgence, so deficient in excellent characters, as it is commonly represented; that of inviting noble hearts to love much, to hate no human being, to feel irreconcilable hatred only towards mean deceit, pusillanimity, perfidy, and all moral degradation; that of repeating a truth well known, but often forgotten,—that both religion and philosophy require an energetic will and calm judgment; and that without the union of these qualities there can be neither justice, nor dignity, nor strength of principle.

Arrest and First Day in Prison

On Friday the 13th of October, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and carried to the prison of Santa Margherita. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. I was immediately subjected to a long examination, which was continued through several days. But of this I shall say nothing. Like a lover ill-treated of his mistress, and manfully resolved to keep himself aloof from her, I shall leave politics where they are, and speak of other things.

At nine in the evening of that miserable Friday, the notary consigned me to the jailer, who conducted me to the room

destined for me. He civilly requested me to give up to him (to be restored in due time) my watch, my money, and everything else that I had in my pockets, and respectfully wished me a good-night.

"Stop, dear sir," said I to him, "I have not dined to-day: let something be brought me."

"Immediately; the eating-house is near, and you will find the wine good, sir."

"I do not drink wine."

At this answer Signor Angiolino looked alarmed, and hoped I was jesting. Jailers who sell wine have a horror of an abstemious prisoner.

"Indeed I do not drink it."

"I am sorry for you: you will suffer doubly from solitude." . . . He went out, and in less than half an hour I had my dinner. I ate a few mouthfuls, swallowed a glass of water, and was left alone.

My room was on the lower floor, and looked out upon the court. There were cells on each side, above, and opposite. I leaned on the window, and listened for some time to the passing and repassing of the jailers, and to the wild singing of some of the prisoners.

I reflected:—

"A century ago this was a monastery; the holy and penitent virgins who dwelt here never imagined that at this day their cells would resound no more with the sighs of women and with pious hymns, but with blasphemies and indecent songs, and would contain men of all kinds,—the greater part destined to hard labor, or to the gallows.

"Yesterday I was one of the happiest of men: to-day I no longer possess any of the joys which gladdened my life; liberty, intercourse with my friends, hope itself is gone. I shall go hence only to be thrown into some horrible den, or to be consigned to the executioner. Well, the day after my death, it will be the same as if I had expired in a palace and had been borne to the tomb with the greatest honors."

But my thoughts turned to my father, my mother, my two brothers, my two sisters, and another family which I loved as if it were my own; and my philosophical reasoning was of no avail,—I was overcome, and wept like a child.

The Romance with Maddalena

From the gallery that was under my window there was a passage through an arch to another court, where were the prisons and hospitals for females. A single wall, and that very thin, divided me from one of the rooms of the women. Often these poor creatures almost stunned me with their songs, sometimes with their quarrels.

Late in the evening, when all was still, I heard them talk. Some of those female voices were sweet, and those — why should I not say it? — were dear to me. One sweeter than the others was heard less often, and never uttered vulgar thoughts. She sung little, and for the most part only these two pathetic lines: —

«Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?»

Sometimes she sang the Litanies; and her companions accompanied her, but I could always distinguish the voice of Maddalena amidst all the power of louder and rougher voices. Her companions called her Maddalena, and related their troubles to her, and she pitied them and sighed and said, «Take courage, my dear: the Lord never forsakes any one.»

What could prevent me from imagining her beautiful, and more unfortunate than culpable; born for virtue, and capable of returning to it if she had swerved from it? Who could blame me if I were affected by the sound of her voice? if I listened to her with respectful interest, if I prayed for her with peculiar fervor? Who will restore to the wretched (female) her happiness?

Innocence is to be honored; but how much is repentance to be honored also! Did the best of men, the God-man, disdain to cast his compassionate looks upon sinful women, to regard their confusion, and to associate them with the souls whom he most honored? Why then should we so much despise a woman who has fallen into ignominy? I was a hundred times tempted to raise my voice and make a declaration of fraternal love to Maddalena. Once I began the first syllable of her name: «Mad—!» My heart beat as if I were a boy of fifteen in love. I could go no further. I began again: «Mad—! Mad—!» but it was useless. I felt myself ridiculous, and exclaimed angrily,

«Matto!* and not Mad!» Thus ended my romance with this poor woman.

Mayst thou, O unknown sinner, not have been condemned to a heavy punishment! Or, to whatever punishment thou hast been condemned, mayst thou profit by it, to recover thy worth and live and die dear to the Lord! Mayst thou be compassionated and respected by all who know thee, as thou hast been by me, who know thee not! Mayst thou inspire in every one who sees thee patience, gentleness, the desire of virtue and trust in God, as thou hast in him who loves thee without having seen thee! My fancy may err when it paints thee beautiful in body, but I cannot doubt the beauty of thy soul. Thy companions spoke with coarseness, thou with modesty and courtesy; they blasphemed and thou didst bless God; they quarreled and thou wert the composer of their strife. If any one has taken thee by the hand to withdraw thee from the career of dishonor; if he has conferred benefits on thee with delicacy; if he has dried thy tears, may all blessings be showered upon him, upon his children and his children's children!

Two Visits from his Father

The notary who had examined me came one morning and announced to me with an air of mystery a visit which would give me pleasure; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me for it, he said, «In short, it is your father: follow me, if you please.»

I followed him below into the public offices, agitated with pleasure and tenderness, forcing myself to appear with a serene aspect, which might tranquillize my poor father. When he heard of my arrest, he hoped it was upon some unfounded suspicion, and that I should soon be released. But finding that my detention continued, he had come to solicit my liberation of the Austrian government. Sad illusion of paternal love! He could not believe that I had been so rash as to expose myself to the rigor of the laws; and the studied cheerfulness with which I spoke to him persuaded him that I had no misfortune to apprehend.

In the circumstances in which Italy then was, I felt certain that Austria would give some extraordinary examples of rigor,

* Insane.

and that I should be condemned to death, or to many years of imprisonment. To hide this belief from a father! to flatter him with the hope of my speedy liberation! to restrain my fears when I embraced him, when I spoke to him of my mother, of my brothers and my sisters, whom I thought never to behold again upon earth! to beg him with an unfaltering voice to come and see me again, if he were able! Nothing ever cost me so much effort.

He went away greatly comforted, and I returned to my cell with a tortured heart. I broke out into sobs, yet could not shed a tear. A burning fever attacked me, accompanied by a violent headache. I swallowed not even a spoonful of soup the whole day. "Would this were a mortal illness," I said: "that would shorten my sufferings."

Two days afterward my father returned. I had slept well during the night, and was free from fever. I resumed my easy and cheerful deportment, and no one suspected what my heart had suffered and was yet to suffer. "I trust," said my father, "that in a few days you will be sent to Turin. We have already prepared your room, and shall expect you with great anxiety. My official duties oblige me to return. Endeavor, I pray you, to join me soon."

My heart was torn by his tender and melancholy expressions of affection. It seemed to me that filial piety required dissimulation, yet I dissembled with a kind of remorse. Would it not have been more worthy of my father and of myself if I had said to him: "Probably we shall see each other no more in this world! Let us part like men, without murmuring, without tears; and let me hear a father's blessing pronounced on my head!"

This language would have been a thousand times more agreeable to me than disguise. But I looked upon the eyes of that venerable old man, his features and his gray hairs, and he did not appear to me to have the strength to hear me speak thus. And what if, through my unwillingness to deceive him, I had seen him abandon himself to despair, perhaps fall into a swoon, perhaps (horrible idea!) be struck with death in my arms! I could neither tell him the truth nor suffer him to perceive it. We parted without tears. I returned to my cell tortured as before, or more fiercely still.

His Sufferings from Heat and Gnats in the Piombi

The winter had been mild; and after some windy weather in March, the hot season came on. The heat of the air in the den that I inhabited is indescribable. It faced directly south under a leaden roof, and with the window opening on the roof of St. Mark's, also of lead, the reflection from which was tremendous. I was suffocated. In addition to this suffering, there was such a multitude of gnats that however I labored to destroy them, I was covered with them; the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling,—everything was covered with them; and the surrounding air contained an infinite number, always going and coming through the window, and making an infernal buzzing. The stings of these creatures are painful; and being pierced by them from morning till night, and from night till morning, with the everlasting vexation of striving to diminish their number, I suffered frightfully both in body and mind: and when I was unable to obtain a change of my prison, the thought of suicide entered my mind, and at times I feared I should become mad.

The Romance with Zanze

I had begged that *la Siora Zanze* would make my coffee. This was the daughter of the jailer, who, if she could do it without the knowledge of her mother, made it very strong. More than once it happened that the coffee was not made by the compassionate Zanze, and it was wretched stuff. One day when I reproved her harshly, as if she had deceived me, the poor girl wept and said to me:—

«Signore, I have never deceived anybody; and yet every one calls me a deceiver.»

«Every one? Oh! then I am not the only one who is angry about this wretched coffee?»

«I do not mean that, signore. Ah, if you only knew!—if I could pour out my wretched heart into yours!»

«But do not weep so! I ask your pardon. I believe it is not your fault that I had such bad coffee.»

«I do not weep for that, signore.»

«The cause is something different, then?»

«Yes, truly.»

"Who calls you a deceiver?"

"My lover."

Her face was covered with blushes; and in her ingenuous confidence she related to me a serio-comic idyl which affected me. From that day I became the confidant of the girl, and she was disposed to talk with me a great deal.

"Signore, you are so good," she said to me, "that I look up to you as a daughter to her father."

"You pay me a poor compliment," I replied: "I am hardly thirty-two."

"Well, then, signore, I will say as a brother." She seized my hand, and held it affectionately; and all this was in perfect innocence.

I said to myself afterwards: "It is fortunate she is not a beauty; otherwise this innocent familiarity might disconcert me."

At other times I said: "It is fortunate she is so young! There can be no danger of my being in love with such a child."

At other times I was a little uneasy, from its seeming to me that I had deceived myself in considering her plain; and I was obliged to acknowledge that the outlines of her figure were good, and her features not irregular.

"If she were not so pale," I said, "and had not those few freckles on her face, she might pass for handsome."

It is impossible not to find some charm in the presence, looks, and conversation of a lively and affectionate girl. I had done nothing to win her kindness; and yet I was dear to her, as *a father* or *a brother*, as I might prefer. Why? Because she had read the 'Francesca da Rimini,' and the 'Eufemio,' and my verses made her weep so much! and then I was a prisoner without having, as she said, either robbed or murdered! Now was it possible that I, who had been attached to the Maddalena without seeing her, should be indifferent to the sisterly attentions, to the agreeable flattery, to the excellent coffee of the lively young Venetian police-girl?

I was not in love with her. But if the sentiment she awoke in me was not what is called love, I confess that it was something like it. I desired that she should be happy, that she should succeed in marrying him who pleased her. I had no jealousy towards the object of her affection. But when I heard the door open, my heart beat with the hope that it was Zanze: if it were

not, I was dissatisfied; if it were, my heart beat yet more strongly, and I was delighted.

She had a simplicity and lovableness which was seducing. «I am so much in love with another man,» she said to me, «yet I love so to stay with you! When I do not see my lover, I am uneasy everywhere but here; and it seems to me that it is because I esteem you so very much.» Poor girl! she had the blessed fault of continually taking my hand and pressing it, and did not perceive that this pleased and disturbed me at the same time. Now was I to blame if I wished for her visits with tender solicitude, if I appreciated their sweetness, if I was pleased to be pitied by her, and requited sympathy with sympathy, since our thoughts relating to each other were as pure as the purest thoughts of infancy? since even her taking my hand, and her most affectionate looks, while they disturbed me, filled me with a saving reverence?

One evening, while she poured into my heart a great affliction that she had experienced, the unhappy girl threw her arms upon my neck, and covered my face with her tears. In this embrace there was not the shadow of a profane thought. A daughter could not embrace her father with more respect. Another time, when she abandoned herself to a similar burst of filial confidence, I quickly unbound myself from her dear arms, and without pressing her upon my bosom, without kissing her, said stammering: «Pray do not ever embrace me, Zanze: it is not right.» She looked into my face, looked down, blushed, and it was the first time that she read in my soul the possibility of any weakness in relation to her. She did not cease to be familiar with me, but from that time her familiarity became more respectful, more in accordance with my wishes; and I was grateful to her for it.

Zanze fell sick. During the first days of her illness she came to see me, and complained of great pain in her head. She wept, but did not and would not explain the cause of her tears. She only stammered of her lover, «He is a bad man; but may God forgive him!»

«I shall return to-morrow morning,» she said one evening. But my coffee was brought by a prison attendant. He said some ambiguous things about this girl's love affair, which made my hair stand on end. A month later she was carried into the country, and I saw her no more, and my prison became again like a tomb.

His Sufferings from Cold

The summer being ended, during the last half of September the heat diminished. October came, and I then rejoiced in having a room which would be comfortable in winter. But one morning the jailer told me that he had orders to change my cell.

"And where am I to go?"

"A few steps from this into a cooler room."

"And why did you not think of it when I was dying with heat; when the air was all gnats and the bed all bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Well, patience! let us go."

Although I had suffered so much in that room, it pained me to leave it; not only because it would have been best in the cold season, but for many other reasons. Had not this sad prison been cheered by the compassion of Zanze? How often she rested on that window! There she used to sit; in that place she told me one story, in this another; there she bent over my table, and her tears dropped upon it.

It [the new room] was in the Piombi, but on the north and west; an abode of perpetual cold, and of horrible ice in the severe months.

The Reception of the Final Sentence

On the 21st of February, 1822, the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the forenoon. He conducted me to the hall of the commission, and withdrew. The president, the inquisitor, and the two assistant judges were seated. They rose. The president, with an expression of generous commiseration, told me that my sentence had arrived, and that the judgment had been terrible, but that the Emperor had mitigated its severity. The inquisitor read the sentence, "Condemned to death." He then read the imperial rescript: "The punishment is commuted to fifteen years' severe imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg."

I answered, "The will of God be done!" It was truly my intention to receive this terrible blow as a Christian, and neither to show nor to indulge resentment against any one.

"We regret," said the inquisitor, "that to-morrow the sentence must be announced to you in public; but the formality cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so, then," I said. God had put me to a severe proof. My duty was to sustain it with fortitude. I could not! I would not! I had rather hate than forgive. I passed an infernal night.

At nine in the forenoon Maroncelli and I were put into a gondola. We landed at the palace of the Doge and ascended to the prisons. We were put into a cell and waited long. It was not till noon that the inquisitor appeared and announced to us that it was time to go. The physician was present and proposed to us to drink a glass of mint-water. We did so, and were grateful for his kindness. The chief of the guard then put handcuffs on us. We descended, and between two files of German soldiers, passed through the gateway into the Piazzetta, in the centre of which was the scaffold we were to ascend.

Having mounted the scaffold, we looked around and saw the immense crowd of people filled with consternation. In several places at a distance other soldiers were drawn up, and we were told that cannon with lighted matches were stationed on every side. The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the open gallery an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice. Profound silence reigned until he came to the words, "Condemned to death." Then a general murmur of compassion arose. Silence again succeeded, that the reading might be finished. New murmurs arose at the words — "Condemned to severe imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen."

The captain then made a sign for us to descend. We did so, again entering the court, reascending the great stairs, and returning to the room from which we had been taken. Our handcuffs were removed, and we were taken back to San Michele.

His Journey to the Final Prison of the Spielberg

After the delay of a month and four days, we set out for the Spielberg in the night between the 25th and 26th of March. A police servant chained us transversely, the right hand to the left foot, to render our escape impossible. Six or seven guards, armed with muskets and sabres, part within the carriage and part on the box with the driver, completed the convoy of the commissary.

In passing through the Illyrian and German provinces, the exclamation was universal, "Poor gentlemen!" In a village of

Styria, a young girl followed us in the midst of a crowd, and when our carriage stopped for a few minutes, saluted us with both hands, then went away with a handkerchief at her eyes, leaning on the arm of a melancholy-looking young man.

On the 10th of April we arrived at the place of our destination. About three hundred convicts, for the most part robbers and assassins, are here confined. Those condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*) are obliged to labor, to wear chains on their feet, to sleep on bare planks, and to eat the poorest food imaginable. Those condemned to very severe imprisonment (*carcere durissimo*) are chained more horribly, with a band of iron around the waist, and the chain fastened in the wall in such a way that they can only walk by the side of the planks which serve them for a bed; their food is the same, although the law says *bread and water*. We, prisoners of State, were condemned to *severe imprisonment*.

The First Day in the Prison of Spielberg

We were consigned to the superintendent of the prison. Our names were registered among those of the robbers. We were then conducted to a subterranean corridor. A dark room was opened for each of us, and each was shut up there.

When I found myself alone in this horrible den, and heard the bolts fastened, and distinguished, by the dim light which fell from the small high window, the bare planks given me for a bed, and an enormous chain in the wall, I seated myself on that bed shuddering; and took up the chain and measured its length, thinking it was intended for me.

Half an hour after, I heard the keys grate; the door was opened, and the head jailer brought me a pitcher of water.

"This is to drink," he said, "and to-morrow morning I will bring the bread." He turned back asking me how long I had coughed so badly; and hurled a great curse against the physician for not coming the same evening to visit me.

"You have a galloping fever," he added: "I can perceive that you need at least a sack of straw; but till the physician has ordered it we cannot give it to you." He went away and closed the door, and I laid myself on the hard plank, burning with fever and with strong pain in the breast.

In the evening the superintendent came, accompanied by the jailer, a corporal, and two soldiers, to make an examination.

Three daily examinations were prescribed, one in the morning, one in the evening, and one at midnight. The prisoner is stripped naked, every corner of the cell and every article of clothing are strictly examined.

The first time I saw this troop, being then ignorant of those vexatious usages, and delirious from the fever, I fancied they had started to kill me, and grasped the long chain that was near me to break the head of the first who should approach me.

"What are you doing?" said the superintendent: "we are not come to do you any harm. This is a visit of formality to all the cells, to assure ourselves that there is no irregularity there." The jailer stretched out his hand; I let go the chain and took his hand between mine.

"How it burns!" said he to the superintendent.

His First Experience of the Diet of the Spielberg Prison

On Thursday morning, two hours after the visitation had been made, the jailer brought me a piece of brown bread, saying: "This is your portion for two days."

At eleven my dinner was brought by a convict, accompanied by Schiller the jailer. It consisted of two iron pots, one containing very bad broth, the other beans seasoned with such a sauce that the mere smell brought disgust. I attempted to swallow some spoonfuls of broth, but it was not possible for me. Schiller kept saying, over and over again, "Have courage: get yourself accustomed to this food; otherwise it will happen to you as it has to others, to eat nothing but a little bread, and then die of weakness."

He Assumes the Prison Uniform

Five days after this, my prison dress was brought me. It consisted of a pair of pantaloons of coarse cloth, the right side gray, the left of *capuchin* color [chocolate]; a waistcoat of the two colors disposed in the same way; and a roundabout coat of the same colors, but arranged in the opposite way. The stockings were of coarse wool, the shirt of tow-cloth full of shives, a real hair-cloth; and round the neck was a piece of cloth like the shirt. The brogans were of uncolored leather, laced. The hat was white. This livery was completed by a chain from one leg to the other, the cuffs of which were closed by rivets headed down on an anvil.

He Tries to Live on the "Quarter-Portion"

The physician, seeing that none of us could eat the kind of food that had been given us, put us upon what was called the *quarter-portion;* that is, the diet of the hospital. This was some very thin soup three times a day, a small piece of roast lamb that might be swallowed at a mouthful, and perhaps three ounces of white bread. As my health improved, that *quarter* was too little. I tried to return to the food of the well, but it was so disgusting that I could not eat it. It was absolutely necessary that I should keep to the *quarter;* and for more than a year I knew what are the torments of hunger.

Our barber, a young man who came to us every Saturday, said to me one day, "It is reported in the city that they give you gentlemen but little to eat."

"It is very true," I replied. The next Saturday he brought and offered me secretly a large loaf of white bread. Schiller pretended not to see him offer it. If I had listened to my stomach, I should have accepted it; but I stood firm in refusing, lest the poor young man should be tempted to repeat his gift, which some day might be a heavy mischief to him.

The Comfort and the Pang of Sympathy

It was from the first an established rule that each of us should be permitted to walk for an hour twice a week. "A pleasant walk to you!" each whispered through the opening, as I passed his door; but I was not allowed to stop to salute any one. In the court we met several passing Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect, and said among themselves, "He is not a rogue like us, yet his imprisonment is more severe than ours." One of them once said to me, "Your greeting, signore, does me good. An unhappy passion dragged me to commit a crime: O signore, I am not, indeed I am not, a villain." Then he burst into tears.

One morning, as I was returning from walking, the door of Oroboni's cell stood open; Schiller was within, and had not heard me coming. My guards stepped forward to close the door; but I anticipated them, darted in, and was in the arms of Oroboni. Schiller was dumbfounded. "Der Teufel! der Teufel!" he cried; and raised his finger threateningly. But his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, "O my God, have mercy on these poor young

men, and on me, and on all the unhappy, Thou who didst suffer so much upon earth!" The guards shed tears also.

Oroboni said, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the most precious days of my life!" When Schiller conjured us to separate, and we were forced to obey him, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears and said, "Shall we never see each other again upon earth?" I never did see him more. Some months afterward his room was empty, and Oroboni was lying in that cemetery which I had in front of my window.

MEETING OF FRANCESCA AND PAOLO

From 'Francesca da Rimini'

PAOLO [*alone*] —
To look on her — for the last time. My love
Renders me deaf to duty's voice. To go,
To see her nevermore, were sacred duty.
I cannot that. Oh, how she looked at me!
Grief makes her still more beautiful; ah, yes,
More beautiful, more superhuman fair
She seems to me: and have I lost her too?
Has Lanciotto snatched her from my arms?
Oh, maddening thought! Oh! oh! do I not love
My brother? Happy he is now, and long
May he be so. But what? to build his own
Sweet lot must he a brother's heart-strings break?

Francesca [*advancing without seeing Paolo*] —
Where is my father? At the least from him
I might have known if he still lodges here.
My — brother-in-law! These walls I ever shall
Hold dear. Ah, yes, his spirit will exhale
Upon this sacred soil which he has wet
With tears! O impious woman, chase away
Such criminal thoughts: I am a wife!

Paolo — She talks
In a soliloquy, and groans.

Francesca — Alas,
This place I must forsake: it is too full
Of him! To my own private altar I
Must go apart, and day and night, prostrate
Before my God, beg mercy for my sins;

That He, the Lord and only refuge of
Afflicted hearts, will not abandon me
Entire. [*She starts to go.*

Paolo— Francesca—

Francesca— Oh! what do I see!
Sir—what wilt thou?

Paolo— To speak with thee again.

Francesca— *To speak with me?* Alas, I am alone!—
O father, father, where art thou? Dost thou
Leave me alone? Thy own, thy daughter save!
I shall have strength to flee.

Paolo— Whither?

Francesca Oh, sir—
Alas, pursue me not! my wish respect;
To my house altar here I am retiring:
Th' unfortunate have need of heaven.

Paolo— At my
Paternal altars I will come to kneel
With thee. Who more unfortunate than I?
There shall our mingled thoughts ascend. O lady!
Thou shalt invoke my death, the death of him
Thou dost abhor. I too will pray that Heaven
Thy vows will hear, forgive thy hatred and
Pour joy into thy soul, and long preserve
The youth and beauty in thy looks, and give thee
All thy desire—all, all!—thy consort's love and
Beautiful children of him!

Francesca— Paolo,
Alas! what do I say? Alas, weep not.
Thy death I do not ask.

Paolo— Only thou dost
Abhor me.

Francesca— And what carest thou for it, if
I must abhor thee? I mar not thy life.
To-morrow I no longer shall be here.

Paolo— Francesca, if thou dost abhor me, what
Is that to me? and this thou askest, thou?
And does thy hate disturb my life? and these
Funereal words are thine?—Thou, beautiful
As a bright angel whom the Deity,
In the most ardent transport of his love,
Created, dear to every one,—and thou
A happy consort,—darest to talk of death.
Me it befalls that for vain honor's sake

I have been dragged from fatherland afar,
And lost. Unhappy wretch! I lost a father.
Hope always clung to re-embrace him. He
Would not have made me an unfortunate,
If I had opened up my heart to him;
And would have given me her—her whom I've lost
For aye.

Francesca— What dost thou mean? Talk of thy lady—
And dost thou live so wretched robbed of her?
Is love so prepotential in thy breast?
Love should not be the only flame that burns
In the bosom of a valorous cavalier.
Dear to him is his brand, and dear the trump
Of fame; noble affections these: pursue them.
Let not love make thee vile.

Paolo— What words are these?
Wouldst thou have pity? Wouldst thou still be able
Somewhat to cease thy hatred, if I should
With my good sword acquire some greater fame?
One word of thy command, 'tis done. Prescribe
The place, the years. To shores the most remote
I'll make my way; the graver I shall find
The enterprises, and the fuller fraught
With danger, so the sweeter they will be
To me, because Francesca laid them on me.
Honor and hardihood before have made
My sinews strong, but thy adorèd name
Will make them stronger. And, with thee intent,
Of tyrants now my glories will not be
Contaminate. Another crown than bay,
But woven still by thee, will I desire.
One single plaudit thine, one word, one smile,
One look—

Francesca— Eternal God! what sort of man
Is this?

Paolo— Francesca, I love thee, I love thee,
And desperate is my love.

Francesca— What do I hear!
Am I in a delirium? What didst
Thou say?

Paolo— I love thee.

Francesca— Why so bold? hush, hush!
They might o'erhear. Thou lov'st me! Is thy flame
So sudden? Dost not know I am thy own

Sister-in-law? So quickly canst thou cast
Into oblivion thy lady lost?—
Oh, wretched me! let go this hand of mine!
Thy kisses, oh, are crimes!

Paolo— No, no; my flame
Is not a sudden flash. A lady I
Have lost, and thou art she; of thee I spoke;
For thee I wept; thee did I love, do love thee,
Shall love thee always till my latest hour!
And even if I must in the world below
Th' eternal penance bear of wicked love,
Eternally I'll love thee more and more.

Francesca— Shall it be true? Was't me that thou didst love?

Paolo— The day that at Ravenna I arrived,
Yes, from that day I loved thee.

. . . . . .

Francesca— Thou, alas!
Leave off;—thou loved'st me?

Paolo— Then some time this flame
I did conceal, but still one day it seemed
That thou hadst read my heart. Thy steps thou wast
Directing from thy maiden chambers toward
Thy secret garden. I, beside the lake,
Stretched out at length among the flowers,
Thy chambers watched, and at thy coming rose
Trembling. Upon a book thy wandering eyes
Seemed to me not intent; upon the book
There fell a tear. Flushed with emotion, thou
Didst draw thee near to me, and then we read,—
Together read: "Of Lanciotto, how
Love bound him,"—and alone we were, without
Any suspicion near us. Then our looks
Encountered one another, and my face
Whitenèd,—thou didst tremble, and with haste
Didst vanish.

Francesca— What an escapade! With thee
The book remained.

Paolo— It lies upon my heart.
It used to make me happy in my far
Sojourn. Here 'tis. See, here the page we read.
Look here and see; here fell the tears that day,
From thy own eyes.

Translation of J. F. Bingham.

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633–1703)

BY ARTHUR GEORGE PESKETT

ON THE front of the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is inscribed the sentence from Cicero that Samuel Pepys chose as his motto: «Mens cuiusque is est quisque» —«The mind makes the man.» To those who regard him as a mixture of garrulous diarist and painstaking official the motto may seem inappropriate, for seen in this aspect alone he reaches no high level of intellectual attainment; but to all who have followed his career to its close and learned to know him better, the phrase sufficiently indicates his attitude towards the world at large. Himself a man of keen intelligence and great practical sagacity, he was extraordinarily quick to gauge and appraise the intelligence of others. Numerous passages of his diary attest this ready insight into the character and intellectual merits of his contemporaries, and the delight that he took in the society of those who, possessing information on any subject, no matter what its nature, could impart it agreeably. Pleasant discourse with friend or chance acquaintance upon topics grave or gay, trivial or weighty, is as sure to be recorded as important details of business or of State policy. He was a man of unbounded curiosity: to use his own quaint expression, he was always «with child to see any strange thing.»

SAMUEL PEPYS

With these more intellectual traits was united an inexhaustible capacity for purely animal enjoyment of life. It is this universality of human interest that makes him one of the most engaging characters in history, and his diary a unique production of literature. It was this same keen zest and interest in human affairs that stimulated him to become one of the most zealous and capable secretaries that the Admiralty Board has ever had. And we must add also that it was this many-sided enjoyment of life that led him frequently to indulge in pleasures that shock the stricter decorum of the present age. These characteristics, moreover, were combined with a naïve simplicity

and a childlike vanity that amaze, as much as they delight, the readers of his artless self-revelations. As a public functionary, if he did not quite reach the high standard of integrity required in these days, he was at any rate far in advance of many — perhaps the majority — of his contemporaries in the employ of the State, while his patriotism was always above question. Though constitutionally timid, he nevertheless possessed that moral courage which prevents a man from shirking his duty in moments of danger or difficulty. All through the Plague, when there was a general flight from London, he remained in or near town, and went on with his official work much as usual; nor does the diary contain a single expression of self-satisfaction at his own conduct in the matter. In disposition he was irascible and prone to undignified outbursts of temper, of which he was afterwards heartily ashamed. As to his religious views,—for they must be taken into account in estimating his character,—he lived and died in the accepted faith of a Christian; but his religion was strongly tinged with superstition, and exercised no potent influence over his early life. He was a regular attendant at church, and an uncompromising critic of sermons unless his attention was distracted by a fair face in a neighboring pew. He exclaims "God forgive me" if he strings his lute or reads "little French romances" or makes up his accounts on a Sunday; but he omits to seek the Divine forgiveness when, after attending two services, he flirts with a pretty young woman who he fears "is not so good as she ought to be." He loved and admired his wife, and was jealous of her; but he was a faithless spouse, and gravely recorded in his diary the minutest particulars of his amours.

Such, in its curious blending of strength and weakness, meanness and greatness, was the character of Samuel Pepys. A distinguished critic, James Russell Lowell, has called him a Philistine. If the term implies a man of somewhat coarse tastes, with no aptitude for profound thought, with no fine literary instinct and no subtle sense of humor, then and then only is the reproach a just one; for few will admit that a man of acknowledged capacity in affairs, one who after his great speech in defense of the Navy Board at the bar of the House of Commons was greeted as the most eloquent speaker of the age and as "another Cicero,"—a man who was president of the Royal Society, and was pronounced by competent judges a fit person to be provost of the great foundation of Henry VI. at Cambridge,—could fairly be called a Philistine in the ordinary sense of the word. But Pepys may justly claim to be judged by his works; and two abiding memorials bear striking testimony to the varied merits of his singular personality,—the Library and the Diary. It may be useful to give a short account of each of them.

It seems probable that Pepys began his book collecting in the year 1660; when his appointment, through the influence of his cousin

and patron Sir Edward Montagu, to a secretaryship in the office of Mr. Downing, and then to the clerkship of the Acts, gave him for the first time a sufficient income. Frequent references to the purchase of books will be found in the Diary, the binding sometimes proving a greater attraction than the contents. For instance, he writes May 15th, 1660: "Bought for the love of the binding three books: the French Psalms in four parts, Bacon's 'Organon,' and 'Farnab. Rhetor.'" So by slow degrees was amassed a library which at its owner's death contained three thousand volumes,—an unusual size for a private library of that day. As clerk to the Acts, and afterwards secretary to the Admiralty,—an office which he held from 1669 till the change of government in 1689,—he acquired a considerable number of valuable books and MSS. on naval affairs, which he intended to serve as material for a projected history of the English navy. Among other treasures are five large volumes of ballads or "broadsides," mostly in black-letter; three of State Papers, the gift of John Evelyn; three volumes of portraits in "taille-douce," collected apparently in response to a suggestion in a long and valuable letter from Evelyn, dated August 12th, 1689;* three of calligraphical collections; six of prints general; two of frontispieces in taille-douce; two of views and maps of London and Westminster; several early printed books, including some by Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde; the 'Libro de Cargos,'—a MS. list of the provisions and munitions of each ship in the Spanish Armada, compiled by the "Proveedor" of the Fleet, Bernabe de Pedroso; two MS. volumes of the Maitland poems; an account of the escape of Charles II. from Worcester, taken down in shorthand from the King's own dictation; and many other rarities too numerous to mention.

These books—except a few of the largest, which are in the cupboards of an old writing-table—were placed in twelve handsome presses of dark stained oak, in which they may still be seen in Magdalene College. The arranging, indexing, and cataloguing of so large a collection occupied much of Pepys's time, and that of his able assistant Paul Lorrain; and the whole library bears evidence to the minute care bestowed on its preservation. It was left by will to his nephew and heir John Jackson, second son of his sister Paulina, who once occupied the curious position of domestic servant in her brother's house. John Jackson was of great help to Pepys in the collection of his prints and drawings; traveling on the Continent, apparently at his uncle's expense, and bringing home numerous treasures to be enshrined in the library. On Pepys's death in 1703, the library passed into Jackson's hands; and on his death in 1724, it was transferred, in accordance with the diarist's will, to his own and his

* See 'Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn' (London, Bickers & Son, 1879), Vol. iii., pages 435 ff.

nephew's college of St. Mary Magdalene, there to be preserved in perpetuity. An interesting testimony to the care bestowed on the library by Jackson is afforded by the following entries, with his signature attached, in one of the catalogues: «Review'd and finally Placed August 1st, 1705: No one of ye 2474 Books contained in the foregoing Catalogue being then wanting. Jackson.» «Vid. rest of ye Library in Additament. Catalogue consisting of 526 Books more, making the whole Number just 3000. Jackson.» In another catalogue are two contemporary drawings* of the library in York Buildings, taken from different aspects. Only seven presses are there depicted. They are somewhat incorrectly drawn, and the position of the books must be due to the artist's fancy, or represent an arrangement afterwards discarded, as it is quite unsuitable to the present interior construction.

One would like to know how many of these books were read by their owner. During the period covered by the Diary, his work at the Navy Office and his numerous social engagements seem to have left him little time for reading, and in later life his defective eyesight must have rendered continuous or rapid reading extremely difficult; but of this later period our knowledge is unfortunately scanty and derived chiefly from letters. On the whole, we are disposed to regard him rather as a diligent collector than as a serious student of literature.

It remains to speak of the Diary. The MS. in six volumes, written in shorthand, lurked unnoticed in the library till the beginning of this century, when it was unearthed by the Master of Magdalene. It was then transcribed by the Rev. John Smith, and a large portion of it published with valuable notes by Lord Braybrooke. A fresh transcription was subsequently made by the Rev. Mynors Bright, President of Magdalene, whose edition in six volumes, incorporating much more of the original, appeared in 1875–9. Another edition, now in course of completion in nine volumes (one of supplementary matter), under the editorship of the well-known antiquarian Mr. H. B. Wheatley, contains everything that can be printed with due regard to propriety. The question has often been raised, and will probably never be satisfactorily answered, whether Pepys intended his Diary to be published. To us it seems almost certain that he would have been shocked at the idea of its becoming public property, when we consider the secrecy with which he kept it, and his pathetic remark in the last entry of all (May 31st, 1669), that henceforward, owing to his failure of eyesight, it would have to be kept by his people in longhand, who would «set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know.» We must remember too that in later life,

* One of these is reproduced in Mynors Bright's edition of the Diary, Vol. iv., page 59.

Pepys's most intimate associates were men of great worth and dignity, who held him in the highest possible esteem; and we cannot but feel that in the evening of life, amid such surroundings, he would look back with regret to the follies of his youth and desire them to be buried in oblivion. But fortunately for the world, whatever his intentions may have been, the Diary has been published; and who shall adequately tell of its contents? To describe it in any detail would be to touch on every phase of the stirring life of London during ten years of an eventful period of our history. The return of Charles and the settlement of the government, the first Dutch war and the shameful blockade of the Thames, the Plague, and the Fire, all fell within this period. But apart from events of national importance, the daily social life of the time is reproduced here with such simple and striking fidelity that we seem to see with our own eyes all that Pepys saw,—the stately court pageants, the frivolity of the gallants and fair ladies who thronged the palace, the turmoil of the narrow dirty streets, the traffic of barges and rowboats on the Thames, and all the thousand incidents of life in the great metropolis. We can follow him on board ship when he crossed to Holland with Sir E. Montagu to bring back the King, and learn an infinity of details about life at sea; we can go with him for a day's outing into the country, where he enjoys himself with the ardor of a schoolboy; we can accompany him in graver mood through the dismal devastation brought by the Plague, and see the smoking ruins and the homeless fugitive crowds of the "annus mirabilis"; we can enter with him into church, theatre, and tavern, all of which he frequented with assiduous and impartial regularity. We are told what he ate and drank, what clothes he and his wife wore and how much they cost; he acquaints us with his earnings and spendings, the vows that he made to abstain from various naughtinesses and the facility with which he broke them, the little penalties that he inflicted on himself,—such as 12*d.* for every kiss after the first,—and all the little events of his daily life, which however trivial never fail to interest, such is the charm with which they are told. He admits us to the inmost recesses of his house, where prying eyes should never have come: we see him in a fit of ill temper kicking his maid-servant or his wife's French poodle, or even pulling the fair nose of Mrs. Pepys herself. He gives us unlovely details of his illnesses, often the result of his own shortcomings; he makes us the confidants of his flirtations,—and they were neither choice nor few: yet for all this, we are never angry. To us he is and will ever remain the one incomparable Diarist.

A. G. Peskett

UNTIL the appearance, within three or four years, of the edition of 'The Diary of Samuel Pepys' due to the labors of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, a large part of this famous record had remained unknown to the general public; in spite of the fact that at least two editions, in several volumes each, prepared respectively by the Rev. Mynors Bright and Lord Braybrooke, were supposed to present everything essential in the narrative. As Mr. Wheatley observes in the preface to his edition, with the first appearance of the Diary in 1825 scarcely half of Pepys's manuscript was printed; the Rev. Mr. Bright's edition omitted about a fifth of it; and Lord Braybrooke's edition, famous in the Bohn Library, also makes considerable omissions. This recent edition in nine volumes, by Mr. Wheatley, is now recognized as the standard one, and is likely long to remain such. It is the only edition printing practically the entire Diary, and correcting numerous errors in the translation of Pepys's shorthand manuscript more or less noticeable in preceding editions.

The following selections from the Diary are copyrighted, and are reprinted in the 'Library' by permission of the Macmillan Company of New York, acting also for Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the English publishers.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

OCTOBER 13th, 1660.] To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Early to my Lord's, in my way meeting with Dr. Fairbrother, who walked with me to my father's back again, and there we drank my morning draft, my father having gone to church and my mother asleep in bed. Here he caused me to put my hand among a great many honorable hands to a paper or certificate in his behalf. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts* made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England.

[November 22d, 1660.] This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of my house, going into the entry, which I was much pleased with. At noon my wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk† and put it on, and I a pair of gloves, and so we took coach for Whitehall to Mr. Fox's, where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1,000 or £1,400 in gold upon the table for the King, which was the most gold that ever I saw together in my life. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by-and-by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends; but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help to eat up so much good victuals. At the end of dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health was drunk in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day.

[November 3d, 1661, Lord's Day.] This day I stirred not out, but took physique, and all the day as I was at leisure I did read

* Dr. Herbert Croft, Dean of Hereford.

† A gorget or neckerchief worn by women at this time.

in Fuller's 'Holy Warr,' which I have of late bought; and did try to make a song in the praise of a liberall genius (as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures, but it not proving to my mind I did reject it, and so proceeded not in it. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that, and so at night to bed.

4th. In the morning, being very rainy, by coach with Sir W. Pen and my wife to Whitehall, and sent her to Mrs. Hunt's, and he and I to Mr. Coventry's about business, and so sent for her again, and all three home again, only I to the Mitre (Mr. Rawlinson's), where Mr. Pierce the Purser had got us a most brave chine of beef and a dish of marrowbones. Our company my uncle Wight, Captain Lambert, one Captain Davies, and purser Barter, Mr. Rawlinson, and ourselves, and very merry. After dinner I took coach, and called my wife at my brother's, where I left her, and to the Opera, where we saw 'The Bondman,' which of old we both did so doat on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world. So home by coach, I 'lighting by the way at my uncle Wight's and staid there a little, and so home after my wife, and to bed.

[March 30th, 1662, Easter Day.] Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day, and my boy, his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the Sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge. Dined with my wife, a good shoulder of veal well dressed by Jane, and handsomely served to table, which pleased us much, and made us hope that she will serve our turn well enough. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoyd contention. So my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition. So to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper, with a crabb Pegg

Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think; but something there is of plot or design in it, for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them. After supper to bed.

[August 23d, 1662.] I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to White Hall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into White Hall garden, and so to the Bowling-green, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maydes of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily; and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon came the King and Queen in a barge under a canopy with 10,000 barges and boats, I think, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall, where I glutted myself with looking on her. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her armes, and dandle it. One thing more: there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as every thing else do. The show being over, I went away, not weary with looking on her, and to my Lord's lodgings, where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me.

[January 13th, 1662–63.] My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls

and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtfull, do carry it very well. Things being put in order, and the cook come, I went to the office, where we sat till noon and then broke up, and I home, whither by and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30*s*., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a with-drawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. After dinner the women to cards in my wife's chamber, and the Dr. and Mr. Pierce in mine, because the dining-room smokes unless I keep a good charcoal fire, which I was not then provided with. At night to supper, had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. So weary, so to bed. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

[July 13th, 1663.] Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down, and among others spying a man like Mr. Pembleton (though I have little reason to think it should be he. speaking and discoursing long with my Lord D'Aubigne), yet how my blood did rise in my face, and I fell into a sweat from my old jealousy and hate, which I pray God remove from me. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short pettycoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies: but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and

had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

[December 31st, 1664.] At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me forever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and so to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

So ends the old yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a yeare of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote,* or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is, my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiett mayde; her chamber-mayde Besse, her cook

* As a charm against the colic.

mayde Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy which I have had about half a yeare, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chappell, and a pretty and loving quiett family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteeme with everybody, I think.

[January 23d, 1664.] . . . To Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after some folly; but *elle* not being within, I away by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. And finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away she and I to a cabaret where she and I have eat before. . . . Thence to the Court of the Turkey Company at Sir Andrew Rickard's to treat about carrying some men of ours to Tangier, and had there a very civil reception, though a denial of the thing as not practicable with them, and I think so too. So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking *avoir rencontrais* Jane, *mais elle n'était pas dedans.* So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content *ferais* a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honour thereby lies a bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and by coach to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House, and there spoke with Mr. Coventry and others about business and so back to the 'Change, where no news more than that the Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the warr. And they say it is very true, but very strange, for we use to believe they cannot support themselves without trade. Thence home to dinner and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night till very late, and then home to supper and bed, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my eares.

[March 22d, 1664–65.] After dinner Mr. Hill took me with Mrs. Hubland, who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Then to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some

body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. Thence home, and thence to White Hall, where the house full of the Duke's going to-morrow, and thence to St. James's, wherein these things fell out: (1) I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world, (2) the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. (3) Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton,* a very great beauty I never knew or heard of before; (4) I saw Waller† the poet, whom I never saw before. So, very late, by coach home with W. Pen, who was there. To supper and to bed, with my heart at rest, and my head very busy thinking of my several matters now on foot, the new comfort of my old navy business, and the new one of my employment on Tangier.

[August 30th, 1665.] Up betimes and to my business of settling my house and papers, and then abroad and met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, he told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. Thence, as I intended, to Sir R. Viner's, and there found not Mr. Lewes ready for me, so I went forth and walked towards Moorefields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave; but as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the towne is like a place distressed and forsaken.

[September 10th, 1665, Lord's Day.] Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat come to me this morning, whom I sent to Blackewall for Mr. Andrews. I walked to Woolwich, and there find Mr. Hill, and he and I all the morning at musique and a song he hath set of three parts, methinks very good. Anon

* Jane, daughter to Sir Robert Needham, is frequently mentioned in the 'Grammont Memoirs,' and Evelyn calls her "that famous and indeed incomparable beauty."

† Edmund Waller, born March 3d, 1605, died October 21st, 1687.

comes Mr. Andrews, though it be a very ill day, and so after dinner we to musique and sang till about 4 or 5 o'clock, it blowing very hard, and now and then raining; and wind and tide being against us, Andrews and I took leave and walked to Greenwich. My wife before I come out telling me the ill news that she hears that her father is very ill, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled she did desire me to send them something; and I said I would, and will do so. But before I come out there happened newes to come to me by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes; and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbancke, with the loss only of the Hector, poor Captain Cuttle. This newes do so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes. Where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn); but the receipt of this newes did put us all into such an extacy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed, it being one of the times of my life wherein I was the fullest of true sense of joy.

[September 2d, 1666, Lord's Day.] Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne. and went to her window, and thought it to be on

the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off: and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the

Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired.

was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streete (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streete, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water,

we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fishstreete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

[February 16th, 1666–67.] To Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot: but my wife's was, "Most virtuous and most fair;" which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little

business, troubled that I have so much been hindered by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the musique to-night, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary. Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people.

[February 25th, 1666–67.] Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's: for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

[July 24th, 1667.] Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up; but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and indeed have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into

my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am endeavouring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty musty, but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work.

[October 10th, 1667.] All of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon; and anon the two twins were sent for from schoole, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked children. Then in to my Lady again, and staid till it was almost night again, and then took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge, and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it.

[February 27th, 1667–68.] All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's House, to see 'The Virgin Martyr,'* the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshal. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

[May 1st, 1669.] Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeard to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But we set out, out of humour — I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing,

*A tragedy by Massinger and Dekker.

though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him. But she was out of humour all the evening, and I vexed at her for it, and she did not rest almost all the night.

JOSÉ MARIA DE PEREDA

(1834–1906)

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP

PEREDA was born February 7th, 1834, at Polanco, a village of Northern Spain, near Santander, the capital city of the province of the same name, popularly termed also La Montaña, or the Mountain. This is the region to which he has especially devoted himself in his literary work. He is generously named by the younger men of distinguished ability, like Galdós and Valdés, as the most original of the contemporary Spanish writers of fiction, and as the most revolutionary, in the sense of having cast off the conventional influence of the romantic and classical traditions of the earlier half of the century. His influence is a distinct and valuable element in the work of the other leaders; and yet, unlike them,—owing to the local raciness, the idiomatic difficulties of his style,—he has been scarcely translated into any other of the modern languages, and into English not at all; except in some fugitive short stories, rendered for the periodical press by Mr. Rollo Ogden. Pereda is properly to be named as the pioneer and standard-bearer of the best kind of modern realism in Spain.

He is a country gentleman of good descent and liberal means, resident, at no great distance from Santander, at the village of Polanco, where his modern villa adjoins the *casa solar* or ancestral homestead of his family, with the arms heavily carved above the door in mediæval fashion. He has never had to know the conflict between poverty and literary aspiration, which is so common a feature in the history of writers; yet this has in no way detracted from the masculine vigor, the evidence of assiduous labor, and the notable air of conscientiousness, in his work. In appearance he is of the spare ascetic type we are accustomed to associate with the Spanish hidalgo. The distinguished French traveler and novelist, René Bazin, in an account in the Revue des Deux Mondes of a visit to him at Polanco, says: "As he drew near, one might have taken him for Cervantes himself." Galdós speaks of him as "the most amiable, the most excellent of men." He seems to have in a high degree the faculty of inspiring warm personal regard. This is well exemplified in two most laudatory essays on two of his books,—the one by Galdós, the other by Menendez y Pelayo, the eminent critic. Frankly colored

as these are by friendly admiration, they yet state convincingly the reasons for their opinions; and these reasons can be accurately verified by whoever will have recourse to the text.

Pereda's literary work began in 1859 with the publication, in a local journal, of the sketches of manners and customs afterwards gathered into a volume called 'Escenas Montañeses' (Scenes in Montaña). A number of these are marked by the triviality of their origin; but several others, like 'La Leva' (The Conscription) and 'El Fin de Una Raza' (The Last of his Race), are esteemed equal to the best of his later work. 'La Leva' is a picture, both touching and humorous, of the poor fisherman Tuerto — an Adam Bede of a rougher sort — and his drunken wife. The naval conscription finally takes him out of his misery, but leaves his children to the mercies of a cold world. The second story is in a measure a continuation of the first, showing the return of Tuerto to find his children vagrants and outcasts; but it is chiefly devoted to Uncle Tremontorio, an old-school tar of a type that has now disappeared. The province of Santander is an almost equal combination of the mountains belonging to the Cantabrian chain, and the coasts of the formidable Bay of Biscay: both are affectionately referred to in the literary phraseology as Cantabria, from the old Roman name of the province. Pereda divides his interest impartially between sea and shore; between the life of the farmers in the hilly interior and that of the hardy fisherman on the coast; and notably Santander, with its tall squalid tenement houses clustering round the park, which is the capital and the centre of all the enterprises of these latter. This is the domain which the author has chosen so exclusively for his own that he scarce wishes ever to make any excursion outside it, literary or personal; for he will not even live outside of it. He is hailed with especial pride by its inhabitants, as the vindicator of the Northern race of people, who had had no champion in literature from the very earliest times. The grateful inhabitants of Santander paid him the compliment of naming a fine street after one of his books, 'Sotileza' (Fine Spun), choosing for the purpose the site at which a principal part of the action of the book took place; and also presented him a large painting, showing a scene from the book; while Torrelavega, the small town nearest his village, presented him with a piece of plate. Though literature may not bring very large money returns in a country with comparatively so few readers as Spain, it receives many places and preferments, and graceful honors of this kind. In like manner Zorilla, the poet, was publicly crowned, with a crown made of gold from the sands of the Darro at Granada.

Pereda's first novel, 'Los Hombres de Pro' (Respectable Folks), was completed in 1874. It describes the rise in the world of Simon

Cerojo, who kept a little cross-roads grocery. It is a story of character, the elements of which might be found in almost any country. He finds that the men who "give life and character to communities in our day are not richer, wiser, of better origin, nor even much stronger in their spelling, than himself." He is elected to the Congress, makes a foolish speech, sees his pretty daughter Julieta elope with a young adventurer of a journalist, is tricked out of the greater part of his fortune, and drops back again, disillusionized, to the lower level. The episode of the glib journalist, the humors of Don Simon's canvas, the rude mountain hidalgo in his isolation, the dialogue of the children teasing the unpopular Julieta, are some of the more pleasing passages of a book which is everywhere graphic and entertaining. 'Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera' (Mr. Gonzalo Gonzalez of Gonzalez-town), 1878, is a continuation of the above, in the sense that politics is a strong element of interest in both, and the abuses of popular suffrage, parliamentary misrule, and other modern social tendencies, are vividly and amusingly satirized in both. Don Gonzalo is one of those persons, returned after acquiring a small fortune in the Spanish colonies, who are called *Indianos*. Very little good is usually said of them. This one, besides being vulgar, is base at heart; and does much mischief. He is refused by the refined daughter of the impoverished hidalgo, whom he had aspired to marry, and is left severely alone in the vulgarly pretentious house he built to dazzle the community with. But the worst part of his deserts is meted out to him by an incorrigible shrew; for such is the wife he finally marries. Free and progressive as he is in literature, Pereda is singularly conservative, or frankly reactionary, both in his books and out of them, in all that relates to government and modern conditions. He favors the absolute form of monarchy; and he has even sat as a Carlist deputy in the Cortes. Galdós says of him in friendly mockery that he would support even the restoration of Philip II. in Spain. He recalls one of those, on our own side of the water, who should still see only the better side of slavery, and sigh over the disappearance of that genial, charming system. It is a striking contrast between practice and theory; it testifies to the literary conscience of the writer, and may fairly be considered, too, as a heightening touch to his originality, now that nearly all the world is of an opposite way of thinking.

The titles of his books at once give a clue to their vigorous and homely character. 'De Tal Palo Tal Astilla' (A Chip of the Old Block) belongs to 1879; 'El Sabor de la Tierruca' (Redolent of the Soil), 1881; 'Pedro Sanchez,' 1883; 'Sotileza' (Fine Spun), 1884; 'La Montalvez,' 1887; 'La Puchera' (The Family Board) and 'El Buey Suelto' (The Unruly Steer), 1888; 'Al Primer Vuelo' (The First

Flight from the Nest), 1890; 'Nubes de Estio' (Summer Clouds), 1890; 'Peñas Arriba' (The Upper Peaks), 1894. There have also appeared three other volumes of miscellany, in the style of the 'Scenes in Montaña': namely, 'Tipos y Paisajes' (Typical Figures and Landscapes), 1870; 'Bocetos al Temple' (Sketches in Distemper), 1873; and 'Esbozos y Rasgunos' (Scrawls and Scratches), 1880.

'Sotileza' is particularly the idyl of the sea; 'El Sabor de la Tierruca' that of the rustic folk of the shore; others again, like 'La Puchera,' are amphibious, dealing in an almost equal measure with both. Around the central figure of the fisher-girl in the first, and the young village squire in the second, are grouped a multitude of very real and living types; and yet, owing to a certain rhythmic, poetic feeling in the treatment, there is something of the eclogue about them,—a quality that recalls Theocritus, 'Evangeline,' and Mistral's 'Mirèio.' 'Tal Palo Tal Astilla' has something of the religious problem, like Galdós's 'Gloria,' and is less realistic than the others. 'El Buey Suelto' defends the institution of marriage and the family against certain dangerous subversive tendencies. 'Pedro Sanchez,' again, deals with political evils, in a tone of serene melancholy, which however is pessimistic rather about institutions than human nature itself. In 'La Montalvez,' for once, he abandons his mountain province, and treats with his usual ability—for he touches nothing that he does not adorn—of the society at Madrid; though society not of a pleasing cast.

Pereda's style is a treasury of forcible, idiomatic language; he is a master of dialogue, and excels in representing the racy talk of the lower orders of people. He has taken a long step towards realizing the ideal of many writers of our own day,—that of uniting the language of daily life with that of literary expression. He is genuinely humorous; and this humor, a legitimate continuation of the tradition of humor so long established in Spain, makes him everywhere entertaining, and keeps him, in spite of his idealizing proclivities, both from imposing upon us unreal Arcadias and from sinking into any hopeless depresssion of spirits. (He died March 2, 1906.)

William Henry Bishop

TUERTO'S FAMILY LIFE

From 'La Leva'

BEFORE going any further, the reader should be informed that there existed from time immemorial, between the seagoing folk of High Street [the street along the heights] and those by the water-side, an inextinguishable feud.

Each quarter forms a separate fishing corporation, or guild; and the two have not been willing even to adopt the same patron saint. The High Street folks, or the Upper Guild, chose Saint Peter, while those on Beach Street, or the Lower Guild, commend themselves to the holy martyrs Emeterius and Celadonius; and to those illustrious saintships — said to have miraculously come to port in a bark made of stone — they have built, at their own expense, a very pretty chapel, in the Miranda quarter, overlooking a wide expanse of ocean.

So now we continue.

Tuerto ["Cross-Eyes"] enters his house. He tosses off his sou'-wester or serviceable tarpaulin hat, throws down upon an old chest his duck waterproof, which he had carried on his shoulder, and hangs up on a nail a basket with an oil-skin covering, and full of fishing-tackle. His wife dishes up in an old broken pan a mess of beans and cabbage, badly cooked and worse seasoned, sets it on the chest, and puts alongside it a big piece of coarse brown bread. Tuerto, without letting fall a word, waits till his infants have got around the board also, and then begins to eat the mess with a pewter spoon. His wife and children accompany him, taking turns with another spoon, of wood. The beans and cabbage are finished. Tuerto has the air of expecting something next, which does not come; he looks at the dish, then into the bottom of the empty stew-pan, then finally at his wife. The woman turns pale.

"Where is the meat?" he at length inquires, with the chronic hoarse voice of the fisherman.

"The meat?" stammered his wife. "As the butcher's shop was closed when I went to get it, I did not bring any."

"That's a lie. I gave you the two reals and a half to buy it yesterday noon, and the butcher's doesn't close till four. What have you done with the money?"

"The money?—the money?—It's in my pocket."

"You thieving jade, if you've been drinking again, I swear I'll let daylight through you," roared the enraged Tuerto, on observing the continually increasing confusion of his wife. "Let me see that money, and be quick about it, I say."

The woman pulled forth tremblingly a few small coins from her pocket, and held them out to her husband, without fully opening her hand.

"Its only eight coppers you've got there, and I gave you twenty-one. Where's the rest?"

"I must have lost—have lost them. I had twenty-one this morning."

"Don't tell me such a thing as that: the two reals I gave you were in silver."

"Yes, but I changed them at the market."

"What has your mother done this morning?" quickly demands Tuerto, clutching his eldest child by the arm.

The child trembles in affright, looks alternately at father and mother, and remains silent.

"Speak out, I say."

"Mother will go and beat me if I do," replied the poor little brat, sniveling.

"And if you don't answer me, I'll give you a crack that will spoil your face."

The boy, who knows by hard experience that his father never deals in vain threats, now, despite the signals his mother makes him to keep still, shuts his eyes, and speaking as rapidly as if he feared the words would burn his mouth, says:—

"Mother brought home a pint of brandy this morning, and has the bottle hidden in the straw mattress."

Tuerto no sooner hears these words than he fells his culprit spouse to the floor with a resounding whack, rushes to the bed, rummages amid the contents of the poor mattress, pulls out from it a small bottle which contains the remainder of the contraband liquor, and returning with it towards his wife, hurls it at her head at the moment when she is just getting up from the floor. It knocks her down anew, and the children are sprinkled with the flying spirits. The wretched woman, sorely hurt, laments and groans; the frightened children weep; and the irate mariner sallies forth to the balcony, cursing his wife and the day that he was ever born.

Uncle Tremontorio, who arrived from the sea at the same time with his mates Bolina [Billy Bowline] and Tuerto, had been in his balcony knitting away at his fishing-nets (his customary occupation when at home) from the beginning of the dispute between his neighbors. From time to time he would take a bite out of a hunk of bread, and another of dried codfish, the provision that constituted his usual dinner. Though he is perfectly well posted about what has just taken place [across the narrow street], it is not his way to mix himself up in what does not concern him. But the furious husband, who needs an outlet for venomous rage that still half chokes him, calls up his neighbor, and the pair shout from one balcony to the other the following dialogue:—

"Uncle Tremontorio, I can't stand this devil of a woman any longer. One of these days you'll hear of some desperate deed on my part; I suppose that's the way it will all end."

"I have told you that it was your own fault, from the beginning. She tacked your way a little, and you let go your whole cable and thought your voyage was over."

"What could I do? I thought then she was one of heaven's own saints."

"What could you do? Do? why, what I've always told you: haul her taut, and make fast with a double turn. Rough wind astern? all right, ahead you go."

"But there's not a bone in her body I haven't already tinkered at with a cudgel, as you might mend the ribs of a boat."

"You waited till the wood was rotten, my friend."

"As God is my witness she's the worst villain unhung. What is going to become of those poor brats of mine when I am taken away from them? for the devil will never take that woman: he has no place to put her. Last week I handed her twenty-four reals to dress the children with. Have you laid eyes on that money? Well, neither have I. The drunkard spent them for drink. I gave her a walloping that left her for dead, and yet what does she do? Three days after that she sells a sheet from our bed for a quart of rum. Yesterday I gave her twenty-one cents for meat, and she drank them also. And with all this the young ones are naked, I haven't a shirt to my back, and I never dare think of treating myself to an honest glass of wine of a fête-day."

«Why don't you get an exorcism said over her? Maybe she's bewitched by evil spirits, and that's the cause of it.»

«I've spent a small fortune in those very tomfooleries, Tremontorio. I took her to more than three leagues from here, to get a parson that they said had the gift of such things, to chuck the gospels at her. Well, he did; then he gave me a little card he had said a prayer over, and a sprig of rue, sewed it all up in a bag, hung it round her neck, charged me nearly four dollars for it, and that was all the good it did — not the first blessed thing. The very next day she had a jag on worse than ever, and wanted to paint the town red. I've given her brandy with gunpower in it, — a thing, they say, that creates a distaste for liquor, — but that beast, did it affect her that way? Not much! she seemed to like the drink after that better than ever. I've laid out a treasure in candles alone, setting them up before the Holy Martyrs, to see if they'd rid her of the vice; and it was just the same as if I had not spent a farthing. I swear to you, I don't know what to do, Uncle Tremontorio, unless it is to kill her: there are no bounds to this vice of hers. Just tell me what you say of this: When I gave her the brandy with powder in it, she was taken with such a colic I thought she'd burst. I had heard that flannels soaked in spirits, applied good and hot, was a cure for that sort of pains in the stomach; so I heated up about half a pint of liquor in a saucepan. When it was blazing hot, I took it over to the bedside, where the thief of the world was writhing about in contortions. I had to leave the saucepan with her a minute while I went to the chest to get out some rags; I turned around, and, man, what do you think I saw? she was just swallowing down the last drops of the spirits from the saucepan, almost ablaze as it was. Man, man, was there ever a worse curse of God?»

«Well, friend — in regard to that — ahem! what can I say to you? When a woman chooses to take the crooked path, like yours, give her the stick, and plenty of it. If with that she doesn't mend her ways and float off in good style, then either sink her to the bottom, once for all, or string yourself up to a yard-arm.»

«I've told you already — what's the matter with you? — that I've covered every inch of her body with the welts of a stick, and I've decorated her face all over with bruises till there's hardly room for another.»

"Then go hang yourself, and leave me in peace to finish these meshes. And you may as well know that the reason I never married is to keep out of the devil's own scrape that you are in."

THE CANDIDATE VISITS HIS VOTERS

From 'Los Hombres de Pro'

DON SIMON started upon his electioneering tour. In the first village of his district, at the poor inn, a group of six agents were waiting for him; their horses, caparisoned with ornamental trappings, after the fashion of the country, tied to the posts or the projecting window gratings. They received him hat in hand.

[All then passed into the dining-room, where a dozen more persons met them, and a liberal dinner was served, for which the candidate duly paid. The several days' ride through the mountain district next began.]

The cavalcade was headed by one of the six *caciques* [village magnates, previously mentioned]. He was a lean, dark man, with a large nose, a penetrating eye, his face almost beardless, although he was by no means young; he spoke little, but that to the point; and as to confidence in men, he would have been distrustful even of his own shadow. He knew the voters of the district, every man of them, with all his virtues, vices, minor faults, and necessities; and in consequence, he knew how to win or to compel them. . . .

"The 'Squire'" (said he),—"for thus they call him,—whom we must see, is a rough sort of customer, but much bent on having everybody flatter and bow down to him. When we leave him, don't forget to give him a cigar; not one of the kind you furnished us at dinner, you know, but one of those you have in your cigar-case for your own particular use."

Don Simon did his best not to notice this polite little slur, and put himself at the orders of his adviser. . . .

The party found the local great man presiding over the turning-up of a new field he had just bought on that out-of-the-way upland. He was still youthful; and he had a despicable physiognomy. He manifested no great curiosity on the approach of the little troop. He confined himself to returning coldly

the very affable salute which Don Celso [the leader] directed to him, as representative of all the rest, and especially of Don Simon, whom he proceeded to introduce to the impassive elector as follows: —

"This gentleman is our candidate, Don Simon de las Peñascales by name, an illustrious man, I assure you, with thirty thousand dollars income, and great talents. He comes to-day expressly to thank you for your kind co-operation in his coming election, reserving a more fitting payment till some later opportunity shall offer."

"Servant, sir," responded the "Squire," laconically, staring at his distinguished guest.

"Delighted, my dear sir. I hope I find you well," began Don Simon, uncovering his head with a grandly sweeping bow, and tendering his right hand to him of the new-plowed land.

"Me? ye-up, I'm well," replied the "Squire," without sign of a movement to take the proffered hand.

"Do you smoke?" the candidate now inquired, feeling for his cigar-case.

"Once in a while, if the tobacco is good for anything."

"Then do me the favor to accept this. It is of the choice brand of the Vuelta de Abajo.

"You sure of that?" grunted the other, taking it and biting off the end.

"And how are our affairs going around here?" inquired the candidate, trying to strike out some spark of interest from that piece of flint, that unmitigated boor.

"We'll" — puff — "see when — the time comes," he returned, using up about half a box of matches in lighting his cigar in the open air.

"No need of asking him that, Don Simon," remarked Don Celso. "When you come to see what the Squire has done, I warrant you'll be more than satisfied."

"In that case," said Don Simon, taking Don Celso's hint, "and since we still have far to go to-day, and since I have had the great honor of making your acquaintance, it only remains for me to put myself at your disposal for anything that you may demand of me, either now or henceforward and forever."

"The same thing say I," muttered the Squire, scarce touching the hand offered him anew, and turning back to the men working for him.

When they had ridden on a bit, Don Simon could not help saying to Don Celso in a crestfallen way:—

"If that fellow is one of those who support me, what can I expect of the doubtful ones? And, for heaven's sake, what sort of manners will those have who are against me?"

[Later on, they meet an inn-keeper who charges for the very rent of the ground their horses stand on while they are talking to him. This incident is developed in a long and amusing account. He promises to vote and use his influence for Don Simon, if the latter will see that a certain road is built, joining his mountain inn to the main road; but only on condition—as other candidates have promised the same thing before—that Don Simon shall put up the money for the road, about $3,000, in advance, out of his own pocket. Don Simon is disappointed, betrayed, put upon, in numberless ways, and would have lost his election except that—having started out as a Liberal candidate—he shrewdly turns Conservative, and secures his seat by the favor of the ministry.]

THE PORTRAIT OF DON GONZALO GONZALEZ OF GONZALEZ-TOWN

From 'Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera'

Look at him; here he is:—A man of middling size, carefully clad in a suit of fine black, his knobby flat feet shod in refulgent patent leather; clean-shaven; his shirt-collar terminating, above his low-cut vest and glossy embroidered shirt-front, in a butterfly-shaped bow, made with the open-worked ends of his cravat. Over all this wandered in serpentine convolutions a heavy gold chain. His hair was very much frizzed, and upon two lateral rows of ringlets, rather than upon his head, lightly rested a silk hat. One of his thick, hairy hands grasped a gold-headed cane, while in the other, lying along his thigh, he held ceremoniously a pair of kid gloves. . . . The speech of such a man may be divined: it was over-soft, mawkish, sickening. He doted on alliterations, like *huevo hilado*, and he used to say *frido*, *cercanidas*, and *cacado*.* . . .

What name should he adopt on going back to his native village? His father, who used to be dubbed "Tony Breechclout" for short, was called "Antonio Gonzalez"; he himself "Nicholas." But if he were going to style himself simply "Nicholas Gonzalez," he might as well make it "Johnny Drumsticks" and have done with it. . . . What if, for example, without ceasing

*It is a vulgar affectation of elegance, in the Spanish Americas, to insert a "d" in such words, which should be simply *frío*, *cercanías*, *cacao*.

to sign "Gonzalez," he should add to it something like "de la Gonzalera"? Some people shorten their names, do they not? what harm, then, if some others should lengthen theirs out a little? A trifle more or less of a thing — what difference does it make?

No sooner planned than decided. He ordered a thousand lithographed visiting-cards of various tinted pasteboards; and upon these was placed, in fantastic characters and in vivid colors, the name "Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzalera."

CLETO'S PROPOSAL TO SOTILEZA

From 'Sotileza'

[Sotileza is a poor waif, adopted by a worthy family, and has turned out to be a charming and admirable character. The name is derived from a very fine, strong cord, used in the apparatus of the fishermen. Cleto belongs to a family of sardine-sellers, the terror and scandal of the street; but he himself aspires to higher things.]

Sotileza continued her sewing on the garment of Pachuca, by the light of the candle which she had just set in its socket on the wall. Cleto, now in her presence, actually felt the tremendous difficulty which he had trusted to conjure away by his boldness and resolution. The gift of speech — the confounded gift of gab, that was always denied him — was lacking to him at this moment more than ever.

"I was passing by," he began to stammer, trembling with his diffidence, "I — happened to be passing along this way, and so — er — as I was passing this way, I says to myself, says I, 'I'll just stop into the shop a minute.' So that's the way I happened to come — My! but that's a good skirt you're sewing there, Sotileza. Yours, is it?"

Sotileza told him it was not; and out of politeness, asked him to sit down.

Cleto took a seat a good distance away from her; then, looking and looking at her a long while, as if he were trying to intoxicate himself through the medium of his eyesight to a sufficient extent to break the trammels that held his tongue, he at length succeeded in saying: —

"Sotileza, once you sewed on a button for me. Do you recollect about it?"

«I'm afraid too many other things have happened since,» she returned smilingly, without looking up from her work.

«Well, for me, it's just the same thing as if it took place yesterday.»

«Well, what of it, supposing it was so?»

«Why — er — why, you see, after that button — It was like a jewel to me; and I've got it yet, right here on the waistband of these breeches. Look at it; do you see it? After that button, I kept coming back and coming back to this house, for there's no staying in mine; and by gracious! well, you know that, Sotileza, that isn't what you might call a habitation at all, nor are those female kin of mine women like other women, nor is that man there a man. Well, then, I had never known anything better than that kind of folks, and for want of knowing better, I gave you a slap in the face one day; you remember about that. Holy jinks! if you only knew how sorry I've been for that slap, ever since.»

Sotileza began to be overcome with astonishment at the discourse she was listening to; for never had anything even remotely like to this proceeded from Cleto's lips. She fixed her eyes with interest upon his; but the effect of this was, that she cut short not only the poor fellow's words but the very breath of his body.

«But why are you saying these things to me now?» she demanded.

«Because I've got to, Sotileza,» Cleto plucked up heart to respond; «that's the reason: — and because nobody else would be willing to come to you and say them for me. I hope it's no offense. Now, see here, Sotileza, just see what's happening to me. I did not know till lately, myself, what was the matter with me; and I let them go on, — that kind of griping feeling in my insides and that dizzy feeling in my head, that got hold of me when I came in here. And you kept on growing up and getting prettier every day: heavens, what new rail you kept whipping on nearly every time I saw you! No offense in looking on at it, was there? at least I hope not; and no more was there, either, in warming up my heart with a glimpse of this shop now and then. Over there in our tenement there was nothing of the kind, by a long chalk: filth and brutishness, the good name of every person they spoke of pitched head first out of the balcony, not a scrap of decency about anything they did. By thunder! it's enough to give a fellow a bad temper, even if he was born

with one like sugar. That's the way I came to give you that slap, Sotileza; if it wasn't, I would tell you so, honestly. Why, if any one was to say to me, right here and how, 'Cleto, you go and jump off the ramparts for Sotileza,' I would do it, Sotileza, if it could be of the slightest service to you, even if I got nothing out of it but my broken neck. I never had any of this kind of feeling before. Here you have a full account of it without asking for it — and without offense, I hope. You see how it was; it wasn't my fault. I liked those feelings too, in spite of the pain,— I liked them immensely; they made my disposition of the purest honey, as if I had never had any other. I was filled up, filled full with them, till it seemed as if my body wouldn't hold any more. Then afterwards a tumble here and a stumble there — a heavy surf, as it were, rolling round inside of me; little sleep of nights, and a lump in my throat all the time. Look you, Sotileza, I used to think there were no more troubles than those I had at home; but now I can see that I slept better, twice over, than since all this trouble began about you. I — I — don't offend anybody, do I, in talking this way, Sotileza? And then — er, while all that was going on that I was telling you just now, I got to getting fonder and fonder of you every day, and I got to having more and more respect for you; and I tried harder every day to see if I couldn't read your wishes in your eyes, so that I could go and serve you somehow without your having to tell me.

"And so all that was going on month in and month out, and year after year; I was slowly foundering, and there was no way of getting afloat again. For you see, Sotileza, it's one thing for a man to be chock full of feelings like this, and another thing for him to speak up and tell his girl about them, if he's tongue-tied like me and can't put two words together. It knocks me all out when I think what you are, and then what I am,— the very mud of the gutter, in comparison. Well, I just couldn't hold it all in any longer, and I went to some folks that understand how to talk about this kind of thing, to get them to come and see you for me. But what do you think? they wouldn't do it. There's a nice charitable lot of parties, isn't it, to lend a hand when a man was in such sore straits as I was? You are attending, aren't you, Sotileza, to all this I'm telling you? Well, the upshot of it was, that since nobody would come and speak to you for me, I had to come and speak to you myself, and — and — now I'm doing it."

It was no news to Sotileza that Cleto was in love with her; for she had read it clearly in all his looks and actions for some time past. She was not surprised, therefore, at his avowal; but she was surprised, and not a little, that he should have mustered the courage to make it. Looking at him with her serene gaze, she said to him:—

«Of course there's no offense in what you say to me, Cleto; but in the name of all the saints, what possesses you to make you say it to me just now?»

«My stars! what *always* possesses people to tell such things? So they can be known.»

«Well, I know them, Cleto, I know them: now are you satisfied?»

«Hum—er—why, no, not altogether. That is not enough, Sotileza.»

«And what do you wish more?»

«What do I wish more? Gracious goodness! I wish to be a man like another; I want to live a different kind of life from what I've been living: you yourself have been the light that has shown me what another kind of life could be. I want to live the way life goes on in this little shop of yours; I am dying to work for you, and to be neat and clean and decent-spoken, like you. I would kiss the ground you walk on, and try and get you the very mermaids from the sea, whom no one has ever set eyes on, if you wanted them. Is it too little that I offer?»

He was veritably transfigured at this moment; and Sotileza could not but marvel at the change.

«I have never seen you so lively and so talkative as to-day,» was her answer.

«The mounting wave has burst,» he rejoined, getting bolder still; «and I myself believe I am not what I was before. I've set myself down sometimes for a regular idiot; but by the living gracious! I swear I am so no longer, with this that is going on inside of me, and that makes me talk in spite of myself. If you can work such a miracle as this without even knowing it, what miracles could you not work with me when you really put your mind on it? Now just look at me, Sotileza: I've got no vices; I never was afraid of work; I haven't a grudge against a person in the world; I am accustomed to do with little; and picking out the very best I've had in my life, it has never been anything but pain and trouble. Seeing here, about you, some-

thing so entirely different, you know what a value I set on it — and whose fault it is that I do. There's a man needed in this house. Are you taking in what I am telling you, Sotileza?»

Sotileza was giving heed to it only too well. For that very reason she replied with a certain curtness: —

«Yes, I am; but what of it?»

«Again? Confound it! you make me that answer again,» cried Cleto angrily. «Or is this your way of saying no, without saying it directly?»

«Come, Cleto,» said Sotileza coldly, «I am not under obligations to answer all the questions you choose to put me on such particulars, or any others. I live quietly here in my house without speaking ill of anybody. I have none but the kindest wishes towards you, and I know your value full well; nevertheless I have my own way of thinking and feeling, and I wish to make no change in my life at present.»

«What have you said, Sotileza?» exclaimed Cleto in dismay. «Oh, this is boring a big auger-hole into the hull. I am wrecked, I am lost.»

«Don't put it in that way; it is not so bad as that. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that if, instead of the *no*, Cleto, which you dread to hear, I should say the *yes* you ask of me, how would you be the gainer by that? You have to steal into this house, carefully hiding your movements from your family over in yours, even if you come here but for an instant, just to pass the time of day. If such is the case now, what *would* it be if — if the plan you are so anxious for came to pass?»

«You've hit it, Sotileza: that's just what the other folks told me. But is there any sense and right in such a state of things? *I* didn't choose the family that I belong to.»

«Who are the other folks that told you the same thing that I have?» now inquired Sotileza quickly, ignoring the woe-begone lamentations of the poor young fellow.

«Father Polinar, in the first place» [the parish schoolmaster].

«Father Polinar? And who next?»

«Don Andres» [a young man of the upper class, in love with Sotileza himself].

«And you went to — to that person, with this pretty tale? What did he say to you, pray?»

«He abused me like a pickpocket. He left me for dead, as you might say, when he got through with me.»

«Well, you see then. When was this?»

«Yesterday afternoon.»

«You deserved all you got. Why do you go to any one with that nonsense?»

«Great heavens! don't I keep telling you? My liking for you choked me; I lacked courage to tell you, and I looked around for some one else to do it for me. I shall not look any further, now that I have got the trick of speaking up for myself. But this is not to the point, Sotileza.»

«What is the point?»

«Why, that because my folks across the way are a bad lot, I should have to get the mitten from the only girl I ever loved.»

«I haven't given you the mitten, have I?»

«Of course it amounts to that, if you shut your door against me on account of my family over there.»

«I did not even say I was going to do that; I merely put you the case as a supposition: now do you understand?»

«I'm afraid I do,—born to bad luck that I am. But tell me clearly, for that is what I came to-day to find out. Don't be afraid to speak up and say the worst.»

«I beg of you not to make me speak.»

«No, it will be better to speak than keep silent. See here, Sotileza,—for this is the kind of a person I am: come now, do you think me of too little account? Then tell me how you would like me to be, and I shall be only too glad to become that, cost what it may. Is there some one else who has got the inside track with you? is that the reason? I tell you I would be a dozen times as good a man as he, no matter who he is, if you would take an interest in me.»

«There's a nice piece of conceit, I must say.»

«My very life is bound up in this matter, Sotileza: would I dare to talk so, otherwise? Oh, I beseech you— The whole thing is to have a little kindness for me in your heart, and all the rest will follow as if upon wheels. You will only have to say to me, 'You've got to do this or do that, or go here or go there,' and I will jump and do it on the instant. I shall not disturb you the least bit; a mere corner of the house will do for me, and the farthest corner at that, even if it be worse than the one I have now. I will eat the scraps you leave over, of what I gain for you with my hardest daily toil, so that you may live at leisure like a lady. I can live on just nothing at all, Sotileza; for

as sure as God is in heaven, what makes me fatter than anything is to have a little order, a grain of human kindness, a scrap or two of jolly good-nature, in the house. By the powers, how I should enjoy that kind of thing! So now you see what I beg of you, what I beseech of you. And you won't be offended, will you? And you will say yes, Sotileza? I know you will; for one cannot be allowed to beg in this way for what is impossible."

The desperate energy of the poor youth only caused Sotileza to smile. He persisted, but in vain, in trying to draw out a definite answer from her. His obstinacy in the end annoyed her; and she showed it. Then Cleto, scowling with his disappointment and wretchedness, said:—

"Will you even admit to me that what I have said to you does not merely go in at one ear and out at the other?"

"And you, animal, what difference does it make to you?" snapped out Sotileza, in a nettled, offensive manner that froze the very blood in his veins. "Who and what are you, anyway, to bring me to book in this way?"

"Nothing, nothing; the very dust under your feet," he answered with abject humility, conscious too late of the rudeness and lack of tact he had been guilty of. "The trouble I am in blinded me, and I spoke without thinking. Don't be put out with me: it was only that; I swear to you by all—"

"Leave me in peace."

"Yes, but promise not to lay up a dislike against me," pleaded Cleto.

"Get out of here, get away from here, for I can hardly endure the sight of you."

"Oh, what an unlucky wretch am I," he groaned. "And will you never pardon me?"

"No, unless you leave here instantly."

"Don't be too hard with me: I'm going; I'm gone."

And with this, Cleto, heavy and woe-begone, sallied forth from the little shop, whence he had more than half believed in advance he should sally forth triumphant and joyful.

[Cleto makes various long voyages, returns a much more accomplished and presentable person, without losing his kindly and upright nature; and in course of time, Sotileza, having the good sense to feel that this is a much better match for her than one with Andres in the higher station, marries him.]

Translated from the original Spanish by William Henry Bishop.

CHARLES PERRAULT

(1628–1703)

WHERE was Red Riding-Hood born? Over what realm ruled the parents of Sleeping Beauty? How long since the Fairy Godmother saved Cinderella from her hard lot? No one knows; or whether these charming maidens and others, and clever Little Thumb, Puss-in-Boots, "Figaro of the Nursery," and their brothers, are French, German, Persian, Indian, or Egyptian, or from the Northland. They have wandered over the world winning friends. Always young and fascinating, they live through the centuries. They came into existence when the races of men were young and simple-minded, and they have become the delight of unjaded child minds forever. No one knows when they were first heard of in France, but their stories were familiar to the peasants long before finding literary expression. The charcoal burners around their forest fires, the fathers and mothers gathered with the children beside the hearths in wretched cabins, thrilled with awe and delight at the myths inherited from their ancestors; and doubtless modified by their own imaginations. These were the stories first written out, and published toward the end of the seventeenth century, by Charles Perrault.

CHARLES PERRAULT

Before considering them further, it will be interesting to know something of the man who, after an arduous public life, turned to fairy lore when he was over sixty, and in it won lasting fame and child love.

Charles Perrault, the youngest of four brothers, all of whom became distinguished, was born in Paris, January 12th, 1628. His father, a barrister, taught him at home; and then sent him to the Collège de Beauvais. He was a boy of noteworthy intelligence, and with the most ardent desire for accurate and absolute information. He argued and philosophized with his masters until ordered to be quiet. Then he boldly left school, accompanied by a young disciple named Beaurain, and wandering in the Luxembourg Garden, the truants laid out a plan of home education for themselves. This, strangely enough,—

for French boys usually were then as they are now, in strict subservience to their elders,—they were allowed to follow. Perrault's impatience of routine and surrender to the guidance of his own individuality lasted always, and led him to employ his versatile talents in a great variety of ways. He studied law; then wearied of its minutiæ after a few years' practice, and resigned his profession. In 1657 he aided his brother Claude, the famous architect, in building a house; and that so skillfully that in 1663 Colbert chose him to assist Claude in superintending the royal building operations. One of his achievements in this capacity was the design for the peristyle of the Louvre. Witty, genial, popular, versed in art and literature, he made himself very useful to Colbert; and at the minister's desire was elected to the Academy in 1671. Upon that authoritative body the practical Perrault exercised a lasting influence. He ordered all its business affairs. He brought about election by ballot, and himself invented and introduced a balloting machine. More than all, he suggested the public receptions to new members, which have given the Academy so strong a hold upon the nation. During these years he constantly showed himself possessed of a modern progressive spirit, and impatient of dead tradition. When Colbert would have reserved the palace gardens for royal use, Perrault protested: "I am persuaded that the gardens of kings are made so great and spacious in order that all their children may walk in them;" at which Colbert smiled and left them open to little Parisians.

Perrault was a true royalist, sincerely revering the court and its customs. His practical work and his panegyrics brought royal favor and reward. One of these panegyrics—'Le Siècle de Louis XIV.'—caused the famous Battle of the Books, for his share in which Perrault was best known in his own day. He read this poem to the Academy, and its extolling of the present over the past aroused the wrath of Boileau, who attacked him furiously in behalf of the classics. A war of epigram ensued; and in his own defense Perrault published a long poem, tedious reading now,—'Le Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes.' Here again he showed his belief that the new and the future promised more than the past. Each side had supporters; neither side won: but the battle raged hotly for years, and was long continued in England.

Colbert was a crabbed, difficult master, and grew more so. And Perrault married the lady of his own choice, not Colbert's for him, which made trouble. So his position became irksome; and in 1683 he resigned. After 1686 he devoted himself to authorship; and wrote a versified history, short poems, and religious works.

He was glad to exchange public intrigue for simple home life; "glad to train his children and turn from what was artificial to what

was vital and genuine." In 1691 he published anonymously the first of his famous tales. This was 'La Marquise de Salusses, ou La Patience de Grisilidis,'—our Patient Griselda. The plot, borrowed from Boccaccio, he treated in verse less able than his prose, and suggestive of an imitation of La Fontaine. 'Les Souhaits Ridicules' (The Foolish Wishes), and 'Peau d'Âne' (The Donkey's Skin), were also written first in verse.

Perrault may have heard his children telling the old stories that he himself had heard in childhood; and his mind, wearied of subtlety, may have found them freshly interesting and beautiful. His 'Contes de ma Mère l'Oye,' the tales of genial Mother Goose, were first published as a collection in 1697. They had already appeared singly, and in 1694 three of them had been included in the 'Miscellany' of Mostjen, a bookseller of The Hague.

The 'Contes de ma Mère l'Oye' were published in the name of Perrault's young son, Perrault d'Armancour, as though written by the child; and this has greatly confused the critics. The charm of the stories is their vivid style. The straightforward telling, the choice of detail, the graphic coloring, the general simplicity of tone, suggest a child's rendering. But interspersed are witty phrases, often parenthetical, mature reflections, and touches of amiable irony, for which Perrault himself is surely responsible. Each story terminates with an odd little moral in rhyme, usually omitted from the English versions.

The French mind has always been in sympathy with fairies; not boisterous tricksy elves like those of Briton and Germany, but deft little ladies who love to aid unfortunate human protégés. They are rarely malevolent like the slighted eighth fairy of Sleeping Beauty's christening. The element of the grotesque and fascinatingly horrible is usually supplied by ogres and ogresses, direct descendants of the cannibals told about by early voyagers. Like all folk-lore, these early French tales abound in clever beasts, such as Puss-in-Boots. To primitive receptivity of heart and mind, it is no more wonderful that a cat should talk than that it should purr. Inexperience believes in fairies as readily as in men; hence the delightful matter-of-course tone in Perrault's enchanted world. The humor is usually a simple burlesque, as in 'The Foolish Wishes,' when the black pudding sticks to the man's nose.

Perrault's stories made refreshing appeal to the courtiers and fine ladies at magnificent Louis's court. They welcomed them in the spirit which led them to throw aside silks and velvets, and masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses.

Since then many generations of scholars have studied Perrault's text, finding their successive clues back to shadowy antiquity. For most of the tales they have discovered fanciful interpretations, based

upon recollections of mythology. These may or may not be legitimate. Sleeping Beauty may have been winter, and the Prince reawakening spring; but children love the story for itself, not for the metaphor.

'Bluebeard' probably has a more recent origin than the others. He may have been suggested by mediæval Gilles de Retz, notorious for cruel murders of children, which he expiated by being publicly burned. Or he may have been Cormorus, a Breton prince, reputed a wife-murderer. At any rate, he is firmly established as the fiercest of nursery bogies.

Perrault's stories have grown in popularity for two hundred years. England, Germany, and other nations soon took possession of them. They have been endlessly retold; changed, colored to suit the taste of the nations which adopted them. But Perrault's brilliant touch is discernible under all the modifications; and to him directly, we owe much of our best-loved fairy literature.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman got made for her a little red riding-hood; which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her 'Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her:—

"Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest. He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him:—

"I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma."

"Does she live far off?" said the Wolf.

«Oh! ay,» answered Little Red Riding-Hood: «it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village.»

«Well,» said the Wolf, «and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there soonest.»

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door — tap, tap.

«Who's there?»

«Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,» replied the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice; «who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent you by mamma.»

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out: —

«Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.»

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened; and then presently he fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door and went into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door — tap, tap.

«Who's there?»

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had got a cold and was hoarse, answered: —

«'Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter mamma sends you.»

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could: —

«Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.»

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The Wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bed-clothes: —

«Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down with me.»

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and went into bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her: —

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

THERE were formerly a King and a Queen, who were sorry that they had no children; so sorry that it cannot be expressed. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried, and all to no purpose.

At last, however, the Queen had a daughter. There was a very fine christening; and the Princess had for her godmothers all the fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the Princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the King's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover, with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife, and fork,—all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had only seven, made for the seven fairies. The old Fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat by her overheard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair as much as she could the evil which the old Fairy might intend.

In the mean while all the fairies began to give their gifts to the Princess. The youngest gave her for gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said that the Princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody fell a-crying.

At this very instant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud:—

"Assure yourselves, O King and Queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the expiration of which a king's son shall come and awake her."

The King, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, caused immediately the proclamation to be made, whereby everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have so much as any spindle in their houses. About fifteen or sixteen years after, the King and Queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young Princess happened one day to divert herself in running up and down the palace; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman,

alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, goody?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ha!" said the Princess, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so."

She had no sooner taken it into her hand than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; they threw water upon the Princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary-water; but nothing would bring her to herself.

And now the King, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the fairies; and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairies had said it, caused the Princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver.

One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion,—her cheeks were carnation, and her lips were coral: her eyes were indeed shut, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awaking was come.

The good Fairy who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years was in the kingdom of Matakin, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the Princess: but she was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues; that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground in one stride. The Fairy came away immediately, and she arrived, about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot, and she approved everything he had done; but as she had very great foresight, she

thought when the Princess should awake she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did: she touched with her wand everything in the palace (except the King and the Queen) — governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, undercooks, scullions, guards, with their beefeaters, pages, footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsey too, the Princess's little spaniel, which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace and put forth a proclamation that nobody should dare to come near it.

This, however, was not necessary: for in a quarter of an hour's time there grew up all round about the park such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace, and that too not unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the Fairy gave herein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the Princess, while she continued sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and passed, the son of the King then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping Princess, being gone a-hunting on that side of the country, asked: —

What those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood?

Every one answered according as they had heard. Some said:

That it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits.

Others, that all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath or night's meeting.

The common opinion was that an ogre lived there; and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without anybody being able to

follow him, as having himself alone the power to pass through the wood.

The Prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus:—

"May it please your Royal Highness, it is now about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there was then in this castle a princess, the most beautiful was ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be waked by a king's son, for whom she was reserved."

The young Prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure; and, pushed on by love and honor, resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood when all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles gave way of themselves to let him pass through; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue which he went into; and what a little surprised him was that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again as soon as he had passed through them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way: a young and amorous prince is always valiant.

He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned over all a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere showed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He however very well knew, by the ruby faces and pimpled noses of the beefeaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, showed plainly that they fell asleep in their cups.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard chamber, where guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight that was ever beheld,— a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner resplendent, beauty had somewhat in it

divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princess awaked; and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of,—

"Is it you, my Prince?" said she to him. "You have waited a long while."

The Prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than he did himself; their discourse was not well connected, they did weep more than talk,—little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it: she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good Fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet they said not half what they had to say.

In the mean while all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular business, and as all of them were not in love they were ready to die for hunger. The chief lady of honor, being as sharp set as other folks, grew very impatient, and told the Princess aloud that supper was served up. The Prince helped the Princess to rise: she was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his Royal Highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother, and had a point band peeping over a high collar; she looked not a bit the less charming and beautiful for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they supped, and were served by the Princess's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now above a hundred years since they had played; and after supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honor drew the curtains. They had but very little sleep—the Princess had no occasion; and the Prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been in pain for him. The Prince told him:—

That he had lost his way in the forest as he was hunting, and that he had lain in the cottage of a charcoal-burner, who gave him cheese and brown bread.

The King, his father, who was a good man, believed him but his mother could not be persuaded it was true, and seeing that he went almost every day a-hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, she began to suspect that he was married; for he lived with the Princess above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named Morning, and the youngest, who was a son, they called Day, because he was a great deal handsomer and more beautiful than his sister.

The Queen spoke several times to her son, to inform herself after what manner he did pass his time, and that in this he ought in duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with his secret: he feared her, though he loved her, for she was of the race of the Ogres, and the King would never have married her had it not been for her vast riches; it was even whispered about the court that she had Ogreish inclinations, and that whenever she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to avoid falling upon them. And so the Prince would never tell her one word.

But when the King was dead, which happened about two years afterwards, and he saw himself lord and master, he openly declared his marriage; and he went in great ceremony to conduct his Queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, she riding between her two children.

Soon after, the King went to make war with the Emperor Contalabutte, his neighbor. He left the government of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the summer; and as soon as he departed the Queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law to a country house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing.

Some few days afterward she went thither herself, and said to her clerk of the kitchen:—

"I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner tomorrow."

"Ah, madam!" cried the clerk of the kitchen.

"I will have it so," replied the Queen (and this she spoke in the tone of an Ogress who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat), "and will eat her with a *sauce*, Robert."

The poor man, knowing very well that he must not play tricks with Ogresses, took his great knife and went up into little Morning's chamber. She was then four years old; and came up to him jumping and laughing, to take him about the neck and ask him for some sugar-candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hand, and he went into the back yard and killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in her life. He had at the same time taken up little Morning and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the bottom of the court-yard.

About eight days afterward the wicked Queen said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I will sup upon little Day."

He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before. He went to find out little Day, and saw him with a little foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey, the child being then only three years of age. He took him up in his arms and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber along with his sister; and in the room of little Day cooked up a young kid, very tender, which the Ogress found to be wonderfully good.

This was hitherto all mighty well; but one evening this wicked Queen said to her clerk of the kitchen:—

"I will eat the Queen with the same sauce I had with her children."

It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was turned of twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into her chamber, with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great fury as he could possibly, and came into the young Queen's room with his dagger in his hand. He would not, however, surprise her; but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the Queen-mother.

"Do it; do it" (said she, stretching out her neck). "Execute your orders; and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved."

For she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge.

"No, no, madam" (cried the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears): "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children again; but then you must go home with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them, and I shall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your stead a young hind."

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber, where, leaving her to embrace her children and cry along with them, he went and dressed a young hind, which the Queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as if it had been the young Queen. Exceedingly was she delighted with her cruelty; and she had invented a story to tell the King, at his return, how the mad wolves had eaten up the Queen his wife and her two children.

One evening, as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts and yards of the palace to see if she could smell any fresh meat, she heard, in a ground room, little Day crying; for his mamma was going to whip him, because he had been naughty: and she heard at the same time little Morning begging pardon for her brother.

The Ogress presently knew the voice of the Queen and her children; and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded (with a most horrible voice, which made everybody tremble) that next morning, by break of day, they should bring into the middle of the great court a large tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the King (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horseback (for he came post), and asked with the utmost astonishment what was the meaning of that horrible spectacle.

No one dared to tell him; when the Ogress, all enraged to see what had happened, threw herself head foremost into the tub, and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it for others. The King could not but be very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife and his pretty children.

BLUE BEARD

THERE was a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man was so unlucky as to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her choice which of the two she would bestow on him. They would neither of them have him, and sent him backwards and forwards from one another, not being able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard; and what besides gave them disgust and aversion was his having already been married to several wives, and nobody ever knew what became of them.

Blue Beard, to engage their affection, took them, with the lady their mother and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country seats, where they stayed a whole week.

There was nothing then to be seen but parties of pleasure, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, everything succeeded so well that the youngest daughter began to think the master of the house not to have a beard so very blue, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to take a country journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence, desiring her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances, to carry them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture; these are of my silver and gold plate, which is not every day in use; these open my strong boxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels; and this is the master-key to all my apartments. But for this little one here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all,

go into all and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you; and forbid it in such a manner that if you happen to open it, there's nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered; when he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbors and good friends did not stay to be sent for by the new-married lady, so great was their impatience to see all the rich furniture of her house, not daring to come while her husband was there, because of his blue beard, which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so fine and rich that they seemed to surpass one another.

After that they went up into the two great rooms, where were the best and richest furniture; they could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables,— and looking-glasses in which you might see your self from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent ever were seen.

They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the mean time in no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet on the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity that without considering that it was very uncivil to leave her company, she went down a little back staircase, and with such excessive haste that she had twice or thrice like to have broken her neck.

Being come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she was disobedient; but the temptation was so strong she could not overcome it. She then took the little key, and opened it, trembling, but could not at first see anything plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear; and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she took up the key, locked the door, and went up-stairs into her chamber to recover herself; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out: in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand; the blood still remained, for the key was magical and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Blue Beard returned from his journey the same evening, and said he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was ended to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him she was extremely glad of his speedy return.

Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"I must certainly," said she, "have left it above upon the table."

"Fail not," said Blue Beard, "to bring it to me presently."

After several goings backward and forward she was forced to bring him the key. Blue Beard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife:—

"How comes this blood upon the key?"

"I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know!" replied Blue Beard. "I very well know You were resolved to go into the closet, were you not? Mighty well, madam: you shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, vowing that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Blue Beard had a heart harder than any rock!

"You must die, madam," said he; "and that presently."

"Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears), "give me some little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone she called out to her sister, and said to her:—

"Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I beg you, upon the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming; they promised me that they would come to-day, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up upon the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time:—

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

And sister Anne said:—

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."

In the mean while Blue Beard, holding a great sabre in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife:—

"Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."

"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see anybody coming?"

And sister Anne answered:—

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which is green."

"Come down quickly," cried Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you."

"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou not see any one coming?"

"I see," replied sister Anne, "a great dust, which comes on this side here."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas! no, my dear sister: I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" cried Blue Beard.

"One moment longer," said his wife, and then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see nobody coming?"

"I see," said she, "two horsemen; but they are yet a great way off."

"God be praised," replied the poor wife joyfully: "they are my brothers; I will make them a sign, as well as I can, for them to make haste."

Then Blue Beard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

"This signifies nothing," says Blue Beard: "you must die;" then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up the

sword with the other, he was going to take off her head. The poor lady, turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself.

"No, no," said he, "recommend thyself to God;" and was just ready to strike.

At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate that Blue Beard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and presently entered two horsemen, who, drawing their swords, ran directly to Blue Beard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers,—one a dragoon, the other a musketeer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself: but the two brothers pursued so close that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch, when they ran their swords through his body and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers.

Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers; and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Blue Beard.

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

THERE was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was like herself in face and humor. Both were so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them. The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls ever seen. As people naturally love their own likeness, this mother doted on her eldest daughter, and had a horrible aversion for the youngest: she made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half off the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink.

"Oh! ay, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and immediately rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water

from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift." For this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor countrywoman to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift, that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

[When this occurred on her return, the mother at once sent the elder sister, with the best silver tankard, to the fountain on the same errand; which she resented as menial's work.]

[The elder sister] was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

"Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy slut, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your Ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it if you have a fancy."

The fairy answered without putting herself in a passion, "Since you have so little breeding and are so disobliging, I give you for gift that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

[This also occurring, the mother blamed and beat the younger sister, who ran away and hid in the forest, where the king's son met her and asked why she was alone there weeping.]

[Said the younger sister,] "Alas, sir! my mamma has turned me out of doors."

The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She hereupon told him the whole story; and so the king's son fell in love with her, and considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage portion, conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off: and the miserable wretch, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner of the wood, and there died.

PERSIUS (AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS)

(34–62 A. D.)

THE fame of Persius is perhaps more difficult to account for than that of any other equally eminent author. His brief life was chiefly spent under the crushing tyranny of the worst among the early Cæsars. Real freedom of speech was impossible. Persius, as he himself confesses, was not a true singer. He had not the poet's joyous creative imagination. Even the claim of originality, in style or in substance, is denied him. His voice—thinner, shriller, less articulate than his master's—is still the voice of Horace; and he lashes essentially the same foibles, though with a far more savage swing of the whip. Had Lucilius's satires survived, they would probably have reduced to still smaller space the claims of Persius to originality. The work of the latter is immature and fragmentary, consisting of six satires, only six hundred and fifty hexameters in all, to which should be added the fourteen «limping iambics» of the modest, but perhaps spurious, Epilogue.

PERSIUS

Yet the fact remains, that Persius has held firmly his position as third in rank among Latin satirists. This, moreover, is the one field wherein the Romans acknowledged no Hellenic models or masters. Hardly any ancient poet survives in better or more numerous manuscripts. Few have a more brilliant line of modern editors, from Casaubon to Conington and Gildersleeve. This can be no mere accident, still less the favoritism shown to a popular young aristocrat. Something of vitality the little book must have had.

Our first impression is of extreme incoherence and obscurity. Yet in this there is nothing of pedantic willfulness. The note of sincerity, the strident intolerant sincerity of youth, pierces our ear quickly, despite all the inarticulate verbiage. Even in this brief career too we seem to trace a line of progress toward calmer, clearer, more genial self-utterance. Especially the tender lines to his old tutor Cornutus leave us «wishing for more»; which is perhaps the rarest triumph of the satirist, in particular. Professor Conington declares

that as Lucretius represents Epicureanism in poetry, so Persius stands no less completely for Roman Stoicism. The concession is at once added, however, that Divine Philosophy, in that unhappy age, could teach little more than manly endurance of the inevitable.

Altogether,—unless we confess that obscurity itself may draw the thronging commentators till they darken the very air above it,—we must consider that Persius offers us one more illustration that the fearless frank word of the austere moralist is never hopelessly out of season, but may re-echo for evermore. Or, to change the figure:—

> «How far that little candle throws its beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.»

The edition of Persius by Professor Gildersleeve (Harper, 1875) is especially valuable for its linguistic and stylistic comment; the more as Persius, like Plautus and Catullus, used more largely than the other poets that *lingua volgare* from which the Romance languages take their direct descent. The more indolent student, however, will find his way to Conington's edition, more recently revised by Nettleship, which includes a capital prose translation on parallel pages. To this graceful version the present translator confesses his heavy indebtedness.

THE AUTHOR'S AMBITION

We write, locked in,—one prose, another verse;
Of lofty style, that may be panted forth
With liberal lung. Yes, to the folk, some day,
Spruce in your fresh new toga, all in white,
Wearing your birthday ring, from some high seat
These things you hope to read, after your throat
Is gargled clear with trills, yourself o'ercome,
With swimming eyes! The sturdy Romans then,
Losing all dignity of mien and voice,
You'd fain see quivering, while the verses glide
Into their bones; their marrow tickled by
The rippling strain!
What! an old man like you
Would gather tidbits up for alien ears,
Yourself, at last wearied, to cry «Enough»?
So much for pallor and austerity!
Oh, evil day! Is then your knowledge worth
So little, unless others know you know?

But it *is* pleasant to be pointed at
With the forefinger, and to hear, "*That's he!*
Ay, there he goes!" Would you not like to be
By a full hundred curly-headed boys
Conned as their lesson?
Lo, the heroic sons
Of Romulus sit at their wine, full-fed,
To hear the tale of sacred Poesy.
Some fellow, with a hyacinthine robe
Over his shoulders, with a snuffling lisp
Utters some mawkish stuff, of Phyllises,
Hypsipylas, or whate'er heroines
By bard bewailed. The gentry add their praise;—
And now the poet's dust is happy? Now
The stone is resting lighter on his bones?
The humbler guests applaud; and from his tomb
And blessed ashes and his Manes now
Shall not the violets spring?

A CHILD'S TRICK

I OFTEN touched my eyes, I recollect,
With oil, in boyhood, if I did not wish
To learn by heart the dying Cato's words;
Which my daft master loudly would applaud,
And with a glow of pride my father heard
As I recited to his gathered friends.

«WE TWA»

I SPEAK not to the throng. I give my heart—
As the Muse bids me—unto you to sift.
It is my joy to show, O sweet my friend,
To you, how large a part of me is yours.
Strike, and with caution test how much rings true,
What is mere plaster of a varnished tongue.
A hundred voices I might dare to crave,
That I in clearest utterance might reveal
How in my heart's recesses you are fixed.
So might my words all that unseal which lies,
Not to be uttered, in my heart-strings hid. . . .

Just where the path of life uncertain grows,
And cross-ways lead the doubtful mind astray,
I gave myself to you. My tender years
To your Socratic bosom you received.
Cornutus. . . .
I remember well
How the long summer suns I spent with you,
And with you plucked the early hours of night
For our repast. One task there was for both;
Our rest we took together, and relaxed
Our graver fancies at our frugal meal.

[The foregoing translations were made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by W. C. Lawton.]

PETÖFI

ALEXANDER PETÖFI

(1823–1849)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

LIKE most of the Continental poets who rose to fame during the first half of the nineteenth century, Petöfi brought to the work of poetic creation the glow of a passionate patriotism. As Leopardi put into song the dreams of a united Italy, as Mickiewicz strengthened the proud heart of vanquished Poland, and as Körner sang and died for the liberation of his fatherland, so Petöfi fired the patriotism of Hungary, and found an unmarked grave upon the battle-field of her liberties. No other singer of any land has ever become in so intimate a sense the universal poet of his people as this greatest of Hungarian bards. Burns holds in the hearts of Scotchmen approximately the place that Petöfi has won in the affections of his ardent countrymen. But Petöfi means more to Hungary than Burns to Scotland. He was not the poet only, but the popular hero as well. His brilliant successes, his romantic career, his fascinating character, and his mysterious disappearance on the field of battle, before he had completed his twenty-seventh year, have thrown a mystic glamour over his name. His career was meteoric though his glory is permanent. He himself vanished like a wandering star, and the spot where he fell no man knows. For years it was believed that he still went up and down the land in disguise, and many false Petöfis put forth poems under that charmed name. The report that he had been captured by the Russians and exiled to Siberia caused intense excitement, not in Hungary alone, but throughout Germany and Austria. There can be little doubt, however, that he was buried in the general trench with fellow patriots unnumbered and unknown.

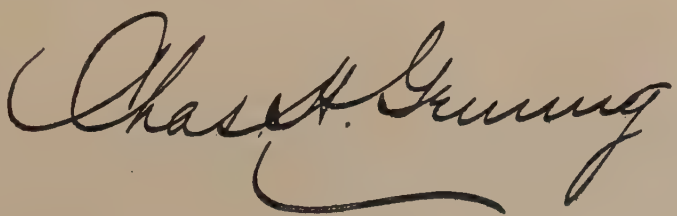
Alexander Petöfi was born in the small village of Kis-Körös in the early New Year's morning of 1823. In the veins of this intensely national poet of Hungary there flowed not a drop of Hungarian blood. His father, a well-to-do butcher, was a Serbian named Petrovics; his mother was a Slovenian. His temperament and character, however, were entirely Hungarian. He was ashamed of the Slavic sound of his family name, and both as actor and as poet he assumed various appellations. His growing fame decided him to adopt the name which he has immortalized, of Petöfi. His nature

was wild and wayward. He led a wanderer's life, and played many rôles. He was student, actor, soldier, vagabond. It was the persistent mistake of his life that, like Wilhelm Meister, he believed himself to be an actor, and through the most humiliating experiences he clung to this error. In the midst, however, of his most sordid trials, his efforts to attain self-culture were put forth with an unremitting energy almost pathetic. In his knapsack he carried Shakespeare, Schiller, and Homer. At the age of nineteen he had mastered the most difficult metres of the ancients, and acquired a good knowledge of the chief modern languages. In Paza, he formed with Jókai the statesman and novelist, and Orlai the artist, an interesting circle. Jókai gives an amusing account of the hallucinations which blinded each of the three as to his special capability. Orlai, who has won fame as a painter, believed himself a poet; the actor Petöfi declaimed his lines; while Jókai, believing himself an artist, furnished the illustrations.

It was Vörösmarty, the senior poet of Hungary, who first recognized Petöfi's genius and set it right. He was one of the editors of the chief Hungarian magazine, the Athenæum, and here in 1842 appeared Petöfi's first poem. In 1844 a collection of the poems was brought out in book form, and their instant and wide-spread success justified Vörösmarty's judgment. The new poet was received with universal acclaim, and developed a lyric productivity little less than marvelous. He wrote several excellent village tales, a novel called 'The Hangman's Rope,' and two dramas which were failures. His studies in foreign literatures bore fruit in numerous translations. His version of Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus' has become a part of the regular repertoire of the Hungarian stage. But it was in the 1775 lyric poems that Petöfi's true genius appeared. He was a poet in the simplest purest sense, and thousands to whom his name was yet unknown sang his songs at fair and festival. They seemed like the spontaneous expression of the people themselves, who had waited for their appointed mouthpiece. Faithfulness and naturalness distinguish his poetry. He was the first to free himself from the scholastic formalism which had theretofore dominated Hungarian literature, and so incurred at the hands of conservative criticism the charge of vulgarity. What he did was to show that the simple, the childlike, and the natural were compatible with the genuinely poetical. A shadow of the spirit of Heine and Byron fell upon Petöfi's verse, but does not characterize it; and to his personality attached the same fascinating charm that they excited. His love adventures were manifold, and many a fair maiden has been celebrated by exquisite poems, in which no impure note is ever struck. Every poem bears the stamp of actual experience and genuine feeling. In the simple language of

every-day life Petöfi has sung of the sorrows, the aspirations, the loves, and the gayety of the Hungarian people; in his verse is the passionate glow, the melancholy, and the humor of the race; it is the purest expression of the national temperament and character. Herman Grimm has not hesitated to declare that Petöfi ranks "among the very greatest poets of all times and tongues." It is a singular fact that with all his superb lyric quality and musical lilt, Petöfi had no ear or taste for music.

The year 1847 marked the culmination of the poet's happiness and success. A richly printed edition of his collected poems appeared, and their beauty in the mass silenced forever the voice of adverse criticism. In that year he married, and in that year he found the best friend of his life,—the epic poet Arany. About the laurel crown of the national poet were soon to be twined the oak wreaths also of a national hero. The ideas which inspired the revolution of 1849 were dimly foreshadowed in some of Petöfi's earlier poems. To his efforts and to those of Jókai it was chiefly due that the celebrated reform programme, with the twelve demands of the Hungarian nation, was drawn up and adopted. On March 15th, 1848, was published the first work that appeared under the new laws establishing the freedom of the press. This was Petöfi's famous song 'Talpra Magyar' (Up, Magyar), the Hungarian Marseillaise. It was the beginning of a series of impassioned revolutionary lyrics. The articles which Petöfi contributed to the newspapers at that time are valuable historical documents of the revolution. In September 1848 he entered the army, and served under General Bem, whose adjutant he became. He had no qualifications for a soldier's career except a passionate patriotism and unshrinking courage. His erratic nature would not conform to the strictness of military discipline; but to the poet whom the nation idolized, large liberties were accorded, and in hours of peril he displayed heroic qualities. He fought at the great battle of Szegesvár on July 31st, 1849, in which the Hungarians were defeated; and he has never been seen since. His grave is with the unknown; and the wish which he uttered in song, that flowers should be scattered where he rests, must remain forever unfulfilled. A fairer and more enduring tribute is the love his people bear him. His poetry is a national treasure, which Hungary cherishes as a sacred possession.



MASTER PAUL

MASTER Paul was angry: in his ire
Threw his hat,
Like a log, into the blazing fire—
What of that?
Talked about his wife till he was hoarse:
"Curse her—I'll apply for a divorce!
No! I'll chase her out of doors instead;"—
And he did exactly what he said.

Master Paul got cooler after that—
Very cool!
"What a fool to throw away my hat—
What a fool!
What a fool to drive her from the door!
Now I shall be poorer than before;
For she kept the house, and earned her bread;"—
And it was exactly as he said.

Master Paul got angrier, angrier yet:
Took his hat,
Flung it from him in his passionate pet—
What of that?
"Toil and trouble is man's wretched lot,
And one more misfortune matters not:
Let it go—unsheltered be my head;"—
And he did exactly as he said.

Freed from all this world's anxieties,
Master Paul
Pulled his hat indignant o'er his eyes—
"All, yes! all,
All is gone, my partner and my pelf:
Naught is left me but to hang myself,
So of all my troubling cares get rid;"—
And exactly as he said, he did.

SONG OF LAMENT

OH, WITH what fascinating bursts and swells
Breaks out the music of the village bells.
Upon the ear of the roused peasant falling,
And to the church devotions gently calling!
What sweet remembrances that music brings
Of early thoughts and half-forgotten things:
Things half forgotten, yet on these past dreams
Distinct, as living life, one figure beams
In brightness and in youthful beauty — she
Sleeps her long sleep beneath the willow-tree;
There I my never-wearied vigils keep,
And there I weep, and cannot cease to weep.

MAY-NIGHT

NIGHT of May! thou night of peace and silence,
When the moonlight silvers the starred vault;
Tell me then, blonde maiden! blue-eyed floweret,
Shining pearl! what thoughts thy heart assault.

Mine are misty dreamings, passing shadows;
But they keep me sleepless — crowning me
Like the monarch of a mighty kingdom,
And the crown is held, dear maid! is held by thee.

What a theft it were, and what a contrast
With the trashy purse that thieves purloin,
Could I steal these dreams, and then convert them
Into solid and substantial coin!

DREAMING

IS IT a dream that shows me
Yonder vision airy?
Is she a mortal maiden?
Is she a spirit fairy?

Whether maiden or fairy,
Little indeed I care,
Would she only love me,
Smiling sweetly there.

FAITHFULNESS

THERE on the mountain a rose-blossom blows;
Bend o'er my bosom thy forehead which glows;
Whisper, O whisper sweet words in mine ear,
Say that thou lovest me,—what rapture to hear!

Down on the Danube the evening sun sinks,
Gilding the wavelets that dance on its brinks;
As the sweet river has cradled the sun,
Cradled I rest upon thee, lovely one!

I have been slandered, the slanderers declare,—
Let God forgive them,—I utter no prayer;
Now let them listen, while prayerful I pour
All my heart's offerings on her I adore.

A VOW

I'LL be a tree, if thou wilt be its blossom;
I'll be a flower, if thou wilt be its dew;
I'll be the dew, if thou wilt be the sunbeam;
Where'er thou art, let me be near thee too.
Wert thou the heaven of blue, beloved maiden,
I a fixed star in that blue heaven would be;
And wert thou doomed to hell itself, dear woman,
I'd seek perdition to be near to thee.

SORROW AND JOY

AND what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea.
And what is joy?
A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;
I sought it—found it—held it o'er my head,
And to my soul's annoy,
It fell into the ocean's depth again,
And now I look and long for it in vain.

WIFE AND SWORD

A DOVE upon the house-roof,
Above in heaven a star;
Thou on my bosom sleeping—
How sweet thy breathings are!

Soft as the morning dewdrops
Upon the rose leaves fall,
Thou in my arms reposest,
My love, my wife, my all!

Why should I not embrace thee
With kisses manifold?
My lips are rich with kisses,
So gushing, so untold.

We talk, we toy, we trifle,
We revel in love's bliss;
And snatch at every breathing
A kiss—another kiss.

But who that bliss can measure,
Sparkling in every glance?
It crests thy lips with beauty,
It lights thy countenance.

I look upon my sabre,
'Tis idly hung above;
And does it not reproach me—
"Why so absorbed in love?"

Thou old—thou young companion!
So wildly looking down;
I hear thy voice of anger,
I see thy threatening frown.

"Shame—shame on thee, deserter!
Thus trifling with a wife;
Awake! thy country calls thee
For liberty, for life."

And I—"She is so lovely,
So witching, so divine,—
The gift of heavenly beauty,
This angel-love of mine!

"Oh, recognize the mission,
Intrusted from the sky,
To this celestial envoy,
And hail her embassy."

She heard the word; she echoed
That word—"'The Fatherland!'
I buckle on the sabre,
With mine own plighted hand.

"I charge thee, save thy country—
'Tis mine, 'tis thine—for both;
Off to the field of victory,
And there redeem thy troth."

OUR COUNTRY

THE sun went down, but not a starlet
Appeared in heaven,—all dark above;
No light around, except the taper
Dim glimmering, and my homely love.

That homely love's a star in heaven
That shines around both near and far,
A home of sadness—sad Hungaria!
Where wilt thou find that lovely star?

And now my taper flickers faintly,
And midnight comes; but in the gleam,
Faint as it is, I see a shadow
Which half reveals a future dream.

It brightens as the daybreak brightens
Each flame brings forth a mightier flame;
There stand two figures in the nimbus,—
Old Magyar honor, Magyar fame.

O Magyars! look not on your fathers,
But bid them hide their brows in night;
Your eyes are weak, those suns are dazzling,
Ye cannot bear that blasting light.

Time was those ancient, honored fathers
Could speak the threatening, thundering word;
'Twas like the bursting of the storm-wind
And Europe, all responsive, heard!

Great was the Magyar then: his country
Honored, his name a history
Of glory,—now a star extinguished,
A fallen star in Magyar sea.

'Twas long ago the laurel garland
Was round the Magyar forehead bound;
Shall fancy, eagle-pinioned, ever
See Magyar hero-brow recrowned?

That laurel crown so long has faded,
So long thy light has ceased to gleam,
Thy greatness seems a myth, thy story
A fable of the past—a dream!

Long have mine eyes been dry and tearless,
But now I weep; and can it be
That these are dews of spring—the dawning
Of brighter days for Hungary?

And can it—can it be a meteor,
That for a moment burst and blazed,
Lighted with brightness all the heavens,
And sunk in darkness while we gazed?

No! 'tis a comet, whose returning
Is sure as is the march of doom;
Hungary shall hail it, blazing, burning,—
It cannot, will not fail to come.

ONE ONLY THOUGHT

One thought torments me sorely—'tis that I
Pillowed on a soft bed of down may die;
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
Under the gentle pressure of decay;
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame;
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree—
A rock, which, torn from mountain-brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below.

Where every fettered race, tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains,
And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold,—
"For the world's liberty!"
And far and wide the summons to be free
Fills east and west, and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right,—
There will I die!
There drowned in mine own heart's blood lie
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right; my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banners waving high;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee,
All holy! world-delivering liberty!

INDIFFERENCE

"With calm indifference good and evil bear:"
So saith the sage, and so the world replies;
But not too wisely—'tis not my device;
Pleasures and pains, my comfort and my care,
Must leave their impress, both of ill and good:
My soul is not a flood
Equally moved, when a sweet infant throws
O'er me a scattered rose,
As when the whirlwind brings
Down from the forest a torn trunk, and flings
It furiously upon my wanderings.

The above translations are all by Sir John Bowring.

PETRARCH

(1304–1374)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

THE second of the "Great Four" poets of Italy occupied with his life more than two-thirds of the fourteenth century: being at once widely influential in its affairs of State, as well as its leading man of letters, and by far its most illustrious poet. He was for his first seventeen years a contemporary with the first and greatest of the four, and like him, by inheritance, of the party of the Bianchi and an exile from Florence; and affected, though in a milder measure, by political vicissitudes, which to a large extent determined, as in the case of his great predecessor, the direction of his activities and the destiny and happiness of his life.

The times, of which both were in an important sense the product, were fast changing, and already much changed from those which had shaped Dante's career. Clement V. in 1305 transferred the seat of the popes to Avignon. The Empire, the shadow of a great name, had begun its decline in Italy. It made its last struggles in the chivalrous enterprises of Henry VII. of Luxemburg; failed in 1313 by the successful resistance of the Florentines; and the coming of Louis of Bavaria in 1323 did not avail to raise it up. The Guelfs were strong again by the power of Florence, and of Robert, King of Naples. The national arms were declining; and the volunteer "companies" (*le compagnie di ventura*) were getting a greater footing in Italy — composed at first of foreigners, later also of Italians, affecting and worrying Petrarch to the last degree. They were mercenary bands, to whom warfare was a trade to live by, and who hired themselves out to various princes, dukes, etc.; and many cities by their aid were setting out to become independent dominions, lordships, marquisates, dukedoms, etc. The Visconti, victorious over the Torriani, were coming to the front in Milan; at Verona, the Scaligers, the family of Este — with whom, two hundred years later, the destiny of Tasso is to be so tragically commingled — were establishing their splendid marquisate at Ferrara. At Florence, the Duke of Athens, attempting to secure the lordship there, was put down; and with him the nobles went under, the common people and the merchants came uppermost, and the supremacy of the Medici was gradually prepared. The republics of Genoa and Venice contended in bitter warfare, and the latter rose to supremacy upon the land as well as by sea.

In these troublous times of transition and tumult, though an exile and wanderer like Dante before him (with less suffering indeed from external causes), his remarkable personal beauty, his natural *bonhomie*, his enormous learning, his vast general knowledge, his intense patriotism, and his marvelous industry, brought him to exert an astonishing influence over the great and powerful, and to live in the veneration and friendship of the noblest and most exalted in the world. He could count among personal friends several popes; the Correggios, lords of Parma, the Colonnas of Rome, the Visconti of Milan, the Carraras of Padua, the Gonzagas of Mantua; Robert, King of Naples; the Emperor Charles IV. He was invited in turn by them all, was consulted by them, was employed by them on important matters of State. He was sent by the nobles and people of Rome to Clement VI. on the great endeavor to persuade him to remove his residence from Avignon to Rome. Although this effort was unsuccessful, he afterward wrote a letter in Latin to Clement's successor, Urban V., urging the same request; and he soon after removed to Rome. In short, his opportunities in the character of the age, and his own qualifications in respect of statesmanship, learning, and the poetic gift, were so extraordinary, and were improved by him with such tireless activity, that his influence upon his contemporaries in each direction was prodigious and unique, and his contemporary reputation almost or quite unparalleled.

The family of Petrarch came from Incisa nel Valdarno, a little hamlet some twenty-five miles southeast of Florence; and was of the *gente nuova* (new folk) of Florence. Francesco's father was Master Petracco or Petraccolo (Peter), son of Garzo, of whom our Petrarch speaks reverently.

Petracco, whose name the son afterwards Latinized as his own cognomen into Petrarca, was "cancelliere delle riformagione"; an officer of the law somewhat corresponding to the modern English "clerk of court." but with larger duties. As a "Guelfo Bianco" (White Guelph), or moderate partisan of the Pope, he had been banished in 1302, and had fled for refuge to Arezzo, some thirty-five miles beyond Incisa in the same direction; and here on the 20th of July, 1304, was born to him the son Francesco,—it is uncertain whether by Niccolosa Sigoli or by Eletta Canigiani, or whether in either case the nuptials were ever blessed by the Church. In those days of confusion there was much irregularity in such matters even among fairly good people. Francesco passed the first seven years with the mother at Incisa; afterward he followed the father and the family to Pisa.

Here he began his first studies, which were to tower to such a marvelous height, under the famous grammarian Convonevole da Prato; then, so happily for him, living in Pisa. Whether from choice, or being still too near to Florence for safety, the exiled father and

partisan churchman removed, and established his family, consisting of the mother and certainly one brother of Francesco, in Avignon in France, the then home of the wandering popes. Happily again for Francesco, now between twelve and fifteen years of age, Convonevole had come into France, and settled at Carpentras, some fifteen miles northeast of Avignon. Here he was sent by the father to pursue his studies under his old preceptor. In 1319 he was sent to Montpellier, to begin the study of jurisprudence, which he afterward carried forward in Bologna. He had never felt any inclination toward legal science, but was to the highest degree fond of the study of literature. Absorbed in this, his legal studies naturally suffered. By abstemious living and denying himself many comforts, he had also acquired a considerable number of valuable manuscripts of the Greek and Latin authors, which were rare and costly in that age. His father, however, was not pleased that for the sake of these classics he should neglect the legal studies, which were then the principal road to preferment and wealth: and during a visit to his father in 1325 (as the poet himself relates in his 'Old Man's Memories'), the father burned many of these precious books, and only left, through the prayers and tears of the son, Cicero's 'De Oratore' and the works of Virgil; which books became, from that moment to his dying day, those which he loved above all others. After the death of his father, which happened in 1326 while he was still a student at Bologna, he returned to make his home at Avignon; and soon entered into the ecclesiastical state. Although he was never in any but minor orders, he obtained during his life many benefices. The indispensable requirements of this condition were, the tonsure, the clerical dress, and the daily recitation of the "Divine office." His breviary is still preserved in the library of the Vatican. He continued his favorite studies in Avignon; solacing himself in a youthful way, he regretfully tells us, in the gallant and licentious life of that city.

During the first year of his settled residence here occurred the event which was destined, more than any other through the rest of his life, to influence his thoughts, his writings, and his happiness. He himself tells us that on Good Friday, in the year 1327, being in the church of the convent of St. Claire, in Avignon, he was struck by the beauty of a young lady near him, younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell in plaited tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage. From this moment was conceived in his heart an infinite admiration and love for her. He says her name was Laura, but her family name he never mentions. There has been much discussion and controversy as to who this lady was, or even whether she ever had any other reality than the fervid allegorical idea in the poet's brain. But he tells us that she was nineteen years

old and had been two years married; and from many allusions of his own and the words of contemporaries, it seems almost certain that she was in fact the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and the wife of Hugues de Sade, and became the mother of fully eleven children. She died in 1348, a victim of the plague.

When the news of her death reached Petrarch, at the time traveling in Italy, he wrote in Latin the following notice of her as a marginal note in his own favorite copy of Virgil, still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan:—

«It was in the prime of my youth, on the 6th of April, at the first hour of the day [the variable ecclesiastical day] in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her virtues, and celebrated in my verses, in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon first appeared to my eyes. In the same city and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this bright luminary disappeared from the world. Alas, I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretchedness! Her chaste and beautiful body was laid, the same day, after vespers, in the Church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its home in heaven. I have written this with mingled pleasure and pain, retracing in this book, so often before my eyes, the sad memory of my great loss; that I may constantly remember that there is nothing more left me to live for, since my strongest tie to life has been broken, and may easily renounce this empty and transitory world, and consider, being freed from my bonds, that it is time for me to flee from Babylon.»

He had endeavored from the first to stifle his passion, or at least to restrain it within the limits of peaceful admiration and friendship, by a prodigious intensity of serious studies, and at the same time by giving vent to it through a continual stream of sonnets, in which her beauty and worth constituted the supporting thread, around which was woven an ever new and incredible variety of elegant poetic conceits. Unappeased by these means, he sought relief from the tempestuous disquiet of his soul in gathering an extensive library of classical manuscripts, traveling abroad in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, in search of such especially as were accounted lost. He discovered in these journeys the 'Institutions' of Quintilian at Arezzo; Cicero's 'Familiar Letters' at Verona; his 'Letters to Atticus' somewhere else, and some lost 'Orations' at Liège; and he speaks of having seen, though they have not come down to us, Cicero's treatise 'On Fame,' and Varro's 'On Divine and Human Things,' and the 'Letters of Augustus.'

In these prodigious and useful and beautiful activities he became everywhere known, and was the wonder and admiration of his age. But the wound of his heart was not to be cured by the ecstasies of poetry, nor the refinements of literature, nor the curiosities of learning, nor the admiration of men. The beautiful magnet at Avignon drew him always back; and that he might be near her, and at the same time be relieved of the presence of the revelry and vice of that

shameful court, he built a home in the beautiful and romantic neighboring valley of Vaucluse. This home, which he called such for fully eleven years, became to him the dearest of all, and excited his best inspirations.

However strange to us to-day (especially us of northern blood), it was and is beyond doubt that the external relations of these celebrated lovers to one another were unimpeachable. Moreover, there are the strongest reasons to believe, from recorded facts and from what we know of his external life and of the intimate workings of his heart, that after some possible weaknesses in the ebullitions of youth,—particularly at Avignon, before his first sight of Laura,—he lived ever afterward with conscientious jealousy against all the excesses of luxury of every sort.

As an ecclesiastic, he was debarred from matrimony accompanied with the lawful benediction of the Church. But it is well known, from his writings, that Petrarch did not in his heart accept all the teachings of the Church in his day, especially in matters of discipline; and this was only a matter of discipline, not of faith. At all events, among his other struggles for external innocence and heart rest he formed a permanent connection with another woman, who bore him a son and a daughter, whom he publicly recognized and treated with the greatest tenderness. The son, whom he placed under the most celebrated teachers, and from whom he hoped great things but realized only regrets, died in early manhood. The daughter Tullia, characteristically named after Cicero's famous daughter, who became a great comfort to him in his old age, was well married in Milan; and by his will he made her husband, Francesco da Brossano, his principal heir.

For the next ten years, though always in motion, he called Vaucluse his home; and from thence poured forth many of his most noted productions. Among these was the Latin heroic poem 'Africa,' which shook with applause the learned world, and gained for him the most highly prized honor of his life,—his coronation, on the Campidoglio at Rome, laureate of the Christian world. On the 1st of September, 1340, this honor was offered him by the University of Paris; and a vote of the Roman Senate invited him to receive it on the Capitol Hill. It filled his heart most of all with infinite joy that it came in Laura's lifetime, and that she sweetly and proudly sympathized in this his unparalleled glory. He went by way of Naples, where his royal friend Robert added a sort of *ad eundem;* and then he passed on to the capital of the world. On the 8th of April, Easter Day, 1341, in the square in front of the remains of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the crown of laurel, with great solemnity, was placed upon his head by the hands of a Senator of Rome, in the

presence and amid the tremendous acclamations of a vast and distinguished assembly, the braying of trumpets, and strains of martial music. Petrarch then pronounced an oration on 'Poetry and Fame.' When all was over, he carried the crown to St. Peter's and set it upon the altar, an offering of pious gratitude and joy.

The remainder of his external life is mostly a record of journeys and removals and brief sojourns in France and Northern Italy. Besides Vaucluse, he had houses at Parma, at Modena, at Bologna, at Verona, at Milan, at Venice, at Padua; whence he made his last removal in 1370 to Arquà del Monte, a most romantic little village among the Euganean Hills. In the outskirts even of this sequestered hamlet, he set an orchard, planted a garden, and built a modest house, which, with some reminiscences of its illustrious owner, such as faded frescoes in allusion to his poems, is still accessible to visitors,—the only one of all his residences which can to-day be identified. Here, on the 20th day of July, 1374, his seventieth birthday, he was found by his friend Lombardo da Serico dead in his study, with his head reclined on a book. He had a grand funeral, and was buried in front of the village church. His monument is a sarcophagus on short columns of red marble. Upon it is a more recent bust of the poet. Beneath is the following rhymed hexameter triplet:—

«Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarci.
Suscipe Virgo parens animam! Sate virgine, parce!
Fessaque nam terris cœli requiescat in arce.»

The substance of which is:—

This stone covers the mortal remains of Francis Petrarch;
O Virgin mother, receive his soul! Son of the Virgin, have mercy on it!
His earthly life was weary; let him have rest in the heavenly temple.

In enormous and almost incredible learning, as well as in contemporary and succeeding poetical fame, Petrarch was and is only second to Dante. He differed greatly from him, however, in several capital qualities. The temper of Dante was pre-eminently democratic; and the spirit of all his writings aimed at instructing and elevating the people, and in particular at building up the vulgar tongue. Petrarch was a literary aristocrat, and despised the vulgar tongue; but his labors in behalf of the Latin classics—in which he was no doubt even more deeply learned than his great predecessor—were unparalleled and invaluable; and so great, indeed, was the encouragement which he gave to the studies in Latin, that he may fairly be regarded as the father of the revival of the vulgar literature, and of the classic art which became transfused into it.

Judged by the cold blood of later times, Petrarch was an over-enthusiastic admirer of ancient Rome and her glories. It was an exaggerated picture, perhaps (if that were possible), which he drew of her grandeur in his 'Africa,' written in Latin hexameters, where he paints with superb eloquence Scipio, Lælius, Masinissa, Ennius, and other great characters; ornamenting his poem with splendid descriptions and artificial orations. But by it he won his laureateship; and it was through the possession of this "exaggerated" zeal that he became the admirer and friend of Cola di Rienzo, and was inspired to write that immortal canzone which still kindles every true Italian heart, 'Spirto Gentil,' given at the end of this article in Major Macgregor's very good translation. That this sentiment was founded in loyal patriotism, as he understood it, would be sufficiently evinced, if we had nothing more, by the celebrated canzone 'Italia Mia,' which is here given in the almost perfect translation of Lady Dacre. Surely never has patriotic affection been clothed in warmer or more exquisite numbers.

Without deciding whether it was a cause or a consequence of his "exaggerated" love and admiration of Roman antiquity, it is a fact that in familiarity with, and in abundance and elegance of writing in, the Latin tongue, he has not even been approached by any other modern. He left a very great number of works in Latin, both prose and verse, upon a very great variety of subjects, religious, political, philosophical; for the most part of no inherent interest to-day, and far too numerous to be even named here. Some of the more famous and curious will show their drift by their titles: 'De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ' (Concerning the Remedies for Either Fortune), developing the doctrine of the Stoics, that "Not the good things of life are truly good, nor the ills truly bad, but that the good consists in subduing the passions"; 'De Vita Solitaria' (On Solitude); 'De Otio Religiosorum' (On the Soul-Rest of the Religious), written after his visit to his brother, who was a monk; 'Secretum' (Private), a confession to St. Augustine in the presence of personified Truth,—an important work for understanding the mind of Petrarch, and the true nature of his love for the lady Laura. There are many volumes of letters in Latin, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, often really a short treatise or oration: the 'Familiari' (To a Friend); 'Senili' (To an Old Man), one of which is really a Latin translation of the story of Griselda in the 'Decameron'; 'Variæ' (Miscellanies); one, 'Ad Posteros' (To Posterity), brings his autobiography up to the year 1351. He says he had burned more than he preserved.

Petrarch differed from Dante in another aspect, which is twofold. Dante is often rough and sometimes imperfect in his numbers; but his invention is Homeric, and never sleeps. Petrarch's invention is

often dull; but the utmost refinement and perfection of poetic style, and the extreme finish of every line, are never absent.

Still another distinction between them, though each was marvelous in his own way, is that Dante is a universal poet, embracing in his matter the whole sphere of theology, science, and politics, as well as all places from the centre of the earth to the zenith of the highest heaven, and all times from the creation of the world to the final Judgment Day; whereas the only matter of Petrarch in his Italian poetry is the passion of human love, and this all centred about one beautiful woman. The 'Canzoniere,' on which his immortal fame depends, consist of more than three hundred sonnets, canzoni, sestine, dancing-songs, and pastorals, and with a half-dozen exceptions, chiefly patriotic. There is not one in which his love for Laura is not wrought in, either as foundation or ornament.

This might well enough be expected to produce an intolerable monotony; and theoretically, the more familiar one should become with them the more sensibly the monotony would be felt. Except in the work of an extraordinary genius, equipped with superlative art, this must undoubtedly hold good. But in fact, in the case of Petrarch the opposite is true. The character of monotony is not really there; and the more often one reads the "Rhymes," the less of monotony is felt, and the more particular and individual each sonnet and canzone is perceived to be. Of this curious paradox the poet Campbell has given a very ingenious and pretty explanation, as follows:—

"This monotony," he says, "impresses the reader exactly in proportion to the slenderness of his acquaintance with the poet. Approaching the sonnets for the first time, they may probably appear to him as like to each other as the sheep of a flock; but when he has become familiar with them, he will perceive an interesting individuality in every sonnet, and will discriminate their individual character as precisely as the shepherd can distinguish every single sheep of his flock by its voice and its face."

Yet again, Dante wrote his great poem in all the panoply of the poetic art, precisely anticipating immortality for himself and his work, with posterity distinctly in his view,—as he tells us over and over again in the 'Vita Nuova': while Petrarch calls his Italian poems 'Nugæ' (Trifles), which he threw off, in the fugitive transports of his soul, for the eye of one dear lady, according to the varying moods of passion and the changing circumstances of life; of necessity leaving, under all their glittering poetic armor, here and there a vulnerable spot, through which the critics could shoot their querulous shafts, and have often done so. Among these the poet Campbell—whom we have just quoted, and who is as querulous as any—closes his criticisms on what he calls Petrarch's "affected refinements" and

«unnatural conceits» with refreshing frankness, saying: «If I could make out the strongest critical case against him, I should still have to answer this question,—How comes it that Petrarch's poetry, in spite of all these faults, has been the favorite of the world for five hundred years? So strong a regard for Petrarch is rooted in the mind of Italy, that his renown has grown up like an oak which has reached maturity amidst the storms of ages, and fears not decay from revolving centuries.»

This answer is very true. But the question returns, «From what extraordinary particulars has arisen this overtopping regard for Petrarch's poetry in the mind of Italy?» We confidently answer, first, from the «melting melody» of his verse; in which, taking into account the quantity he has left, he easily surpasses all others who have used that harmonious speech. Secondly, that he has treated the tenderest sentiment of universal humanity not only far more copiously, in the mere number of touching lines, than any other Italian poet, but with a marvelous absence of repetition he goes ever on and on with his delicious numbers, drawing ever new similitudes and pictures, which are continually bringing silent thoughts of sweetness to the reader's mind. Finally, there is in his handiwork a tone all his own, an unwonted and peculiar way of expressing the sentiment of love; not sensual, not conventional, not over-metaphysical, but natural and truly human: in still other words, while clothed with a purity fit for the most virtuous and modest lady's ear, his lines, radiant with beauty and of bewitching melody, yet breathe a tenderness, a sincerity, a manliness, not surpassed by Tibullus, or any of the most objectionable of the famous old classic pagans.

It is this quality, so bewitching in the original, of Petrarch's Italian poetry,—subtle and evanescent as the fragrance of a rose,—in which perhaps lies the greatest difference of all between the two supreme poets of Italy, and renders the stanzas of Petrarch the despair of every translator into a foreign tongue. Not only are the unparalleled melodies of his delicious numbers impossible to be carried over into other measures and other sounds, but the sweet images, as ethereal as the fleecy clouds of June, are shy of another zone.

No English poet has attempted a complete translation of Petrarch's Italian poetry. Such translations as exist are fragmentary, by different hands, and of very unequal merit. We have selected the most celebrated morsels, and in the translations which seemed to bring to us the most successfully that which Petrarch has given to those who are native to the language and the scenery of Italy.

«ITALIA MIA, BENCHÈ 'L PARLAR SIA INDARNO»

To the Princes of Italy, Exhorting Them to Set Her Free

O my own Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet may it soothe my pain
To sigh forth Tiber's woes,
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander, and my numbers pour.
Ruler of heaven! By the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lowly sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord! on this thy chosen land thine eye:
See, God of Charity!
From what light cause this cruel war has birth:
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled,
Thou, Father! from on high,
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may breast.)—

Ye, to whose sovereign hands the fates confide
Of this fair land the reins,—
(This land for which no pity wrings your yield!
Why does the stranger's sword her plains invest?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins?
Beguiled by error weak,
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands.
Oh, hideous deluge gathered in strange lands,
That rushing down amain
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
Alas! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, who shall our cause sustain?

Well did kind Nature, guardian of our State,
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate:
But blind ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gales contagion foul invites;
Within the same strait fold

The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
And these — oh, shame avowed! —
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold;
Fame tells how Marius's sword
Erewhile their bosoms gored, —
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred the record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters mixed, drank of a comrade's blood!

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide,
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins;
But now — nor know I what ill stars preside —
Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks, whose hands control her helm!
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are ye impelled by judgment, crime, or fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes and from humble toil
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lay inspire.

Nor mark ye yet, confirmed by proof on proof,
Bavaria's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping death aloof?
(Shame, worse than aught of loss, in honor's eye!)
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore! —
Yet give one hour to thought,
And ye shall own how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old!
Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For if barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours! ours the crime! — Not such wise Nature's course.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here, in cradled rest,

Was I not softly hushed? here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this my country? so endeared
By every filial tie!
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
Oh! by this tender thought,
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought,
Look on the people's grief!
Who, after God, of you expect relief;
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent,
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight;
For no — the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name!

Mark, sovereign lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
E'en now, behold! Death presses on the rear.
We sojourn here a day — the next, are gone!
The soul disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh! at the dreaded bourne,
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn,—
Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!
And yet, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect, aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown — the noble mind's desire!
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus to the spirit pure, unbarred is Heaven's way!

My song! with courtesy, and numbers sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace;
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtues few, the truly great!
Tell them — but who shall bid my terrors cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O heaven-born Peace!

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«SPIRTO GENTIL CHE QUELLE MEMBRA REGGI»

To Rienzi, Beseeching Him to Restore to Rome Her Ancient Liberty

Spirit heroic! who with fire divine
Kindlest those limbs, awhile which pilgrim hold
On earth a chieftain gracious, wise, and bold;
Since rightly now the rod of State is thine,
Rome and her wandering children to confine,
And yet reclaim her to the old good way;
To thee I speak, for elsewhere not a ray
Of virtue can I find, extinct below,
Nor one who feels of evil deeds the shame.
Why Italy still waits, and what her aim,
I know not: callous to her proper woe,
Indolent, aged, slow,
Still will she sleep? Is none to rouse her found?
Oh that my wakening hands were through her tresses wound!

So grievous is the spell, the trance so deep,
Loud though we call, my hope is faint that e'er
She yet will waken from her heavy sleep;
But not, methinks, without some better end
Was this our Rome intrusted to thy care,
Who surest may revive and best defend.
Fearlessly then upon that reverend head,
'Mid her disheveled locks, thy fingers spread,
And lift at length the sluggard from the dust;
I, day and night, who her prostration mourn,
For this in thee have fixed my certain trust,—
That if her sons yet turn,
And their eyes ever true to honor raise,
The glory is reserved for thy illustrious days!

Her ancient walls, which still with fear and love
The world admires, whene'er it calls to mind
The days of eld, and turns to look behind;
Her hoar and caverned monuments above
The dust of men, whose fame, until the world
In dissolution sink, can never fail;
Her all, that in one ruin now lies hurled,
Hopes to have healed by thee its every ail.

O faithful Brutus, noble Scipios, dead!
To you what triumph, where ye now are blest,
If of our worthy choice the fame have spread·
And how his laureled crest
Will old Fabricius rear, with joy elate,
That his own Rome again shall beauteous be and great!

And if for things of earth its care Heaven show,
The souls who dwell above in joy and peace,
And their mere mortal frames have left below,
Implore thee this long civil strife may cease,
Which kills all confidence, nips every good,
Which bars the way to many a roof where men
Once holy, hospitable lived, the den
Of fearless rapine now and frequent blood,
Whose doors to virtue only are denied.
While beneath plundered saints, in outraged fanes
Plots faction, and revenge the altar stains;
And — contrast sad and wide —
The very bells which sweetly wont to fling
Summons to prayer and praise, now battle's tocsin ring!

Pale weeping women, and a friendless crowd
Of tender years, infirm and desolate Age,
Which hates itself and its superfluous days,
With each blest order to religion vowed,
Whom works of love through lives of want engage
To thee for help their hands and voices raise;
While our poor panic-stricken land displays
The thousand wounds which now so mar her frame
That e'en from foes compassion they command;
Or more if Christendom thy care may claim,
Lo! God's own house on fire, while not a hand
Moves to subdue the flame:
Heal thou these wounds, this feverish tumult end,
And on the holy work Heaven's blessing shall descend!

Often against our marble column high,
Wolf, Lion, Bear, proud Eagle, and base Snake
Even to their own injury insult shower;
Lifts against thee and theirs her mournful cry
The noble Dame who calls thee here to break
Away the evil weeds which will not flower.
A thousand years and more! and gallant men
There fixed her seat in beauty and in power;

The breed of patriot hearts has failed since then!
And in their stead, upstart and haughty now,
A race which ne'er to her in reverence bends,
Her husband, father thou!
Like care from thee and counsel she attends,
As o'er his other works the Sire of all extends.

'Tis seldom e'en that with our fairest schemes
Some adverse fortune will not mix, and mar
With instant ill, ambition's noblest dreams;
But thou, once ta'en thy path, so walk that I
May pardon her past faults, great as they are,
If now at least she give herself the lie.
For never in all memory as to thee,
To mortal man so sure and straight the way
Of everlasting honor open lay,
For thine the power and will, if right I see,
To lift our empire to its old proud state.
Let this thy glory be!
They succored her when young and strong and great;
He, in her weak old age, warded the stroke of Fate.

Forth on thy way! my song, and where the bold
Tarpeian lifts his brow, shouldst thou behold,
Of others' weal more thoughtful than his own,
The chief, by general Italy revered,
Tell him from me, to whom he is but known
As one to virtue and by fame endeared,
Till stamped upon his heart the sad truth be,
That day by day to thee,
With suppliant attitude and streaming eyes,
For justice and relief our seven-hilled city cries.

Translation of Major Macgregor.

«VERGINE BELLA CHE DI SOL VESTITA»

To the Virgin Mary

Beautiful Virgin! clothèd with the sun,
Crowned with the stars, who so the eternal sun
Well pleasèdst that in thine his light he hid;
Love pricks me on to utter speech of thee,
And — feeble to commence without thy aid —
Of Him who on thy bosom rests in love.
Her I invoke who gracious still replies

To all who ask in faith:
Virgin! if ever yet
The misery of man and mortal things
To mercy moved thee, to my prayer incline;
Help me in this my strife,
Though I am but of dust, and thou heaven's radiant Queen!

Wise Virgin! of that lovely number one,—
Of virgins blest and wise
Even the first, and with the brightest lamp:
O solid buckler of afflicted hearts!
'Neath which against the blows of fate and death,
Not mere deliverance but great victory is;
Relief from the blind ardor which consumes
Vain mortals here below!
Virgin! those lustrous eyes,
Which tearfully beheld the cruel prints
In the fair limbs of thy beloved Son,
Ah! turn on my sad doubt,
Who friendless, helpless thus, for counsel come to thee!

O Virgin! pure and perfect in each part,
Maiden or Mother, from thy honored birth,
This life to lighten and the next adorn;
O bright and lofty gate of opened heaven!
By thee, thy Son, and His the Almighty Sire,
In our worst need to save us came below:
And from amid all other earthly seats,
Thou only wert elect,
Virgin supremely blest!
The tears of Eve who turnedst into joy;
Make me, thou canst, yet worthy of his grace,
Oh, happy without end,
Who art in highest heaven a saint immortal shrined!

O holy Virgin! full of every good,
Who, in humility most deep and true,
To heaven art mounted, thence my prayers to hear,
That fountain thou of pity didst produce,
That sun of justice, light, which calms and clears
Our age, else clogged with errors dark and foul.
Three sweet and precious names in thee combine,
Of mother, daughter, wife,
Virgin! with glory crowned,
Queen of that King who has unloosed our bonds,

And free and happy made the world again,
By whose most sacred wounds
I pray my heart to fix where true joys only are!

Virgin! of all unparalleled, alone,
Who with thy beauties hast enamored heaven,
Whose like has never been, nor e'er shall be;
For holy thoughts with chaste and pious acts
To the true God a sacred living shrine
In thy fecund virginity have made.
By thee, dear Mary, yet my life may be
Happy, if to thy prayers,
O Virgin meek and mild!
Where sin abounded grace shall more abound!
With bended knee and broken heart I pray
That thou my guide wouldst be,
And to such prosperous end direct my faltering way.

Bright Virgin! and immutable as bright,
O'er life's tempestuous ocean the sure star
Each trusting mariner that truly guides,—
Look down, and see amid this dreadful storm
How I am tost at random and alone,
And how already my last shriek is near;
Yet still in thee, sinful although and vile
My soul keeps all her trust:
Virgin! I thee implore,
Let not thy foe have triumph in my fall;
Remember that our sin made God himself,
To free us from its chain,
Within thy virgin womb our image on him take!

Virgin! what tears already have I shed, [vain,
Cherished what dreams and breathed what prayers in
But for my own worse penance and sure loss:
Since first on Arno's shore I saw the light
Till now, whate'er I sought, wherever turned,
My life has passed in torment and in tears;
For mortal loveliness in air, act, speech,
Has seized and soiled my soul:
O Virgin! pure and good,
Delay not till I reach my life's last year;
Swifter than shaft and shuttle are, my days
'Mid misery and sin
Have vanished all, and now death only is behind!

Virgin! She now is dust who living held
My heart in grief, and plunged it since in gloom;
She knew not of my many ills this one,—
And had she known, what since befell me still
Had been the same, for every other wish
Was death to me and ill renown for her;
But, Queen of heaven, our Goddess,—if to thee
Such homage be not sin,—
Virgin! of matchless mind,
Thou knowest now the whole; and that which else
No other can, is naught to thy great power:
Deign then my grief to end,—
Thus honor shall be thine, and safe my peace at last!

Virgin! in whom I fix my every hope,
Who canst and willst assist me in great need,
Forsake me not in this my worst extreme:
Regard not me, but Him who made me thus;
Let his high image stamped on my poor worth
Towards one so low and lost thy pity move.
Medusa spells have made me as a rock
Distilling a vain flood:
Virgin! my harassed heart
With pure and pious tears do thou fulfill,
That its last sigh at least may be devout,
And free from earthly taint
As was my earliest vow ere madness filled my veins!

Virgin! benevolent, and foe of pride,
Ah! let the love of our one Author win
Some mercy for a contrite humble heart;
For if her poor frail mortal dust I loved
With loyalty so wonderful and long,
Much more my faith and gratitude for thee.
From this my present sad and sunken state
If by thy help I rise,
Virgin! to thy dear name
I consecrate and cleanse my thoughts, speech, pen,
My mind, and heart with all its tears and sighs;
Point then that better path,
And with complacence view my changed desires at last.

The day must come, nor distant far its date,
Time flies so swift and sure,
Oh, peerless and alone!

When death my heart, now conscience-struck, shall seize;
Commend me, Virgin! then to thy dear Son,
True God and Very Man,
That my last sigh in peace may in his arms be breathed!

Translation of Major Macgregor.

«CHIARE, FRESCHE E DOLCI ACQUE»

To the Fountain of Vaucluse—Contemplations of Death

Ye limpid brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs!
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid!
Ye herbs and flowers, so sweetly pressed
By her soft rising snowy breast!
Ye zephyrs mild, that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound!
Now at my summons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear.

If then my destiny requires,
And Heaven with my fate conspires,
That Love these eyes should weeping close,
Here let me find a soft repose.
So death will less my soul affright,
And free from dread, my weary sprite
Naked alone will dare t' essay
The still unknown, though beaten way;
Pleased that her mortal part will have
So safe a port, so sweet a grave.

The cruel fair, for whom I burn,
May one day to these shades return,
And smiling with superior grace,
Her lover seek around this place;
And when instead of me she finds
Some crumbling dust tossed by the winds,
She may feel pity in her breast,
And sighing, wish me happy rest,
Drying her eyes with her soft veil:
Such tears must sure with Heaven prevail.

Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from these boughs in showers,

Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She sat, nor 'midst such glory proud.
These blossoms to her lap repair,
These fall upon her flowing hair,
(Like pearls enchased in gold they seem,)
These on the ground, these on the stream;
In giddy rounds these dancing say,
"Here Love and Laura only sway."

In rapturous wonder oft I said,
Sure she in Paradise was made;
Thence sprang that bright angelic state,
Those looks, those words, that heavenly gait,
That beauteous smile, that voice divine,
Those graces that around her shine.
Transported I beheld the fair,
And sighing cried, How came I here?
In heaven, amongst th' immortal blest,
Here let me fix and ever rest.

Translation of R. Molesworth.

"ERANO I CAPEI D' ORO ALL' AURA SPARSI"

He Paints the Beauties of Laura, Protesting His Unalterable Love

Loose to the breeze her golden tresses flowed,
Wildly in thousand mazy ringlets blown,
And from her eyes unconquered glances shone,
Those glances now so sparingly bestowed.
And true or false, meseemed some signs she showed
As o'er her cheek soft pity's hue was thrown;
I, whose whole breast with love's soft food was sown,
What wonder if at once my bosom glowed?
Graceful she moved, with more than mortal mien,
In form an angel; and her accents won
Upon the ear with more than human sound.
A spirit heavenly pure, a living sun,
Was what I saw; and if no more 'twere seen,
T' unbend the bow will never heal the wound.

Translation Anonymous: Oxford, 1795

«IN QUAL PARTE DEL CIELO, IN QUALE IDEA»

HE EXTOLS THE BEAUTY AND VIRTUE OF LAURA

SAY from what part of heaven 'twas Nature drew,
From what idea, that so perfect mold
To form such features, bidding us behold,
In charms below, what she above could do?
What fountain nymph, what dryad maid e'er threw
Upon the wind such tresses of pure gold?
What heart such numerous virtues can unfold?
Although the chiefest all my fond hopes slew.
He for celestial charms may look in vain
Who has not seen my fair one's radiant eyes,
And felt their glances pleasingly beguile.
How Love can heal his wounds, then wound again,
He only knows who knows how sweet her sighs,
How sweet her converse, and how sweet her smile

Translation of Rev. Dr. Nott.

THE DEATH-BED OF LAURA

NO POWER of darkness, with ill influence, dared
Within a space so holy to intrude,
Till Death his terrible triumph had declared.
Then hushed was all lament, all fear subdued;
Each on those beauteous features gazed intent,
And from despair was armed with fortitude.
As a pure flame that not by force is spent,
But faint and fainter softly dies away
Passed gently forth in peace the soul, content;
And as a light of clear and steady ray.
When fails the source from which its brightness flows,
She to the last held on her wonted way.
Pale, was she? no; but white as shrouding snows,
That, when the winds are lulled, fall silently,
She seemed as one o'erwearied to repose.
E'en as in balmy slumbers lapt to lie
(The spirit parted from the form below),
In her appeared what th' unwise term to die;
And Death sate beauteous on her beauteous brow.

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«OIMÉ IL BEL VISO! OIMÉ IL SOAVE AGUARDO!»

On the Announcement of the Death of Laura

Alas! that touching glance, that beauteous face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward, glory to embrace;
Alas! that smile which in me did encase
The fatal dart, whence here I hope for naught.
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!
In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
For I was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath lost its venomed sting:
My soul's blest joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
Alas! thy words have sped on zephyrs' wing!

Translation of Miss Wollaston.

«SE LAMENTAR AUGELLI, O VERDI FRONDE»

She is Ever Present to Him

If the the lorn bird complain, or rustling weep
Soft summer airs o'er foliage waving slow,
Or the hoarse brook come murmuring down the steep,
Where on the enameled bank I sit below,
With thoughts of love that bid my numbers flow,—
'Tis then I see her, though in earth she sleep!
Her, formed in heaven! I see, and hear, and know!
Responsive sighing, weeping as I weep:
«Alas!» she pitying says, «ere yet the hour,
Why hurry life away with swifter flight?
Why from thy eyes this flood of sorrow pour?
No longer mourn my fate! through death my days
Become eternal! to eternal light
These eyes, which seemed in darkness closed, I raise!»

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«ALMA FELICE, CHE SOVENTE TORNI»

He Thanks Her that from Time to Time She Returns to Console Him with her Presence

When welcome slumber locks my torpid frame,
I see thy spirit in the midnight dream;
Thine eyes that still in living lustre beam:
In all but frail mortality the same.
Ah! then, from earth and all its sorrows free,
Methinks I meet thee in each former scene,
Once the sweet shelter of a heart serene;
Now vocal only while I weep for thee.
For thee!—ah, no! From human ills secure,
Thy hallowed soul exults in endless day,
'Tis I who linger on the toilsome way.
No balm relieves the anguish I endure,
Save the fond feeble hope that thou art near
To soothe my sufferings with an angel's tear.

Translation of Anne Bannerman.

«I' HO PIEN DI SOSPIR QUEST' AER TUTTO»

Vaucluse has Become to Him a Scene of Pain

To every sound, save sighs, this air is mute,
When from rude rocks I view the smiling land
Where she was born, who held my life in hand
From its first bud till blossoms turned to fruit.
To heaven she's gone, and I left destitute
To mourn her loss, and cast around in pain
These wearied eyes, which, seeking her in vain
Where'er they turn, o'erflow with grief acute;
There's not a root or stone amongst these hills,
Nor branch nor verdant leaf 'midst these soft glades,
Nor in the valley flowery herbage grows,
Nor liquid drop the sparkling fount distils,
Nor savage beast that shelters in these shades,
But knows how sharp my grief—how deep my woes.

Translation of Mrs. Wrottesley.

«PASSATO È 'L TEMPO OMAI, LASSO! CHE TANTO»

His Only Desire is Again to Be with Her

Ah! gone for ever are the happy years
That soothed my soul amid love's fiercest fire,
And she for whom I wept and tuned my lyre
Has gone, alas!—but left my lyre, my tears:
Gone is the face, whose holy look endears;
But in my heart, ere yet it did retire,
Left the sweet radiance of its eyes entire;
My heart? Ah, no! not mine! for to the spheres
Of light she bore it captive, soaring high,
In angel robe triumphant, and now stands
Crowned with the laurel wreath of chastity:
Oh, could I throw aside these earthly bands
That tie me down where wretched mortals sigh,
To join blest spirits in celestial lands!

Translation of Dr. Morehead.

«SENTO L' AURA MIA ANTICA, E I DOLCI COLLI»

He Revisits Vaucluse

Once more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow;
Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
Gild your green summits; while your silver streams
Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene;
For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
O Laura! Laura! in the dust with thee,
Would I could find a refuge from despair!
Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep among the ashes of the dead?

Translation of Anne Bannerman.

«E' MI PAR D'OR IN ORA UDIRE IL MESSO»

HE FEELS THAT THE DAY OF THEIR REUNION IS AT HAND

METHINKS from hour to hour her voice I hear;
My Lady calls me! I would fain obey:
Within, without, I feel myself decay;
And am so altered — not with many a year —
That to myself a stranger I appear;
All my old usual life is put away.
Could I but know how long I have to stay!
Grant, Heaven, the long-wished summons may be near!
Oh, blest the day when from this earthly jail
I shall be freed; when burst and broken lies
This mortal guise, so heavy yet so frail;
When from this black night my saved spirit flies,
Soaring up, up, above the bright serene,
Where with my Lord my Lady shall be seen.

Translation of Major Macgregor.

«SOLO E PENSOSO I PIÙ DESERTI CAMPI»

HE SEEKS SOLITUDE, BUT LOVE FOLLOWS HIM EVERYWHERE

ALONE, and lost in thought, the desert glade
Measuring, I roam with ling'ring steps and slow;
And still a watchful glance around me throw,
Anxious to shun the print of human tread:
No other means I find, no surer aid
From the world's prying eye to hide my woe:
So well my wild disordered gestures show,
And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,
That well I deem each mountain, wood, and plain,
And river, knows what I from man conceal,—
What dreary hues my life's fond prospects dim.
Yet whate'er wild or savage paths I've ta'en,
Where'er I wander, Love attends me still,
Soft whisp'ring to my soul, and I to him.

Translation Anonymous: Oxford, 1795.

PADRE DEL CIEL, DOPO I PERDUTI GIORNI»

CONSCIOUS OF HIS FOLLY, HE PRAYS GOD TO TURN HIM TO A BETTER LIFE

FATHER of heaven! after days misspent,
After the nights of wild tumultuous thought,
In that fierce passion's strong entanglement,
One, for my peace too lovely fair, had wrought:
Vouchsafe that by thy grace, my spirit, bent
On nobler aims, to holier ways be brought;
That so my Foe, spreading with dark intent
His mortal snares, be foiled, and held at naught.
E'en now th' eleventh year its course fulfills,
That I have bowed me to the tyranny
Relentless most to fealty most tried.
Have mercy, Lord! on my unworthy ills;
Fix all my thoughts in contemplation high,—
How on the cross this day a Savior died.

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«CHI VUOL VEDER QUANTUNQUE PUÒ NATURA»

WHOEVER BEHOLDS HER MUST ADMIT THAT HIS PRAISES CANNOT REACH HER PERFECTION

WHO wishes to behold the utmost might
Of heaven and nature, on her let him gaze,—
Sole sun, not only in my partial lays,
But to the dark world, blind to virtue's light!
And let him haste to view: for death in spite
The guilty leaves, and on the virtuous preys;
For this loved angel heaven impatient stays;
And mortal charms are transient as they're bright!
Here shall he see, if timely he arrive,
Virtue and beauty, royalty of mind,
In one blest union joined. Then shall he say
That vainly my weak rhymes to praise her strive,
Whose dazzling beams have struck my genius blind;
He must forever weep if he delay!

Translation of Lord Charlemont.

«NÈ MAI PIETOSA MADRE AL CARO FIGLIO»

HER COUNSEL ALONE AFFORDS HIM RELIEF

NE'ER to the son in whom her age is blest,
The anxious mother,—nor to her loved lord
The wedded dame, impending ill to ward,—
With careful sighs so faithful counsel pressed,
As she who, from her high eternal rest,
Bending as though my exile she deplored,
With all her wonted tenderness restored,
And softer pity on her brow impressed!
Now with a mother's fears, and now as one
Who loves with chaste affection, in her speech
She points what to pursue and what to shun!
Our years retracing of long, various grief,
Wooing my soul at higher good to reach,
And while she speaks, my bosom finds relief!

Translation of Lady Dacre.

«QUI REPOSAN QUEI CASTE E FELICI OSSA»

SONNET FOUND IN LAURA'S TOMB

HERE now repose those chaste, those blest remains
Of that most gentle spirit, sole in earth!
Harsh monumental stone, that here confinest
True honor, fame, and beauty, all o'erthrown!
Death has destroyed that Laurel green, and torn
Its tender roots; and all the noble meed
Of my long warfare, passing (if aright
My melancholy reckoning holds) four lustres.
O happy plant! Avignon's favored soil
Has seen thee spring and die;—and here with thee
Thy poet's pen, and Muse, and genius lie.
O lovely beauteous limbs! O vivid fire,
That even in death hast power to melt the soul!
Heaven be thy portion, peace with God on high!

Translation of Lord Woodhouselee.

PETRONIUS ARBITER

(First Century A. D.: died 66)

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

In the solemn last book of the fragmentary Annals of Tacitus, where the historian is enumerating the distinguished victims of Nero's tyranny, he pauses for a moment before one gallant figure, of which the smiling, dauntless, almost insolent grace appears to discountenance and half confute the sombre vehemence of his own righteous wrath.

«But about Gaius Petronius,» he says, «a word more is necessary. It had been the habit of this man to sleep in the daytime, reserving the night hours both for the duties and the delights of life. Others win fame by industry; he won his by indolence. Yet it was not as a roysterer, or a debauchee, that he was renowned, like the common herd of spendthrifts, but for being profoundly versed in the art of luxury. Free of speech, prompt in action, and ostentatiously careless of consequences, he nevertheless charmed by a complete absence of affectation. Yet when he was proconsul in Bithynia, and afterward as consul, he showed great vigor and ability in affairs. Returning then to his vices,—or to his affectation of vice,—he was received into the small circle of Nero's intimates as 'arbiter,' or final authority in matters of taste. Nothing was considered truly elegant and refined until Petronius had given it his sanction. All this excited the jealousy of Tigellinus, who scented a rival, and one more accomplished than himself in the proper lore of the voluptuary. He therefore began appealing to the emperor's cruelty, which was stronger in him than any other sentiment; accused Petronius of complicity with Scævinus, had him indicted, seized and imprisoned the greater part of his household, suborned a slave to testify against him, bought off the defense. Meanwhile Cæsar had gone into Campania; but Petronius, who was to have followed him, was arrested at Cumæ, and preferred himself to put an end to all uncertainty. Yet he showed no unseemly hurry even about taking his own life. When his veins had been once opened, he ordered them bound up again for a little and talked with his friends cheerfully and lightly,—not in the least as though wishing to impress

Petronius Arbiter

them by his fortitude. Verses were improvised, and merry songs were sung. He was ready to listen to anything and everything except philosophical maxims and discourse on the immortality of the soul. To some of his slaves he gave largess, and to some he gave lashes. Finally he lay down upon a couch, and composed himself to sleep, as though preferring that his compulsory end should appear an accidental one. He had not, however, like many of the victims of that period, devoted his last will and testament to the adulation of Nero and Tigellinus. On the contrary, he drew up an arraignment of the Emperor, detailing all his adulteries and ingenious atrocities, and giving the names of those whom he had destroyed, — both men and women; which document he sealed and dispatched to Nero. He then broke his seal-ring, that it might bring no one else into trouble.»

Except for what remains of his own writing, and for casual and unimportant allusions by the elder Pliny, Macrobius, and one or two other ancient writers, this is literally all we know of Nero's *arbiter elegantiæ;* but seldom have a character and a career been condensed into fewer and more telling words. The whole man is there, — as truly as in the highly elaborated recent portrait by Henryk Sienkiewicz, in 'Quo Vadis.' We see and know him in all his native amiability and perfect breeding, his keen insight, quiet daring, and immense reserve of power; his irresistible gayety and careless fascination. But even without the help of the stern yet candid analysis of Tacitus, we almost think we could have divined the same interesting personality from the disjointed fragments of Petronius's own book. Even where the matter of the story it tells is coarsest, the narrator's accent is so refined, his touch so light, — above all, his humor is at once so droll and so delightfully indulgent and humane, — that we cannot help separating the man from his work. We feel as if he had the magic art of keeping his own fine toga to some extent unsmirched by the filth amid which he treads; and as if it were quite deliberately, and with a motive not base, and even less unkindly, that he holds his artistic silver mirror up to the festering waste of common Roman nature.

The 'Satiricon,' or 'Satirorum Liber Petronii Arbitri,' contained originally — or was apparently to have contained — some twenty books, of which we only possess parts of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and a few more disconnected passages. The species of satire was that known as Menippean, or prose interspersed with bits of verse. In the language of our day, the works would be called a novel of manners and adventure. And what manners! what adventures! Over and over again we turn away in disgust, but the irresistible accents of the narrator win us back. «Come, come,» he seems to say, «nothing human is alien! Squeamishness — pardon me! — is often a mere lack of nerve! These curious, wallowing folk are, after all, our next of

kin. Do not let us commit the unpardonable vulgarity of being ashamed of our relations! And then — they are so deliciously droll!" So he pursues his theme with all the *verve* of Dumas père, and all but the unerring discernment and dramatic power of Shakespeare.

The freedman Eucolpius is relating his adventures, and those of his friend Ascyltos, by sea and land. They appear, when we abruptly make their acquaintance, already to have traveled far and seen much. In the fifth century we come upon traces of them at Marseilles, in the writings of a no less worthy author than Sidonius Apollinaris,— but just where we pick them up they are living by their abundant wits among the semi-Greek cities of southern Italy; chiefly perhaps at Cumæ. The best and most complete episode they have to offer us is that of a stupendous feast, given by an enormously rich and ignorant parvenu named Trimalchio. The invitations have been so general that our two ne'er-do-weels find it easy to be included. The clumsy ceremonial and sumptuous hideosity of the house of entertainment are minutely and conscientiously described,— the costly serving of impossible viands, the persons of the host and of his wife Fortunata, with the ineffably queer contrast between their naïve grossness and their æsthetic affectations, their good temper and bad taste. Then we have the motley assemblage of guests, who, when Trimalchio leaves the table for a few minutes, all break out into uproarious talk. They have had just wine enough to reveal themselves without stint or shame. Two, a trifle more maudlin than the rest, solemnly discuss the folly and danger of too frequent baths. A morose old fellow interrupts them to bemoan the degeneracy of the times, the frightful decay of religion,— above all, the high cost of living. He will tell anybody who will listen to him, how cheap bread used to be, and how big the loaves when a certain Safinius was Ædile. After Trimalchio comes back, he makes a pompous attempt at turning the conversation to higher themes. He has heard that literature and art are the proper things to discuss at banquets, and he calls attention to the splendor of his own table ware, and repeats what they used to tell him at school about Homer. His elderly spouse, Fortunata, who has had a little too much wine since she joined the company at dessert, now obliges them with a dance; after which the fun becomes fast and furious, and unutterable anecdotes are in order. Trimalchio himself tells a ghost story; then, lapsing into a sentimental mood, he begins to recite his own last will and testament, and is so overcome by the generosity of his own posthumous provisions that he bursts into tears, and blubbers out an epitaph which begins, "Here lies Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio, the new Mæcenas," and closes with the touching words, "He left thirty million sesterces, and never attended a course of Philosophy. Stranger, go thou and do likewise!"

The wit, spirit, and dramatic life of the whole scene are wonderful; the satire on the high life of the day and its frantic luxury is audacious and merciless. So hearty, infectious, and in the main, wholesome a laugh is not to be found elsewhere in all the Latin classics; not even in Horace, or Terence, or the gayest letters of Cicero. If, as appears likely enough, Tigellinus himself was glanced at in the demurely detailed solecisms and ineptitudes of Trimalchio at table, we really cannot wonder that Petronius's life was forfeit. All other and graver injuries would be light to a man of that description, beside the doom of being made supremely and eternally ridiculous.

Each one of the heterogeneous mob at Trimalchio's table is made to speak his own proper and inevitable dialect. Eucolpius, the hero, talks the cultivated Latin of his day — the Latin of a man who also knows Greek. But rustic and otherwise vulgar idioms come naturally to the lips of other guests; and there is a spice of racy old Roman slang — of the sort, no doubt, over which Cicero and his friend Papirius Pætus used to chuckle in their *soixantaine*, and which diverted them as the most polished Greek epigram could not do.

The friends manage to slip away during the emotion occasioned by Trimalchio's epitaph, and resume their vagrant life. Presently they have a furious quarrel, and after they have parted company, Eucolpius, while wandering disconsolately through a richly frescoed portico in a certain seaside town, falls in with a fat and unappreciated poet named Eumolpus, who is also a great connoisseur in art, and explains the paintings. These two join fortunes in their turn, and finally arrive together at Cortona, "the most ancient town in Italy," the manners and customs of whose citizens are described with an elaborate irony, of which, amusing as it is, we suspect that we do not appreciate quite all the delicate malice. Eumolpus, who has written long poems, both on the 'Capture of Troy' and the 'Civil War,' is lavish of recitations from these neglected masterpieces: and his poetry is by no means bad; though in the midst of its most serious and dignified passages, the reader is liable to be irresistibly tickled by a sly touch of irreverent Virgilian parody.

The MS. of the 'Cena Trimalchionis' was first discovered in a convent at Trau in Dalmatia, in 1650, and published at Padua four years later. It has been several times translated; and considering the obvious affinities between Petronius and the more polished representatives of "l'esprit Gaulois," one would have expected the French translations to be the best of all. But the most noteworthy and complete of these, by Héguin de Guerle of the Academy of Lyons, is weakened by excessive diffuseness; and is not to be compared in point, pith, and color, with a German version by Heinrich Merkens,

published — strange to say, without any paraphernalia of notes or parade of scholarship — at Jena in 1876.

Besides the fragments of the 'Satiricon,' there are a good many others, both in prose and verse, — some of the latter very charming, — which are attributed with reasonable if not absolute certainty to Petronius Arbiter. One thinks at times with an impatience bordering on exasperation of all the lost books of the 'Satiricon,' and of what they might have told us concerning the habits and humors of the dead and gone Romans; but the rigid moralist will be apt to consider that what we have is enough.

Harriet Waters Preston

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CLOAK

Ascyltos wished to push on to Naples that very day. "But," say I, "it is most imprudent to go to a place where we may be sure close search will be made for us. Let us rather keep clear of the city, and travel about for a few days; we have enough money to do it comfortably." He falls in with my plan, and we set out for a town, charmingly situated among smiling fields, where not a few of our friends were enjoying the pleasures of the season. Hardly however had we accomplished half our journey, when bucketfuls of rain began to fall from a great cloud, and we fled for refuge to a wayside inn, where we found many others in like plight with ourselves. The crowd prevented our being watched; and so we examined with curious eyes to see what theft stood easiest to our hands, and presently Ascyltos picked up a little sack which proved to contain many gold pieces. Rejoicing that our first omen should be so lucky, but afraid that the bag might be missed, we slipped out by the back door. Here we saw a groom saddling some horses, who presently entered the house in search of something he had forgotten; and during his absence I undid the cords, and made off with a gorgeous cloak which was bound to one of the saddles. Then skirting the stable walls, we took refuge in a wood hard by. Safe in its recesses, we had a great discussion as to the best disposition of our treasure, that we might not excite any suspicion either of being thieves or of possessing valuables. Finally we determined to sew the money into the lining of a worn mantle, which I then threw

over my shoulders, while Ascyltos took charge of the cloak; and we planned to make our way by unfrequented roads to the city. But just as we were getting out of the forest, we heard on our left: "They won't escape: they went into the wood Split up the party and make a thorough search. In this way we shall catch them easily." When we heard this we were so frightened that Ascyltos plunged off through the briers toward town, while I rushed back into the wood at such a pace that the precious mantle fell from my shoulders without my knowing it. Worn out at last, and incapable of walking a step further, I threw myself down in the shade of a tree, and then noticed for the first time that my mantle was gone. Grief restored my strength; and rising, I set about recovering my treasure. After a long and fruitless search, overcome by fatigue and sorrow, I found myself in a deep thicket, where for four hours, melancholy and alone, I stayed amid the horrid shades. When I had at last resolved to leave this place, on a sudden I came face to face with a peasant. Then in truth I had need of all my firmness; nor did it fail me. I went boldly up to him, and asked him the way to the city, declaring that I was lost in the forest. My appearance roused his compassion, for I was pale as death and covered with mud; and after asking if I had seen any one in the wood, and receiving a negative answer, he obligingly put me on the high-road, where he met two of his friends, who reported that they had scoured every forest-path and found nothing but the mantle, which they displayed. I had not sufficient audacity to claim it as mine, you may easily believe, though I knew it well enough and its value; but how I regretted it and sighed for the loss of my fortune! The peasants, however, suspected nothing, and with ever more and more lagging footsteps I pursued my way.

It was late when I reached the city; and there at the first inn I found Ascyltos lying, half dead with fatigue, on a miserable pallet. I let myself fall on another bed, and couldn't utter a single word. Greatly disturbed at not seeing my mantle, he demanded it of me in the most peremptory tones. I was too weak to articulate, and a melancholy glance was my only answer. Later, when my strength returned, I unfolded our misfortune to Ascyltos. He thought I was joking; and in spite of my tears and solemn protestations, did not entirely lay aside his suspicions, but seemed inclined to think that I wanted to cheat him out of the money. This distressed me: and still more the consciousness

that the police were on our tracks. When I spoke of this to Ascyltos, he took it lightly enough, because he had escaped from their clutches before. He assured me that we were perfectly safe, as we had no acquaintances, and no one had seen us. Yet we would have liked to feign illness, and keep to our bedroom; but our money was gone, and we had to set out sooner than we had planned, and under the pressure of need sell some of our garments.

As night was closing in, we came to a market-place where we saw a quantity of things on sale, not valuable in truth, and of which the ownership was so questionable that night was surely the best time to dispose of them. We too had brought the stolen cloak; and finding the opportunity so favorable, we took up our stand in a corner, and unfolded an edge of the garment, in the hope that its splendor might attract a purchaser. In a few minutes up comes a peasant well known to me by sight, with a young woman alongside, and begins to examine the cloak carefully. On his part Ascyltos cast a glance towards the shoulders of the rustic, and stood spell-bound; for he saw it was the very man who had picked up my mantle in the forest, neither more nor less. But Ascyltos could not believe his eyes; and to make sure, under pretext of drawing the would-be purchaser towards him, he drew the mantle from his shoulders and fingered it carefully.

Oh, wonderful irony of fortune! the peasant had never felt the seams, and was ready to sell it for a mere mass of rags, which a beggar would scorn. As soon as he had made sure that our deposit was intact, Ascyltos, after surveying the man, drew me to one side and — "Learn, brother," said he, "that the treasure for which I lamented is restored to us. That is the very mantle and the money in it, to the best of my belief. Now what are we to do to get it back?" I was delighted, not only because I saw the plunder, but because fortune had cleared me of so base a suspicion. I wanted no beating about the bush, but a straightforward appeal to justice; and should the man refuse to give up another's property on demand, his summons to court.

But Ascyltos stood in dread of the law. "Who knows us here," said he, "or who would believe what we said? Better buy it, since we know its value, even though it be ours already, than get into court. We shall get it cheap.

«‹What is the use of laws, where our lady Money sits queen, or
Where a man who is poor never has right on his side?
Round their frugal board the philosophers mourn at such fashions,
Yet they too have been found selling their speeches for gold.
So the judges' rights are reduced to a tariff of prices;
Knights, when they sit on the bench, prove that the case has been bought.›»

But save for one small coin, with which we had meant to buy pease and beans, we were penniless. So not to lose our hold, nor run the risk of letting slip the better bargain, we came down in the price of the cloak As soon as we had unfolded our merchandise, the woman, who with covered head had been standing at the peasant's side, grasped the garment with both hands, screaming at the top of her voice that she had caught her thieves. In response, for the sake of doing something, though we were horribly frightened, we seized the torn and dirty mantle, and with equal energy announced that it was our property. But our case was weaker than theirs by far, and the crowd, which ran up at the noise, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our expense; seeing that the others were claiming a splendid garment, and we one that was dirty and covered with patches. When they had had their laugh out, Ascyltos said, «You see a man loves his own best: let them give us back our mantle and take their cloak.» This bargain suited both the peasant and the woman; but up came two sheriffs — two night-hawks, rather — and wanted to appropriate the cloak. They demanded that both garments should be deposited with them, saying the judge would decide on the merits of the case the following day. And they said moreover that the real question was, against which party a charge of theft could be brought. They had all but settled on confiscating the goods; and a man in the crowd, bald, with pimply forehead, who had something to do with the courts, took hold of the cloak and declared that he would produce it the following day. It was clear that their real object was to get hold of the cloak and share it among themselves, feeling sure that we would not dare to present ourselves in court. True enough too, and so the case was speedily settled; for the angry peasant, disgusted at our making such a fuss about a mass of patches, threw the mantle in Ascyltos's face and ordered him to hand over the cloak, the only ground of dispute. Our treasure once more in our hands, we hurried away to the tavern, and

behind closed doors had a good laugh at the sharpness of the peasant and the crowd, who had combined by their cleverness to get us back our money.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by L. P. D.

TRIMALCHIO'S REMINISCENCES

TRIMALCHIO now turned his beaming countenance in our direction. "If you don't like the wine," said he, "I will change it. Your drink must suit you. Praise be to the gods. I don't buy it, for all that pleases your palate comes from a certain country-place of mine, which I have not yet visited. They say it lies between Terracina and Taranto. My present purpose is to add Sicily to my other estates, so that if I should want to go to Africa, I might keep to my own property on the journey. But tell me, Agamemnon, what was the subject of your discussion to-day?—for though I am no lawyer, still I have acquired all the principles of a polite education; and to prove that I keep up my studies, learn that I have three libraries, one Greek and two Latin. So give me the peroration of your address."

When Agamemnon had begun, "Two men, one rich and one poor, were enemies—" "What is *poor?*" demands Trimalchio. "Neat point!" exclaims Agamemnon, and went on to give some sort of a learned dissertation. Presently Trimalchio interrupted him. "If the subject in hand," says he, "be fact, there is no room for argument; if not fact, then it is nothing at all."

As we received these and such-like statements with the warmest expressions of approval, he proceeded: "Pray, my dear Agamemnon, do you remember by any chance the twelve labors of Hercules, or anything about the story of Ulysses,—as for example, how the Cyclops dislocated his thumb with a paint-brush? I used to read Homer when I was a boy, and at Cumæ I saw with my own eyes the Sibyl hung up in a glass bottle; and when the boys said to her, 'What do you want, Sibyl?' she used to answer, '*I want to die.*'

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LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

Then said Ganymede:—"You're talking in the air, and nobody gives a thought to the famine which threatens us. By Hercules! I haven't been able to get a crumb of bread to-day. And why not? The long drought. Why, I've been on short rations for a year now! The ædiles—curse 'em!—are in league with the bakers. 'One good turn deserves another,' is their motto; and so the poor toil on, and the jaws that crush them make one long holiday. Oh, if we only had some of those valiant defenders, such as I found here when first I came from Asia. That was living. This sort of thing had been going on in the interior of Sicily: there had been a drought as though Jupiter were in a rage with the Sicilians. But I remember Safinius; when I was a boy he lived by the old arch. What a keen tongue the man had! Wherever he went, he caused a flare-up! But he was an upright man, on whom you could depend—who stood by his friends—with whom you could play morra in the dark. But when he spoke in the Senate! How he dealt his adversaries one after another a knock-down blow: he didn't talk in the air, either, but went straight to the point. When he was pleading at the bar his voice would peal out like a trumpet; but he never got hot or had to clear his throat. He had a certain something of us Asiatics about him, you see. And how kindly he was! always returned your bow! never forgot a name! Just like one of us! By the same token, when he was ædile, living was dirt-cheap. Two men couldn't get to the end of a penny loaf; while those you get for the same price nowadays are about as a bull's eye. These are bad times; this colony is growing backwards like a calf's tail. And why not? We have a good-for-nothing ædile, who would rather gain a penny than save one of our lives. He lives high, and makes more in one day than all another man's fortune. I know what brought him in a thousand nummi in gold; but if we were any good, we should make him laugh out of the other side of his mouth. But we are all alike,—brave as lions at home, timid as a fox abroad. As for me, I've eaten my wardrobe, and if the scarcity continues I shall sell my little cottage. For what will become of us if neither god nor man has compassion on this colony? I wish I may starve if I don't believe it all comes from the gods! For

nobody believes in heaven any longer; nobody keeps the fasts; nobody cares a straw for Jove: but all shut their eye to everything but their possessions. In olden times the women used to go barefoot to the Capitol, their hair loose and their thoughts pure, and implore Jupiter the god of Rain; and immediately the water would come down in bucketfuls, and all laughed with joy. Never a bit of it now! The feet of the women are shod, and the feet of the gods are slow; it's because we don't keep up our religious ceremonies that the fields lie waste."

"Come now," said Echion, the rag-man, "be a little more complimentary! 'Here we go up, and here we go down!' as the peasant said when he lost his spotted pig. What to-day is not, will be to-morrow. Such is life. By Hercules! our country would be all right, if it had any men in it. It's passing through a crisis just now. And that's not the whole of it. We ought to take things as we find them: the zenith is always overhead. If you were in another land, you would say that here the pigs walked round all ready roasted. And we are to have a fine treat in three days' time on the feast-day; none of your professional gladiators, but a lot of freedmen. Our friend Titus has a warm heart and a clever head. He's got something or other up his sleeve. I ought to know, for I'm a great friend of his. He's no sparer of flesh: he will give them good swords and no quarter; the spectators will have a solid heap of dead in their midst: and he can afford it. His father left him a million and a half. Suppose he spends twenty thousand: his fortune won't feel it, and his name will live forever."

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THE MASTER OF THE FEAST

In the best of humors, Trimalchio began:—"My friends, even slaves are men, and suck the same milk as ourselves, though ill-luck keeps them down in the world. And by my life! they shall soon drink of the water of freedom. In short, I have set them all free in my will. I have given, besides, a farm to Philagyras, and the woman who lives with him, and to Carrio a whole block of buildings free of taxes, and a bed with bedding. Fortunata I make my residuary legatee, and I recommend her to the care of all my friends; and I make these facts known that

my slaves may love me as well now as though I were already dead.»

All began to express their gratitude to their indulgent master. He took it with perfect seriousness; and ordered a copy of his will to be brought, which he repeated from the first word to the last, amid the groans of his household. Then, turning towards Habinnas, «Promise, my dearest friend,» said he, «that you will build my monument according to my directions. Let there be a little dog at the feet of my statue, and deck it with garlands and perfumes, and paint about it all the incidents of my life; so by your kindness, though dead, I shall still live. Moreover, I want my lot to have a hundred feet frontage, and be two hundred feet deep. I want you to plant all kinds of apple-trees about my ashes, and plenty of grape-vines. For it is wrong to beautify the homes of the living only, and neglect those abodes where we are sure to make a longer stay. And so I beg you, above all things, to set up a notice: 'This monument does not pass to the heir.' Moreover, I will provide in my will against any insult being offered my remains: I will put one of my freedmen in charge of my sepulchre, whose business shall be to see that no nuisance is committed there. I beg you put ships on my monument, going under full sail, and my likeness, clad in robes of state, and sitting on the tribune's seat, with fine gold rings on my fingers, and scattering a bagful of money among the crowd;—you recollect when I gave a public entertainment and two denarii apiece to the guests all round. And pray have a dining-room, and all the folks enjoying themselves! At my right hand you must put a statue of my beloved Fortunata holding a dove, and leading a small dog by a leash; and have my Cicaro represented, and some big jars tightly sealed, so the wine cannot possibly run out; and see that they carve a broken urn with a boy weeping over it. Finally you must put a timepiece in the centre, so that whoever looks up to learn the hour will have no choice but to read my name.» . . .

At this point Trimalchio began to weep; Fortunata and Habinnas also burst out sobbing, and all the slaves followed suit, till the dining-room resounded with lamentations, as though they were all at a funeral. I also was preparing to burst into tears, when Trimalchio checked me by the remark, «Well then, since we know that we must die, why not live while we may?»

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ON DREAMS

THE dreams that tease us with their phantoms eerie
Come not from holy shrine nor heavenly space,
But from within. Sleep stays the limbs a-weary,
The truant spirit goes its wanton ways.
Deeds of the day, deeds of the dark. The warrior
Sees hosts in flight and hapless towns on fire;
The monarch slain confronts his fell destroyer,
Amid a weltering waste of blood-stained mire
The Forum's all-triumphant pleader trembles
Before the law, or frets within the bar;
The miser his unearthèd gold assembles,
And baying hounds the huntsman call afar;
The sinking seaman grasps the vessel keeling,
The courtesan indites a billet-doux,
The debauchee counts out his coin unwilling,
The very dogs in dreams their hare pursue.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by H. W. P.

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE HUNTING-DOG

(ATTRIBUTED TO PETRONIUS ARBITER)

NATIVE of Gaul was I, and the name they gave me was Cockle,
After a white sea-shell. I was beautiful too,
Ay, and brave! I would scour the darkest depths of the forest
Or upon desolate hill startle the quarry hirsute.
Never was need at all of ugly chains to withhold me,
Never an insolent lash wounded my snowy skin;
Softly I used to lie in the lap of my lord or my lady,
Or on the high state bed, when I came panting home.
Even my bark, men said, awoke no terror insensate:
Only a poor dumb beast, yet with a speech of my own!
Nevertheless the doom ordained from my birthday o'ertook me
Wherefore I sleep in earth under this tiny stone.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by H. W. P.

PHILEMON MENANDER

(361–263 B. C.) (342–291 B. C.)

AND THE LOST ATTIC COMEDY

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

FRAGMENTARY and tantalizing as is the flotsam and jetsam drifted to us from the wreck of Greek civilization, we can yet say, of the literary masterpieces at least, that we have almost always a fair selection from the best in each kind. The bitterest loss is in lyric poetry. Probably most lovers of the old life would be tempted to give up even Pindar's cold and resounding splendor to recover the love songs of Sappho.

In the case of comedy, there can be no doubt that Aristophanes was the one exuberantly original genius, whose lonely height has been reached since then only twice at most: by Molière, and by the myriad-sided creator of Jack Falstaff, Caliban, and Bottom the weaver. If Attic comedy could have but one representative surviving in the modern world, there was no one to contest the right of Aristophanes. And yet: his very originality, his elemental creativeness, mocks the patient student who attempts to cite from him historical data, traits of manners, or even usages of the theatre! Nothing in his comic world walks our earth, or breathes our heavier air. We may as well appeal for mere facts to the adventurous Alice.

In a memorable passage at the close of Plato's 'Symposium,' after all the other banqueters are asleep, Socrates forces Aristophanes and the tragic poet Agathon — much against the will of both — to concede that their two arts are one, and that he who is a master artist in comedy can create tragedy no less. Though this seems to us like a marvelous foreshadowing of Shakespeare, it probably was in fact suggested to Plato by a process which he must have seen already far advanced; namely, the rapid approximation of the two dramatic forms to each other, until they were practically fused in the realistic melodrama, the comedy of manners. This creation is chiefly associated by the Athenians themselves with the long happy career of Philemon, though later ages preferred his younger and briefer-lived rival Menander.

These authors of comedy were right, however, in regarding as their chief master Euripides, who brought the dramatist's art down from its pedestal. He made his characters essentially human, realistic, even contemporary, in all save names and costumes. With his fussy nurses and quibbling slaves the comedy of manners begins. These later men, to be sure,—deprived of the dramatic chorus and expensive equipment generally, discarding the tragic cothurnus, set to face an audience utterly weary, or incredulous, of divine and heroic myths,—did hold the mirror up, far more frankly than Euripides dared, to the rather artificial and ignoble social conditions about them. Euripides, moreover, even in an age of religious doubt and political despair, retained a generous portion of Æschylus's noble aspiration, united with a creative fancy almost Aristophanic. Little indeed of either could survive the final fall of Athenian freedom.

Menander and Philemon catered to the diversion of a refined, quick-witted, degenerate folk, with very limited political power, and of petty social aims; perhaps best comparable, superficially, to London under the second Charles, but quite without the latent forces which lay dormant beneath England's ignominy. Doubtless even the courtly life of London had always more virtue and strength than Congreve and Vanbrugh concede. Athens, even a century after Chæronea, can hardly have been so contemptible a microcosm as the comedies depict.

These comedies are known to us chiefly through the rough and rollicking adaptations of Plautus—the more polished, and perhaps truer, versions of Terence. We agree heartily with Professor Lodge, that both these Latin playwrights set before us Greek, not Roman, life. The "gags" and local hits, in which comedy must always indulge, make no essential exception. They are almost inevitable, indeed, whether the mimic scene claims to represent Plato's ideal republic or Pluto's shadowy realm.

I offer here a handful of original translations, from the copious fragments still surviving. They will at least give a glimpse of the infinitely greater wealth lying deep beneath "the tide whose waves are years." The sources from which we must draw, however, are most unsatisfying. Athenæus in his 'Banqueters' assures us he had read *eight hundred* plays of the 'Middle Comedy,' or transition period alone (about 400–336 B. C.). He cites from them hundreds of times,—but almost solely to verify the existence of a rare tidbit or a dainty sauce! This indicates, of course,—as J. A. Symonds reminds us,—not that poets and people were livelong epicures, but that such a mass of realistic drama contained abundant material to illustrate any and every side of Athenian life. The sober Stobæus and his scrapbook, again, would give us the impression that brief moral sermons,

with an occasional thrust at the professional philosophers, were the chief staple of the comic dialogue; but this is of course no less misleading. Yet these two are our chief authorities! We again advise the English reader to peruse first the 'Trinummus' and the 'Andria,' at least. There he can mark for himself both sorts of passages,—wise saws and curious sauces,—and can see also that both together are but part of the seasoning in the general dish that was set before the greedy Demos!

It will be noticed that the earlier fragments represent (or rather, grievously misrepresent) contemporaries of Aristophanes, often placed above him by the judges and by the fickle Athenians generally. It is hard to believe their judgment well founded. Still, a single comedy of Eupolis, recovered from that unexhausted Egyptian storehouse, may come, any day, to prove that much of what we have thought was unique Aristophanic invention was but traditional commonplace on the high table-land of Attic imagination.

SUSARION

Susarion, the father of Attic comedy, is assigned to the sixth century B. C. He survives only in one brief passage of doubtful authenticity, which however strikes a note most characteristic of his guild in every age.

Women

Hear, oh ye people! This Susarion saith,
Son of Philinus out of Megara:—
We cannot without evil have a home:
For both to wed, and not to wed, are ill!

The next half-dozen passages are from fifth-century poets.

TELECLIDES

The Age of Gold

In the first place, Peace was as plentiful then as water is now for
washing,
And the Earth no terror nor illness produced, but whatever men
craved in abundance.
For every stream ran full with wine, and the loaves with the biscuits
contended
Which first should enter the mouths of the folk, beseeching that men
would devour them,

If they were desirous of dainties white; and the fishes came to the houses,
And broiling themselves they served themselves on platters upon the tables;
At the side of the couches ran rivers of soup, with hot sliced meat in the current;
The quails ready broiled and laid upon toast straight into men's mouths came flying.—
In those days men were exceedingly portly, a terrible people of giants.

CRATINUS

Of Cratinus we hear something from his successful rival, Aristophanes. A single couplet may serve to recall his notorious weakness.

WINE is a swift-footed steed for the minstrel, giver of pleasure:
But nothing fine a water-drinker brings to light.

HERMIPPUS

The following passage from Hermippus, beginning with a Homeric verse, is really important for the light it throws on Attic imports. A bold political allusion or two will remind us how free and powerful a critic Comedy then was.

Imports of Athens

TELL me, ye Muses, now, who hold your Olympian dwellings,
Whence Dionysus comes, as he sails over wine-colored waters;
What are the goods men bring in black ships hither to harbor!
Out of Cyrene the cauliflower comes, and hides of the oxen;
Out of Italia ribs of beef and grain in abundance;
Syracuse sends us cheese, and pork she furnishes also.
As to the Corcyræans, we pray that Poseidon destroy them
Utterly, vessels and all, for the treacherous heart that is in them!—
Rhodes provides us raisins, and figs that invite unto slumber.
Slaves from Phrygia come, but out of Arcadia, allies!
Carthage, finally, sends to us carpets, and cushions resplendent.

From the same play we have a loving disquisition on choice wines, ending quite like our modern toast, "Champagne for our real friends, and real pain for our sham friends!"

The Best Wines

Over the Thasian wine there hovers the odor of apples;
This I account by far most perfect, above all others,—
Saving only the faultless and painless liquor of Chios.
Yet there is also a certain wine, men Saprian name it:
Whensoever from off its jar the cover is taken,
Then there arises the odor of hyacinth, violets, roses;
Glorious fragrance, filling the high-roofed palace entirely;—
That is a nectar indeed; ambrosia and nectar together!
This is the wine for my friends;—Peparethian proffer my foemen!

EUPOLIS

Our single citation from Eupolis again illustrates the freedom with which the poets assailed each other, especially in the 'Parabasis,' or interlude where they spoke in their own proper character. This passage is supposed to be aimed at Aristophanes, as a poet not born in Athens. Eupolis's quotation from his rival was probably accompanied by a gesture, pointing out Aristophanes in the audience.

Honor to Home Talent

First I ask in my defense:
How have you been taught to think the foreign poets masters all?
But if any native-born, and noway less than they in wit,
Undertake the poet's craft, and hope to win himself a prize,
«He is mad and frenzied in his mind!» so run thy words!

Hearken unto me, my people. Change your feeling. Grudge it not
If a youth, one of yourselves, shall take delight in poesy.

PHRYNICHUS

Phrynichus, the comic poet, is best known to us for his tender tribute to Sophocles! It will be remembered that even Aristophanes, in the 'Frogs,' dares not ridicule for a moment the lamented and popular tragic poet.

Eulogy on Sophocles

Fortunate Sophocles! His life was long,—
An artist still, and happy, to the last.
Many the noble tragedies he wrought
Blessed his end. No sorrow he endured.

ALEXIS

The whole period of Middle Comedy is more than covered by the amazingly long life of Alexis, from 393 to 287 B. C. His view of life as a brief passing show is characteristic of the decadence, and is repeated far more impressively by Menander.

Vanity Fair

This is a mere excursion we enjoy,
We who are living, who are but released—
As for some festival—from death and gloom.
For our diversion we to light are sent,—
This light of life; and whoso laughs and drinks
And loves the most, in the brief time we here
May tarry, and at the banquet wins him so
The prize,—he best contented hies him home!

The next four authors cited also belong to the fourth century.

AMPHIS

Life and Death

Drink, and play! for life is mortal; brief the time on earth we spend:
But eternal death will be, when once that life shall find an end!

ANAXANDRIDES

Health, Beauty, Wealth

Whoe'er he was that made the drinking-song,
Who put health first, as though it were the best,
So far, was right;—but second he set beauty,
And riches third! There he, you see, was daft;
For after health is wealth the chiefest thing,—
A handsome starveling is a wretched beast!

ANTIPHANES

The Comic Poet's Grievances

Happy in every way the lot
Of tragic poets! First, because the tale
Is perfectly to the spectators known,
Ere aught is said. The poet only need

Remind them: for if I say «*Œdipus*,»
Why, all the rest they know. . . .
Besides, when they have nothing more to say,
Then like a finger their machine they raise,
And that suffices for their audience.
Nothing of this have we, but everything
We must invent: new names, each circumstance,
Present conditions, the catastrophe,
The episodes. If one be overlooked,
Chremes and Pheidon hiss us from the stage.

TIMOCLES

Office of Tragedy

Man is a creature doomed to weary toil,
And many sorrows life itself contains.
As consolation to our anxious thoughts
Is this devised. The soul forgets her woes,
Led to oblivion by an alien grief.
With pleasure, and made wiser, she departs.
The tragic poets, then, consider well,
How much they help us. . . .
For each who sees a trouble, heavier far
Than he has suffered, fall on other men,
Lamenteth less his own calamity.

PHILEMON

From Philemon's ninety-eight years and ninety-seven plays surprisingly little remains. The prologue of the 'Trinummus,' however, says expressly:—

«Philemon wrote it: Plautus rendered it
In barbarous speech.»

The Plautine 'Mercator,' also, is a translation from the Greek poet. His gentle nature and rather commonplace yet polished style may be indicated by the five passages here chosen.

Peace is Happiness

It is a question of philosophers,
So have I heard, whereon much time is spent,—
What is the real Good. None find it. One
Says Virtue; and another Prudence. I,

Who in the country dwell, and dig the earth,
Have found it: it is Peace! O dearest Zeus,
How loving is the goddess, and how kind!
Marriages, festivals, kin, children, friends,
Food, wine, health, riches, happiness, she gives.
And if of all these things we are deprived,
Dead is the life of men while yet they live!

Tears

If lamentation were the cure of grief,
And he were freed from sorrow who laments,
Then would we proffer gold to purchase tears!
But now, our destiny doth pay no heed
Thereto, my lord, but ever goes its way,
The same, if thou give way to grief or no.
What boots it? Nothing! Yet our sorrow brings
The tear, as fitly as the tree her fruit!

Tyranny of Custom

Oh, trebly blessed, trebly happy are
The beasts, who have no thought of things like these!
For never one of them is criticized,
Nor have they any artificial woes.
Unlivable the life we men must live:
The slaves of custom, subject unto law,
Bound to posterity and ancestry,—
So have we no escape from misery.

Diversity of Character

Why, pray, did he who made us, as 'tis told,
And all the beasts besides,— Prometheus,— give
To other animals one nature each?
For full of courage are the lions all,
And every hare, again, is timorous.
One fox is not of crafty spirit, one
Straightforward; but if you shall bring together
Three times ten thousand foxes, you will find
One character is common to them all.
But we,— so many as our bodies are,
No less diverse our natures you will find.

MENANDER

In his interesting chapter on the lost comedies, Mr. Symonds expressly renounces the attempt to translate from Menander, whom he gives an extremely lofty place as the «Sophocles of comedy.» This is perhaps an allusion to Matthew Arnold's famous characterization of the tragic poet,

«Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.»

Menander, as was almost inevitable in his age, saw life as a rather trifling and swift-passing show, hardly worth any violent expression of delight or grief. It was an age of outlived enthusiasm and lost ideals. Even in this fading twilight, Athens was still the fairest and richest of cities, a true university of books, statues, and temples: but her heroic men were only a memory.

All Terence's comedies, save the 'Phormio,' are based on lost plays of Menander. Of direct Roman allusion they contain hardly anything. The one plot is, to be sure, in several cases, skillfully framed from two Greek dramas; but the adapter's own contribution need have been little more than a graceful Latin style. Professor Lindsay seems to claim much more originality for the Roman author; and the problem cannot be definitely solved, save by the recovery of Menander's own scrolls.

In his comparatively brief life Menander surpassed his chief rival in fruitfulness, leaving a hundred comedies. His popularity also must have come quickly after death. Though he gained only eight prizes, the fragments from his plays are by far the most copious of all, amounting to two thousand four hundred verses. Tantalizing as these bits are, they fully justify the exclamation of a famous Alexandrian scholar: «O Menander, and Life, which of you has imitated the other?» Goethe, also, counted the tolerant, philosophic Greek poet among his chief teachers.

Desert a Beggar Born

If some divinity should say to me,—
«Crato, when you have died, you shall again
Be born; and shall be what you please,—dog, sheep,
Or goat, man, horse,—but live again you must:
That is your destiny. Choose what you will:»
«Anything rather,» I methinks would say,
«Make me, but man! Unjustly happiness
And sorrow fall to him, and him alone.
The horse that's excellent has better care
Than does another; if a dog prove good,
He is more prized than is the baser hound.

The valiant cock hath better sustenance,
The ignoble is in terror of the brave.
But man, if he be good, yea, excellent
And noble,—that avails not, nowadays.
The flatterer fares the best of all, and next
The sycophant; while third the rogue is found.
Rather an ass I'd spend my life, than see
Men worse than I in higher honor set!»

Monotony

That man I count most happy, Parmeno,
Who, after he has viewed the splendors here,
Departeth quickly, whither he hath come.
This common sun, I mean, stars, waters, clouds,
And fire,—these shall he see if he abide
A century, or if his years be few;
Nor aught more glorious shall he see than they.

The Claims of Long Descent

Our family! 'Twill be the death of me!
Pray, if you love me, mother, harp no more
Upon our family! 'Tis they to whom
Nature accords no other excellence
Who trust to monuments, or high descent,
And count how many ancestors were theirs!
Nor have they more than all men:
Who doth live
That had not grandsires? Else how came he here?
And if he cannot name them, 'tis some change
Of home, or lack of friends, accounts for this:
And wherein is he worse than those who boast?
He who is fitted for heroic deeds,
Mother, although he be an African,
Or savage Scythian,—he is noble born.
Was Anacharsis not a Scythian?

The Poor Relation Goes a-Visiting

I had supposed that rich men, Phanias,
Who pay no interest, did not thus lament
The whole night through, nor tossing to and fro
Cry «Woe is me»; but sweetly took their rest,
While only beggars had such miseries.

But now I see you, who are called of men
The fortunate, behaving like ourselves.
Is Worry, then, to life so close akin?
She clings to luxury; the illustrious man
She leaves not;—with the poor she waxes old!

The Misery of Tyranny

Oh, utterly accurst!
How pitiful the life they waste, their guards
Always about them, pent in citadels,
And ever ready to suspect that each
Who comes hath in his hand a dagger hid:
How bitter are the penalties they pay!

Knowledge

For many reasons 'tis unwisely said
To know thyself: more profitable it is
To know thy neighbors!

Aphorisms

The boldest man, if conscious of his guilt,
Is by that conscience made most cowardly.

The heavy stone that from the hand is hurled
We cannot check, nor word that leaves the tongue.

The envious man is foeman to himself;
In self-wrought worriment fast-bound he stands.

He who condemns before he fairly hears,
Himself is guilty—for credulity.

If all to each would lend a helpful hand,
Good fortune would be lacking then for none.

Grievous indeed has been our error, when
We are ashamed to tell the deed we do.

Thrice wretched, who by his economies
Hath hoarded hatred doubling all his wealth.

I never envied much the wealthy man,
Who nothing can enjoy of what he keeps.

'Tis not the quantity we drink that marks
The drunkard, but our own capacity!

THERE is no remedy for wrath, it seems,—
Unless it be a friend's unflinching word.

WHO would command, and is not soldier-bred,
Leads forth but sacrifices to the foe.

The total mass of these comic fragments (chiefly from the Middle and New Comedy) is extremely large. They are most accessible in two volumes of the Didot series, 'Fragmenta Comicorum' and 'Aristophanes, etc.' The latter volume includes most of Menander and Philemon. There is added a Latin translation, with helpful notes. These estrays have not been translated into English,—and as a whole perhaps hardly deserve to be; but a most vivid picture of the Attic fourth century could be reconstructed from them, and numberless exquisite bits of pure poetry still glimmer in the dust.

Altogether, there is hardly another *terra incognita* so rich as this, lying so close outside the beaten track of classical scholarship. F. A. Paley, toward the end of his laborious life, made a rather flippant little volume of rhymed versions from the 'Fragmenta Comicorum.' Symonds, in the chapter mentioned above, has some good versions. Of Menander many of the finest sustained passages were rendered by Francis Fawkes, in the free Johnsonian fashion of the last century. But the field lies fallow.

The term "comedy" is, as we have tried to illustrate in the citations, rather too narrow. Plautus's 'Rudens,' a romantic tale of shipwreck, may well remind us of Shakespeare's 'Tempest' or 'Winter's Tale'; his 'Captives' is in its essential plot a story of heroic sacrifice for friendship's sake, like the 'Merchant of Venice.' The Greek originals of such plays may have formed a transitional class of romantic dramas, not precisely tragic, and by no means essentially comic. This was doubtless especially true of the "Middle" period, when Athens had not forgotten her more heroic past, nor renounced her freedom forever. Agathon's 'Flower,' again, may have been rather a melodramatic opera than a drama. In general, our traditional types are entirely too few and too rigid to include the numberless masterpieces of the Attic imagination.

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